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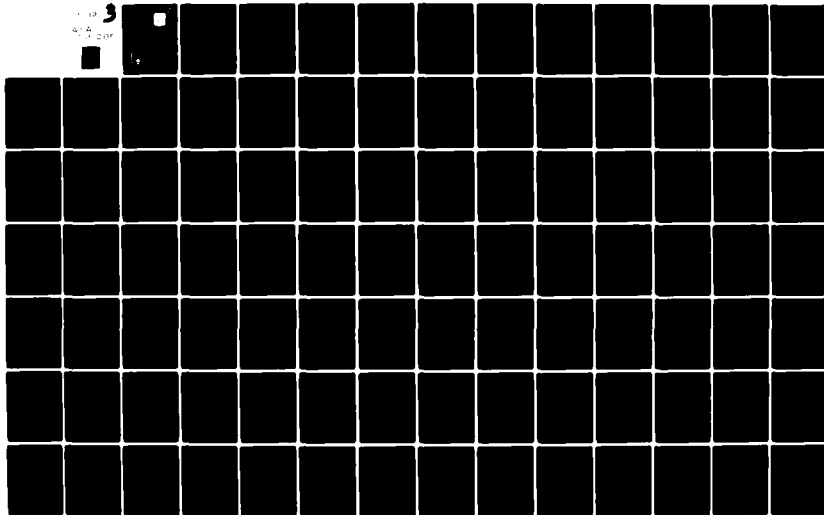
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27 MAY 1980

THE VOLUNTEER SOLDIER--A SELF-PORTRAIT

by

Lieutenant Colonel James H. Powers, TC

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USAWC MILITARY STUDIES PROGRAM PAPER

THE VOLUNTEER SOLDIER--A SELF-PORTRAIT

INDIVIDUAL STUDY PROJECT

by

Lieutenant Colonel James H. Powers, TC

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US Army War College
Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania 17013
27 May 1980

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PREFACE

The self-portrait of the volunteer soldier presented by the sixty-four interviews herein is intended as a complement to the traditional scientific attitudinal studies of first-term soldiers. Studs Terkel successfully used this technique in both Hard Times and Working. Among the sparkling and laudatory reviews of the latter, one of the few criticisms was that Terkel did not interview an Army sergeant. Although not the primary intention, this work perhaps compensates for that omission. The author is indebted and grateful to many: to the US Army War College, for the display of trust in approving a project with no Army precedent; Bureaucracies frequently disapprove these. To the soldiers who consented to these interviews and who spoke with candor and good faith to a complete stranger; to the clerical personnel of the Department of Command and Management, USAWC, who integrated the formidable typing effort of this into their existing workload--particular thanks to Mrs. Leah Bolt, who spearheaded that effort; finally, to my family, for enduring the father/husband in absentia who grossly underestimated the man-months of effort that this project entailed.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

PURPOSE OF THE PROJECT

"...People are not in the Army--they are the Army."

Creighton Abrams

One of the key tools of Army leaders is perspective. Perspective provides vision, dimension, the big picture. Perspective is the intention of this project. It is a glimpse at some of those people that General Abrams mentioned--first-term, volunteer soldiers, with their individuality preserved. Their feelings about the Army are expressed in their words--they have not been digested by statisticians or computers, to be presented, in pabulum form, to the reader. Since it is undigested, it demands some work by the reader. It also demands some insight. Insight is a valuable product of experience which is often relegated to step-daughter status in our age of the scientific method. Despite that status, it is none-the-less valuable. The following quotation, for example, is more meaningful to an experienced Army leader than to the man on the street:

. . .the lack of a challenge really disappoints you. It's a big disappointment to everybody in the Army that I've ever met. You go home and they say, "Well, heck, the Army's nothing anymore! It's a wimp!" You'd like to be proud of something. . .

CAVALRY SCOUT, Interview #16

The Army is not without data on the attitudes of its soldiers. Frequent, well-done surveys are conducted. The most recent Department of the Army survey together with the results for first-term soldiers are included as Appendices 3 and 4 to this work. While surveys are useful, they tend to depict,

in snapshot form, something which is better understood with a motion picture. This is intended as that motion picture--a complement to the traditional surveys.

THE INTERVIEW TECHNIQUE

Soldiers were selected for interviews by their Commands. Normally, this was done by either the Adjutant General's office or the Reenlistment office. Interviews were conducted in private rooms, with only the author, the respondent, and a tape recorder present. The author was dressed in civilian clothes.

Prior to turning on the tape recorder, a ten-minute orientation was provided for each soldier. This encompassed the purpose of the study, the relaxed atmosphere of the interview ("smoke if you have them"), emphasis on candor, and the non-attribution conditions of the interview. With regard to the latter, each soldier was told that he would only be referred to by his first name, and that any reference to his company-level unit would be edited out of the interview. Although candor was emphasized, the author stressed that he was not the Inspector General, that he did not want them to unload all their petty grievances, and that he wanted them to stick to "gut issues."

During the conduct of the interview, three areas of the soldier's experience were covered: (1) the circumstances under which he joined; (2) a portrait of his Army experience; (3) factors surrounding his reenlistment decision. "Structuring" questions were avoided. For example, "What do you think of the NCO and Officer Corps in today's Army?" or "How are housing conditions over here?" The author felt free to follow up when they brought up a specific subject, but only after it was surfaced by the soldier. Prompter questions were used to get the respondents to talk about the above three areas. Two general problems were encountered. Some soldiers were so verbal, once the

recorder was turned on, they'd talk endlessly, without the benefit of prompter questions. Others were so non-verbal, that the author tended to run out of prompter questions. A third problem was to try to get the respondent to verbalize a facial expression or gesture, without making them self-conscious.

Prompter questions used for each of the three subject areas are listed below:

1. Conditions of enlistment.

a. Think back to when you went to your home-town recruiter. What picture did you have at that time of how the Army would be? What was that picture based on?

b. Why did you pick the Army? You had a lot of choices at that time.

c. What did you expect to get out of the Army?

2. Army experience.

a. What's it like to be a (e.g.) wheeled vehicle mechanic in the Army?

b. Each of the expectations brought up in 1-c would be explored. For example, if the soldier said he had joined because he was seeking adventure, he would be asked, "Have you found that adventure you were seeking?"

c. Tell me the type of thing that happens to you in the Army that tends to turn you on.

d. Tell me the type of thing that happens to you in the Army that tends to turn you off.

3. Reenlistment decision.

a. Why did you choose this?

b. If a friend was considering joining the Army and asked you for advice, what would you tell him, now that you've experienced the Army?

c. If your son (or daughter) comes up to you when they are of age and say they want to join the Army, how will you react?

d. How has the Army changed you as a person?

INTERVIEW DEMOGRAPHIC DATA

The following is an overview of interview locations and the respondents. Complete demographic data is in Appendix 2.

1. Interviews.

a. Number: 64

b. Locations (10)

- (1) Carlisle Barracks
- (2) Berlin Brigade
- (3) V Corps (Frankfurt)
- (4) VII Corps (Stuttgart)
- (5) Ft. Myer
- (6) Ft. Eustis
- (7) Ft. Belvoir
- (8) Ft. Meade
- (9) Ft. Campbell
- (10) Ft. Knox

c. Unique Job Titles: 48

2. Reenlistment Decision:

- a. Reenlisting: 24
- b. Not reenlisting: 23
- c. Undecided: 17

3. Branch of Service:

- a. Combat: 14
- b. Combat Support: 13
- c. Combat Service Support: 37

4. Sex:

- a. Male: 46
- b. Female: 18

5. Average Age: 22.3 years

6. Ethnic Background:

- a. Caucasian: 42
- b. Black: 17
- c. Hispanic: 5

7. Marital Status:

- a. Married: 22
- b. Single/Divorced: 42

8. Geographic Origin:

- a. 25 states
- b. 1 territory
- c. 1 foreign country (Mexico)

THEMES

The reader will see that the prompter questions listed above opened the door to many subjects. That is exactly what was intended. The soldiers talked about what was important to them, in their words. Frequently, with scientific questionnaires, we are, in fact, asking respondents, "What would be your opinion on this subject, if you had one?" A cross-reference of these themes is at Appendix 1.

THE FINAL INTERVIEWS

Having been alarmed by the editorial freedom exercised in "The Selling of the Pentagon," the author gave considerable thought to the ethics of editing. The subject was discussed with teachers and practitioners of Journalism. The final interviews represent the results of that advice and the author's judgement. If soldiers brought up a theme, ten minutes into the interview, then expressed their feelings on the same theme more clearly when we were twenty minutes into the interview, the latter words were used. Nervous manifestations were edited out to the extent that, in the author's judgement, they were simply that--nervous manifestations. Examples are, "Right?" or

"Ya know?" or "Um." Some of these were retained, if they were judged to be part of the soldier's normal speech pattern. Great effort was made to capture the respondent's normal speech pattern. It was felt that this would help the reader to know the person better. For example:

. . .We work, let's say, three weeks out of a year. . .See, I don't have nothing to do. It's just stand there. The way I see it, we just a detail battalion. . .

STEVEDORE, (Citizen of Mexico) Interview #54

There is a beauty of individuality contained in that, which brings the respondent into clearer focus as a person. Were it changed to something like the following, that personal aspect would be lost: "We only work three weeks out of a year. I don't have anything to do. I just stand around. The way I see it, we are just a detail battalion."

Finally, the author's questions have been edited out. This is the Studs Terkel technique--to present a readable monologue by the respondent.

I was the beneficiary of others' generosity. My tape recorder, as ubiquitous as the carpenter's tool chest or the doctor's black satchel, carried away valuables beyond price.

Studs Terkel, Working

CHAPTER 11

CONCLUSIONS

I think most of us are looking for a calling, not a job. Most of us, like the assembly line worker, have jobs that are too small for our spirit. Jobs are not big enough for people.

Staff Writer in Studs Terkel's Working

This will be written in the first-person. I don't want the reader to conclude from aloof, academic language that my stance is judgemental. We have a lot of good things going for us, but we also have a lot of problems. The first-termers see these very clearly. My insensitivity and bad decisions in the past are undoubtedly part of those problems. And, probably, so are yours. But I'm with you in sharing that legacy. I believe that the overwhelming majority of Army leaders have good intentions, are willing to make significant personal sacrifices, but still fall short of the mark. One of the reasons for the latter is lack of perspective. We get very busy. Perhaps this will help some, during calm moments of professional reading, to regain that perspective.

A second point, in the way of prologue, is that what follow are my observations. They are not conclusions. Conclusions are left to the reader, based on his insight. The observations presented below are intended as a starting point for the reader--a straw man. Something of that nature is needed in order to digest the mass of data contained in the interviews. My observations may be totally wrong. I accept that risk. My goal is your contemplation, not your consensus.

AN OVERVIEW OF THE VOLUNTEER

Something that struck me was the great diversity of our volunteer soldiers. The demeaning stereotypes of "Snuffy" and "Joe Sixpack" (terms I despise) are ill-deserved. The diversity of our soldiers has several dimensions: origins, including geographic, family background, ethnic, and cultural. The number of older volunteers is surprising. They seemed to have a stabilizing, maturing influence on their peers. Should we be focusing some of our advertising on this group, the disenchanted individuals who have been working in the civilian sector for a number of years?

There is a great variety of ambitions and of outlook. Consider the following, with regard to outlook:

The Perspective of Two Sergeants

. . .As you rise, you realize the system a little bit, and you can understand it. But when you're in the lower ranks, it's really difficult to understand, except that someone's putting a lot of stuff on ya, for no reason. . .

Senior Pathfinder, Interview #53

. . .What's it mean (harrassment)? . . .(thinks). . . That's a hard one--I use that word a lot. . .Somethin' that strikes me wrong, or kinda off the wall, foolish. . . You always got people that have other ways of doin' things, that you don't agree with. But it just seems a lot more common in the Army. . .

Wheeled Vehicle Mechanic, Interview #63

Compatibility, Marriage and Army

. . .I don't knock the Army at all. For a single person it's fine. . .

Operating Room Technician, Interview #41

I always told myself that I wasn't going to reenlist, but then, once I got married, you know. . .

Stevedore, Interview #55

Racial Fairness

The Army is backing black people, one hundred percent. . .
I work with a black man. You interviewed him earlier. . .
The man doesn't do anything! Nothin'!. . .When he's counseled by the NCOIC, he runs upstairs to the Commander.
. . .and just screams "prejudice." . . .

Field Radio Repairman, Interview #22

. . .I can't actually say the guy was prejudiced. . .I was the Assistant Section Chief there, and I was a Spec Four at the time. . .He would go to the next person, lower than me, and sometimes even would try to leave that person in charge over me. . .After I couldn't talk to him about it, I went to talk to the Commander. . .

Field Wireman, Interview #23

A final aspect of diversity is the soldier's job. The jobs listed in the index to the interviews are only the tip of the iceberg with regard to the things we have volunteer soldiers doing. Lay that in the context of the necessity to treat each as the individual that he is, and one gets a feeling for the dimension of the Army's leadership challenge.

JOINING THE ARMY

Education is, by far, the biggest drawing card. Two facets of that drawing card are the GI Bill (when we had one) and training for a marketable skill. These are also frequently a source of disillusionment for the soldier, either in the form of not being able to fully participate in the on-duty education program or in the feeling that training in their job skill is superficial. For example:

. . .We was supposed to a been a Stevedore Company, and we was supposed to a spent a lot of time at the ships. . .
But we didn't do that. We did a lot of other things--details, cutting grass, or shoveling snow, or painting. . .I didn't get enough training. . .

Stevedore, Interview #55

. . .When I got to the actual MOS school, that, to me, was a waste of time. . .they had changed it to a self-pace seven-week course. I was there for seven days. . .

Battalion Career Counsellor, Interview #13

. . .They don't really train ya. You musta heard that before. . .They teach you the very basics--the basic basics. . .

Diesel Mechanic, Interview #18

Could the above be part of the "quality" shortfall which many leaders decry?

Some accompanying incentives to joining, which are repeated in the interviews, are adventure, excitement, travel, meeting people, and escape--from parents, girlfriends, husbands, school, or the humdrum of a civilian job. The escape from parents is an interesting theme, for it is accompanied by a contradictory companion--wanting to be stationed close to home. The volunteer wants to escape, but not too far.

Opinions of the service--from parents, relatives, and friends--surface as a factor in most of the interviews. The volunteer soldier is a future public relations representative for the Army, whether we like it or not. The number of soldiers who say they have already encouraged friends or relatives to join is surprising. Parental response to the enlistment decision is an interesting notion to monitor. At the outset of the decision, it is often negative, sometimes positive, providing the volunteer doesn't plan to stay in too long. After the son or daughter has been in for a while, parental reaction often swings to the positive side, if it was not there at the outset. Finally, with regard to opinions, look for the stereotype of the women who join the Army either to find a man or a fellow lesbian. Might some of our advertising dollars be well spent to dispell this unfair image?

Two aspects of recruiter perception emerge from the interviews. The first is perceived integrity--this covers the complete spectrum, from perceived

outright lying to great satisfaction with the accurate picture of the Army portrayed by the recruiter. The second aspect is the volunteer's perception of how much the recruiter cares. It is frequently the tie-breaker for service selection:

I didn't like the Navy--the way they came across to you.
He didn't care. . .

Admin Specialist, Interview #3

. . .The recruiters have a lot to do with who comes in.
Like, with the Marines, the recruiter himself just turned
me off completely. I didn't even bother asking him for
the brochures. . .He didn't really see any use for me. . .

Fixed Station Telecommunications Center Specialist, Interview #26

THE ARMY EXPERIENCE

For a force so frequently maligned for its quality, it is surprising to find such a recurring demand by our soldiers for more discipline, higher standards and less laxity. How can we leaders say that the volunteer force is not sufficiently disciplined, when they say things like the following:

I expected to find a lot of discipline. That's something I
wanted in my life at that time. That's something I didn't
find. . .

Battalion Maintenance Clerk, Interview #14

. . .I do my job and do it well. I'm expected to keep on.
Whereas, I've seen people that they'll do a minimal job
or don't do it at all. And they've got all the benefits. . .

Wheeled Vehicle Mechanic, Interview #63

I admit that I've taken advantage of it. . .When you comb
your hair, and it comes down below your collar, then you're
wrong. But most men don't say anything to you. Probably
because they don't know. . .

Management Specialist, Interview #34

People tell me, "What happened to you? When you first came
here, you were spit-and-polish. Now, you aren't anymore."
Well, the only thing I can say is, "Hey, look at everybody
else. What's the use!?"

Military Policeman, Interview #38

Caring is a theme that repeats itself, in both a positive and negative sense. Most frequently, there is a malaise that has at its core the feeling that nobody cares. Some examples:

You come up to them and say, "I'm getting out of the Army," and then they say, "Well, you don't really want to do that." They only look at you at the beginning, and the very end of your enlistment--in between, you're on your own. . .

Armor Crewman, Interview #9

No matter what a man wears on his collar, he's still a human being. At some time, you're going to have to look at that man as a human being. . . Help the man with his human-type problems, and then you can help him with his military problems. . .

Scout Driver, Interview #50

I keep saying to myself, "If they don't give a damn about me, I don't give a damn about them. I don't give a damn about the job. . .

Personnel Records Specialist, Interview #43

The most repetitive theme from the Army-experience portion of the interviews is job satisfaction. As might be expected, some are highly satisfied, some are highly dissatisfied. From both you can weave a mosaic of the constituents of a good job, as the volunteer soldier sees it: being kept busy with meaningful work, recognition, the basis for unit and individual pride, and courteous and respectful treatment. Examples:

. . . At this post here, it's only two days a week. Those are the only two days I work. I mean, I go into the office, but I don't work. . .

Animal Technician, Interview #7

. . . I was sitting in the motor pool, in the chair, just doing nothing. I mean, my days was looking like months, and I begun to hate it. I was just sitting there, serving no purpose at all. . .

PLL Clerk, Interview #45

. . .The letter of appreciation. People laugh and say, "Oh, yea, I've got hundreds of them in my records." But it's kind of nice to be recognized. . .

Admin Specialist, Interview #2

I wanted something where in a few years they can say, "This is Mike; this is what he does." And they'd say, "Wow! I wish I could do that!". . .

Armor Crewman, Interview #9

I guess my biggest gripe is, when I do something good, never gettin' any recognition for it. I feel that I'm taken for granted a lot of times. . .

PLL Clerk, Interview #46

Both the officer and NCO image come up, but most frequently it is the NCO image. Officers are generally perceived as aloof individuals:

We've got a Detachment Commander. . .I really don't know what he does (laughs). . .I've seen him back there reading old war novels, paperback war novels (laughs). So he can't be that crutched for work. . .

Military Policeman, Interview #37

It's not surprising that the NCO image comes up more frequently than the officer. First-termers are closer to the NCO's in their daily routine. Also, if they are career oriented, it is normally the NCO's shoes that they are going to fill.

. . .I was talkin' to two NCO's. One was an E-5 and one was an E-7, right? OK, my take-home pay is seven hundred dollars. . .this next NCO, his pay was only one hundred dollars more than me--he was an E-5. And this E-7, his pay was only a little over a hundred dollars from the E-5! And this man has what. . .twenty years? Eighteen years? And the man's only making two hundred dollars more than me?!. . .So I can't see it, you know?

Field Radio Repairman, Interview #22

Older NCO's--seeing what, I feel, has happened to them. . . I don't see very much self-esteem. . .They seem to have lost it--self-respect. . .

Battalion Maintenance Clerk, Interview #14

. . .My roommate. . .He's got an E-6--one who is drunk most of the time. . .I've seen him come in and steady himself on the wall lockers. He reeks of alcohol. There's no way that I'm going to reenlist and put myself in a position where I can be, you know, with him again. . .

Military Policeman, Interview #37

Many volunteers think there is not enough meaningful training and feel they are not sufficiently proficient in basic soldiering skills. Again, if those leaders who would malign the volunteer's quality and motivation are correct in their perception, this is a surprising theme:

The training here is not enough. There's more time spent on cleaning your rooms. . .There's small things that you could be doing that really wouldn't cost that much. You and your platoon could just grab packs and weapons and just flock out, do some raids and ambush training. That wouldn't cost that much. . .

Calvary Scout, Interview #16

I went to Fort Riley; it was a Retraining Brigade. . .I learned a lot. If I could go back to that training, I would, but not in the situation that I was in at that time. . .If they had training like that, and it was up to you, like, "Hey, you want to go to that training for two months?" I'd say, "Yeah, I go back." See, there, they treated us like men. They treated us like soldiers. . .

Personnel Records Specialist, Interview #43

. . . 'same stuff I learned in basic trainin'--wounds, and stuff like this. It's all very basic. They're not learnin' anything but what they learned for the past six months. Learnin' nothin' at all. They ain't advancin' them at all. . .

Diesel Mechanic, Interview #18

We got a mailroom clerk--she's a Spec Four--that had to have an E-2 that's fresh out of basic show her how to break down and clean her M-16. That's ridiculous! Every soldier in the Army should know that M-16, from muzzle to butt! They oughta' know everything about it!

Military Policeman, Interview #37

On the other hand, challenging unit training gets high marks:

I think the best training I've had so far, here in Berlin, was CIC Training--Combat in the City. . .You're in the city, fightin'. . .It's just been real interesting, seeing what you can do, and what you can't do, and how hard it is to clear a room. . .

Platoon RTO, Interview #44

The most satisfying (experience in my Army career) would probably have to be Graf, when we were downrange-42 for qualification on the tank. We came back "green," which is almost the same as being an expert. . .

Armor Crewman, Interview #8

Those are some snapshots of the experience in the Army of the volunteer soldiers, in their words, laced with some interpretations of the author. As you read the full-text version, keep that quality issue in mind, and consider the following: If the volunteer is, in fact, of lower quality than we desire, are we not the architects of that posture?

THE REENLISTMENT DECISION

Escape is a factor for those deciding to reenlist, but to a lesser degree than for those enlisting, and for different reasons. Those reenlisting want to escape either their present post or MOS. Education (GI Bill and marketable skill) continues to be a prime decision factor. Notice the number of soldiers who are getting out of the Army in order to go to college with their GI Bill entitlements. Some in-service educational opportunity must co-exist with a GI Bill, or we are going to be driving them out of the service with the enticement which we originally used to draw them in.

The factor which swings from minor importance (enlistment decision) to major importance is the economy. Those that entered the Army for such reasons as excitement, adventure, travel, meeting people, or change of pace have usually realized these by the time of their reenlistment decision. What's more, in the

process of realizing these, they have matured and become more independent of parental influence (and support). Many have married. Some have car payments. The maintenance of a steady income is more important to them than it was when they first entered the Army.

The overwhelming majority of the volunteers look back on their original decision to enlist as a good one. Despite gripes or specific dissatisfactions, were they allowed to make the decision again, they would again enlist. They would not stand in the way of their children or friends enlisting.

A central theme which is present in all three phases (joining, Army experience, reenlistment decision) is caring. For many, the tie-breaker was the Army recruiter who was perceived as caring. Supervisors being perceived as not caring comes up frequently. What about caring with regard to the reenlistment decision? A recent Department of the Army survey indicates that forty percent of our soldiers are not given the commander's interview which is required by regulation. Why? Not enough time? Could part of the reason be "not caring?"

THE QUALITY ISSUE

Finally--quality. It keeps coming up. I have been approached by those who knew of this project with questions concerning the quality of the volunteer force. My feeling is that the public autopsy of the volunteer soldier's quality is counter-productive. The word "autopsy" is used deliberately; an autopsy is performed on something presumed to be dead. That presumption seems to exist in the minds of many. It is not a public debate in many cases, because in a debate the opponents know what they're talking about, although they disagree. Quality with regard to what? The quality of this year's accessions in comparison to what? Quality as measured by what? Quality as a measure of ability

to do what? For an issue of such complexity, it is surprising to me that some of us leaders so readily render a discrete vote of thumbs up or down.

I was pleased with the soldiers I encountered during this project and would take every one of the soldiers interviewed as team members in my command. They are undeserving of the stigma which results from rash votes on the fog index of "quality." You can form your own opinion. Army leader, may I introduce you to sixty-four volunteer soldiers. . .

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ADMIN SPECIALIST

Laura is a twenty-two year old Specialist Four. A cook (94B), she is working out of her MOS. She has been stationed at Fort Campbell for over two years. She is a high school graduate, and both of her parents are college graduates. Her Father is a building contractor, her Mother, a dental hygienist. Her hometown is Seattle. Laura has recently married another soldier, and she will soon depart with her husband to embassy duty. Her hobbies are sports and hooking rugs. Prior to joining the Army, she worked for nine months as a nurse's aide. She is not reenlisting.

I remember getting some brochures. I don't know if they were in the mail or not. I remember seeing a book that they gave me about all of these job listings. I pictured most of these jobs as more glamorous than I found out they would be. I came in the Army as a ninety-four bravo. They made it look good, and I didn't like it. I went in there with a girlfriend, to see what they had to offer. I wasn't sure, and we checked it out. We even went to Fort Lewis; that's near Seattle, Washington. You can go look around post, even talk to a girl who's in the Army there. We really checked it out thoroughly before we came in. It took us three months before we finally decided to join.

I worked for about nine months, just little jobs--nurse's aide--and I wasn't really going anywhere. I didn't have the money to go to school, and I wanted to go to school. So, when we went to talk to him, they told us that in December was when the end of the GI Bill was going to be. We decided, well, if we're going to join, we'd better do it then, or else not at all. So we did, on the delayed-entry program. They (parents) didn't like the idea too well. My Dad said "I'll pay for your college"--you know, he offered to, and I said, "No, I'll do it myself." My Mom didn't think it was too good of an idea. My Grandparents loved the idea. They thought it was really nice that I was going to be doing this--they were really excited about it. That computer printed out what was available, from our scores, for both me and my girlfriend at that time--cook and truck driver. We really didn't like the idea of truck-driving, and if we wanted to get a new time, we'd have to wait a really long time, or else join right then. We weren't really ready to join right then, so we waited until April. We joined in December and came in in April.

I wasn't clerical-qualified, as far as my tests go. I don't know why--I took typing in school; I knew how to type off a dictaphone. I took business machines and shorthand, and all this stuff, and I wasn't qualified (laughs). The test day maybe was a bad day or something; I don't know. But I just didn't qualify, knowing all those things, and typing--I type pretty well. It was just really funny that I didn't qualify. We've got a guy in our office right now that can't hardly speak English at all. He doesn't really say too much.

We got cook, so we went to cook school, and all that, and basic and everything. We came here, and I didn't have to work as a cook--they had an overage. So that's how I came to work as a seventy-one lima, Admin Specialist. I'm still holding a cook MOS, but I've always worked as an administrator. They said they

couldn't do it (change MOS) because of the balance of the MOS's or something.

I really didn't like being a cook, when I found out what it was going to entail. It was messy, and you came back and you smell like grease and dirt, all day long, you know. It kinda clings to you, it does. It's not a very pleasant job. It's hot back there, you know, and a lot of work. I mean, not that the work's bad or anything.

I didn't get trained as a clerk, so I didn't know the records. They put me in a place called "Records-Holding Area." I've worked there. I've also gotten to know SIDPERS quite well. I was a SIDPERS clerk--working with customers coming in, suspenses, good conduct medals. I worked with that for a while. I worked with flagged records for a while. It was a nice job. You know, a lot of times you don't like it, you want to get out of it, and you cuss it. But I realize, now that I'm out (she is clearing), you forget a lot of the bad things and remember the good.

I liked a lot of things that we did as a team, when I worked up there. Like, we had dinners and banquets, and all pitch in money. One of us would go over to the Top-Six Club and get a banquet room set up. The team would go there and have dinner and drinks and dance and everything. You know, like after an inspection. Things like that. I liked that part. Getting close to them, and everything. That was the best part.

Sometimes I have bad experiences with people. You know, there's a lot of female harassment, in the Army, and I've run into that. I've taken care of it also. That's one of the bad things. They'll try, but they'll just get only as far as you let them. Like, sometimes they say something, you know, that didn't sound too nice, but then you thought, "well, maybe they're trying to be funny." So, I let it slide a couple times. I told my boyfriend, who is my husband now. And then, the next time it happened, I told the person, "I don't want this to ever happen again." I figured, no matter what rank he is, whatever I do to him is not going to reflect on me, because it was him that did it first. So I took care of it verbally, and then my boyfriend said something in a meeting one time to him, straight. Right to his face. He was very upset about the whole thing. It never happened again. The NCO of our whole section told him that if it ever happened again, he would be counselled. We're not on bad terms now. He understands how I feel about the whole thing. This incident that happened to me, it's happened to other people in the office, with the same person. I've never heard of instances about it in other offices or anything. It was the first one I've ever encountered since I've been in the Army. One's enough!

I wanted to be a 71L; that's one of the reasons why I didn't reenlist. I have to reenlist for the 94B and go to school, and go back to AIT--and I really wasn't ready for that. I wasn't ready to go back to training again. And, you know, I joined the Army to go to school, so that's one thing right there. What I came in for was the school--the GI Bill. I've got the GI Bill, and I really want to further myself. I feel I can do better on the outside. I planned to get out anyway, but he (husband) wants me to get out. But I think there's a lot of conflicts, sometimes--two people being in the military. I think I've grown up a lot, 'cause I came in just after I turned nineteen. I've learned a lot about people, 'cause you can get any kind of people here, in one group. You learn how to deal with everything. You just grow up. You become a little wiser. I really don't regret it, and I've had a good time since I came in.

ADMIN SPECIALIST

Bob appears to be the "Radar" of his office--the behind-the-scene operator. He confirms this perception, after the interview, when he says, "I'm glad to be moving on to a new job--this is the fourth Branch Chief I've broken in." He is a twenty-seven year old, married Sergeant from Shelton, Connecticut. He has one year of college. For three years, prior to joining the Army, Bob worked as a clerk and front office manager of the Holiday Inn, Hartford, Connecticut. Both of his parents are college graduates. His father is the treasurer of a die-casting firm, his mother is a housewife. Bob has been stationed at Fort Knox for one year. His hobbies are reading (history and science fiction) and jogging. He reenlisted one month prior to the interview.

At the time I enlisted, I felt a need for self-discipline. What I thought the Army was, I guess, would be a cross between basic training and permanent party. I wasn't quite prepared for the formations, dropping for pushups. I had been married, I was getting a divorce, and I wanted to do something different. I felt a personal need to go out and just break away, and try something different. I was in the hotel business, and I had been to college a year. I got a job as a desk clerk. I worked for three years and worked my way up to Office Manager of a big hotel in Hartford. I was twenty-two years old, and the pressures, the hours. I just felt a personal need.

I always leaned toward going in the Army. I almost joined after I graduated from high school, but peer pressure, parents--they said I ought to go to college. When I finally went in, my parents were in favor of it. They thought it was a good idea. I was getting unattached and everything. They weren't that much for making a career of it. They thought the Army's good for a couple of years, put some motivation and discipline in you, and go on to bigger and better things. They felt that I should get out and go to college. I came in just expecting to stay in for one tour. I didn't plan on any career. I thought it would be fun to do for a while, and I ended up liking it.

The Marines are too hard core. I don't like to swim that much, so I couldn't join the Navy. I was thinking of the Air Force. I was seriously thinking of the Air Force, and I went down to take the AFQT and the physical. The Air Force recruiter had told me to be there at eight o'clock in the morning. I showed up at eight o'clock and the test had started at seven. I said, "Well, can I stay and take the physical?" They said, in a very haughty manner, "We have to make sure that you're mentally qualified first." It just turned me off. I had talked to the Army recruiter, so I went to see him and said, "Look. I want to do this. But I don't want to spend a week doing what can be done in one day." So the Army recruiter whisked me up, and the next thing I knew, I was in the Army. He had me tested the next day, and my physical, and I went in under the delayed-entry program.

I have really enjoyed it. I spent a year in Korea. I really dreaded going over. I'm not sure that I would be ready to go back. But, I would have to say, when I look back on it, I'm glad I did it. I got over there, and I was assigned as the clerk of the 8th Army IG Inspection Team. I got to go TDY; you get up early in the morning, and fly out to this place and that place. I got to see so much of the country, and a lot of exposure that I really didn't expect to get when I went over there.

I feel that I have been given responsibility commensurate with my abilities. Maybe I pushed for it, but it's been given to me, and I like that. Fortunately, I've had the type of assignments that have allowed me to put a lot of myself into the product, and I've been able to say, "Something has to be done. This is how I'm going to do it," and then do it through the end. I find that challenging. When it's all over, for better or for worse, I've learned something.

The type of job that would be, day-to-day, the same thing, would turn me off. An office atmosphere, I have seen, at times--NCO's or the young officer--who find it necessary to be very regimented. You can't work like that. There's people in and out--papers--it's rather difficult to operate it the same way you would operate a rifle platoon. Once in a while, there are some senior NCO's--not all of them, but there are a few--that you wonder how they got to be senior NCO's. It's kind of disturbing to me, when I see them taking care of these young troops. They don't have the expertise, and they're thinking too much of themselves, rather than, you know, "How can we get the mission done and all get a little bit smarter?" That turns me off. I worked for one once. . . .

(The kinds of things that turn me on are) Recognition. The military way of doing things when something goes well. The letter of appreciation. People laugh and say, "Oh yea, I've got hundreds of them in my records." But it's kind of nice to be recognized. The military way of doing it is nice. You know, "Good job." A pat on the back. I feel that that's a good avenue for positive reinforcement.

I reenlisted for three years. I didn't see my options on the outside as being any better. The Army is a sure thing. There's a certain amount of security. To some people it's kind of cop-out. But I like to think that I'm practical. The pay in the Army may not be as much as I'd like it to be. But it's there every month. The job market, the economy going the way it is, I don't really feel that I have a marketable skill other than being an administrative supervisor of a military organization. It's not like I could go to work in a garage or a factory. I'd have to go to college, and I'm not sure I want to do that. I do enjoy it. This is rewarding. I feel I've been successful so far and I might as well keep it up. . . .

ADMIN SPECIALIST

Shirley is a thirty-three year old Specialist Five from San Jose, California who has been stationed at Fort Knox for seven months. Prior to joining the Army, she worked in consecutive positions for Boise Cascade Corporation, as secretary, production control manager, and as head bookkeeper. Her Father is deceased; her Mother, a high school graduate, is a housewife. Shirley has some college; her hobbies are bowling, roller skating, and collecting pennies. Two months prior to this interview she reenlisted for assignment to Fort Bliss.

I didn't know what to expect out of the Army, three years ago. I knew what I wanted out of the Army, and that was to prove myself, as a female that had been discriminated against. I knew that in the service I would have a chance. I was too old for the Air Force and didn't like the Marines, so I checked out the Navy recruiter and the Army recruiter. I didn't like the Navy--the way they came across to you. He didn't care. Somebody who wants people in the service could have been a little more helpful. You know, I'd ask questions, he'd give me an answer, but he wouldn't dwell on it. I'm the type of person, you've got to give me explanations. The Army recruiter was real good about that. He'd say, "You will do that, and I could tell you a bunch, but it depends on where you go and things like that. I'll just give you the basics." Army I liked and so I enlisted in the Army, delayed program.

I was the head bookkeeper at Boise Cascade in Utah. I wanted to travel. I wanted to meet a lot of people. I knew there was lots of aspects of life that I hadn't seen. I wanted to experiment--you know, various things. When I told my manager, he laughed. He said, "I don't think, even in the Army they can get you to take orders." But I can take orders if there's somebody over me who's stronger than me. And in the Army, there's a lot of people who are stronger than me (laughs).

Equal treatment, as far as females are concerned, yes. Equal treatment, rank--no. I think I can see a little bit of change in the Army where a lot of the NCO's--high ranking NCO's--and probably not the higher officers, but the middle officers--they're changing a little bit. They don't expect you to drop everything, you know, and run a piece of paper across the hall, when they could have walked across. Little things, you know? Maybe it's me. Maybe if they know I'm busy, they'd rather have me work.

I had a little problem in Korea. I stated my case. I just told him how I thought about it. And, I think, by doing that, it also changed me a little bit. Because I wasn't afraid of the E-8 who was standing there in front of me--he was six foot eight tall, and all that. I probably should have gotten an Article 15 for the way I talked. I know I was really rude. But since then, if I'm right, regardless of rank. . . (thinks). . . maybe that's the difference now. Now I figure I am equal to anybody's rank, as long as I'm doing an excellent job. I had tried to talk to him once, and he says, "Go ahead and talk." And we were in the middle of the EOC, you know, with all these people around. The next time, we went into an office, closed the door, and I just stood there and yelled. . .

Turned me on? Oh, every job that I've had. That's this thing that I've got. I like finishing a job real good--real well. Some of those things I had to type on mats--big books. Those things come to mind. Turn me off? Hmmm (thinks). Well, twice this happened to me--they wouldn't send me to school because they couldn't do without me. Once it was a big course, and I put pressure until I got it. The second time, I pushed for a couple of months, and they said they couldn't do without me for three weeks, so I said, "OK." And then, because I was short twenty-seven points to get promoted, and it's thirty points for a course, I said, "You screwed me up." The points dropped in the meantime, and I got promoted without it. But, of course, no one could foresee that. But it was still the same thing--I had to push it. I deserved going to school, and nobody should rely on one person for their job.

When I joined the Army, I knew it was going to be for twenty years, minimum. I figure the maximum I could put in is twenty-three, or something like that, because of my age. I can't start over again. And I joined for meeting people and going places; it's a whole big world. I want to go to Germany. I didn't reenlist for Germany for a logical reason. I'm going to go. But I decided I want another few years in the States. I had just come back from Korea. My girlfriend--her ETS was within two weeks of mine--and she wanted a warm place, so we sat down and thought about it, and we saw the reenlistment NCO, got the slot. We'll spend a year just fooling around! And then she'll probably go back to Germany too. Her MOS-grade and my MOS-grade only showed up at about four different places. We chose Fort Bliss. . .

ADMIN SPECIALIST

Jim is a twenty-one year old, married Specialist Four. He has been stationed at Fort Knox for two and one-half years. He is a high school graduate from Highland, New York. His father has a ninth grade education, his mother, tenth grade. She works as a machine operator in a print plant. His father, a retired police officer, works as a forklift operator. Before joining the Army, Jim worked for eight months as a general worker in a print plant. His hobbies are dirt bike racing, hiking, and camping. He is getting out of the Army in the summer of 1980.

I was eighteen years old. I had a good job and everything. My dad was in the Army, and all that, and all the way down the line, they were in the service. At the time, I was working in a printing factory--it's a well-known publishing company up in New York. It was a good job, but I was sort of low man on the totem pole and didn't think there was anywhere else to go. I didn't want to do the same thing forever. I just wanted a change of pace. And that's why I came in the Army.

It was definitely between the Army and the Air Force. I heard about people who went to the Marines and Navy--I talked to a bunch of people. Everybody I talked to about the Army spoke highly of it. I talked to an Air Force recruiter and the Army recruiter. The Army recruiter seemed more interested, and he told me the difference between the Air Force and Army. The way it looked, I liked the Army better, after what he said right there. They (folks) were really proud of me. They were really proud of me, when I graduated from basic.

When I came in, I was really overweight. In fact, when I went to basic, I was recycled. I still didn't give up. I was recycled twice. I remember when I went to the recruiter, he weighed me, and he said I had to lose something like thirteen pounds. I lost thirteen pounds in a week--one week. I lost the weight and everything, but I was still heavy. I was just within the limits.

I had always worked with my hands, and I just wanted something different. I went over a lot of things with him. I took my AFQT test, or something like that, and he said that I was eligible to take a lot of fields. He gave them to me, and I just picked from that. I didn't pick station-of-choice. I picked to stay inside of the United States. I didn't want to go overseas. I went through basic at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and from there, I came to Kentucky--Fort Knox. I've been here ever since--that was in seventy-seven.

It gave me a chance to try something where I was responsible, where I never had the chance before. The Army hasn't really been tough. It's just something that you have to stay on track--to put your mind to what you want to accomplish. I haven't slacked up ever since I've been in. It's just always, drive forward. Basic was rough for me--physical training and that kind of stuff--that was tough about the Army for me. I never knew how to work that typewriter before I came in, and I can type pretty good now on an electric typewriter or a manual. I learned to deal with people a lot--to relate to people and stuff. In my Company, I work

with a lot of people--personnel actions and stuff that come up. Sometimes you'll be doing something for a major, and sometimes you'll be doing something for a private, or a high-ranking officer. You just have to learn to deal with people. I've really learned how to appreciate people a lot. . . .

Turn me on? I would say, like, say, for instance, right now, we're under a PAC system, which took the load off the unit. But when the load was on the unit, we used to handle everything. Essentially, the work we could accomplish, in a day's time, paperwork and otherwise, and get it to the right places, without getting messed up. I mean, it was remarkable!

Turn me off? The people in it, I would say--several of the people in it. When I see somebody, not always a private--the appearance, the way he's dressed--that's what really turns me off. It seems like now, you see people on the street that don't give a damn. We're not getting them to soldier. And now, I'm an E-4, I tell a private to do something, he doesn't do it, there's nothing you can do. I go to the First Sergeant or another NCO, and then he can jump on him for the same thing, and they won't do it. So, I guess discipline is what really turns me off. Discipline, as far as I can see, is really nothing. An E-4 is really a junior NCO, but they don't get much responsibility as far as the troops are concerned. I think they should give us more responsibilities as E-4's. The people I talk to--the reason why they stay in the Army, the reason why they came in--is because they didn't have a job, and stuff like that. That's mostly the way it is. Everybody I talk to, I ask them why they stayed, and, you know, "I was back home on leave, and I checked around for a job, and I just didn't find it."

The reason why I'm getting out--when I came in, I had it set that I would only be staying in a few years. I was in the union. Right now, I have a three-year leave of military absence. So, when I get out, I'll have my job back, and I'll have three years of seniority for the position. Benefits are equal to or better than the Army. I'll put it this way--my wife had a baby last year. I had to pay a total of twenty-three dollars and some cents. It wasn't explained to me; I just had to pay it. It doesn't sound like much, but if I was out at the factory that I worked at before, they would have paid for all of it. And they talk about the lack of doctors and dentists in the Army. It just got to me, you know?

If we had a son, or if my daughter wanted to ever come in the service, any branch, I wouldn't stop her at all. I talked to my wife about that. And I wouldn't talk down the Army, even when I get out. Because the Army hasn't done anything to hurt me. Like I said, it's helped me a lot. I mean, it's done a lot for me. . . .

ADMIN SPECIALIST

Yvonne is a twenty-three year old PFC. For two years, she has been assigned to a personnel services company in VII Corps. She is a high school graduate from Morristown, New Jersey, who, before joining the Army, worked in administration. Her mother is deceased; her father, a high school graduate, is a garbageman in Morristown. Her hobbies are crocheting, dancing, and reading. She has already extended six months and says she may reenlist, if she gets the right option.

He (local recruiter) had been trying to get me in for two years, right? Finally, I made up my mind. The job that I had was temporary, and there wasn't too many opportunities. So I went up there, and I enlisted. He showed me some films of Fort Jackson, and what it would be like. But it was weird, because (laughs) the films, what I saw, and what I did at Fort Jackson weren't the same. But it didn't matter, because I had to have something to do. He was going to put me in a signal company, but there wasn't any openings at that time. So I took administration. That's all I did anyway. The jobs that I had, they were secretary, and what-not. I would have gone in the Air Force but I couldn't stand flying. (laughs) So that was out. I said, "I'll stay on the land!"

(I'm happy with the job), yes and no. Yes, because sometimes I'm busy. There are times that I'm not busy. I can't stand when I don't have anything to do. In administrative distribution--I used to work in that section, and always had something to do! (laughs) Then they moved me and made me a secretary! Sometimes I just go out into the building and find something to do. I was kind of slow at my job on the outside, before. I've gotten confidence in myself as far as my job is concerned. It's something I never had. I can go and speak my mind. I won't get fired in the Army. They can kick me out but I won't get fired. Understand what I'm saying? I think I've matured a lot since I've been in the service.

It's no big deal, you know? (to be a secretary). You have to take a lot of . . . (laughs) . . . from the uppers. Sometimes they will come down on you. They don't mean to come down on you; it's just something that irks them, so they take it out on everybody else. You just have to ignore it sometimes. You know, I, like, sitting there, like, typing, answering telephones, filing, whatever--they say "go get this." My boss's boss calls, and my boss would be in a meetin', and I can't interrupt him. He gets upset because I tell him that he can't talk to him right now. He says, "well, would you interrupt him, please?" I say, "well, alright." (laughs)

I think that (an Army experience that turned me off) would have to be when I got over here. It was the way I got busted. I was in the male barracks. (laughs) I was rollin' up my hair and, all of a sudden, I heard this key in the door. My friend, he was sleeping. Usually, the procedure was they had to knock, right? So I was busted. What happened was, my roommate, she was angry with me, and so I guess she told on me. It's really a dumb rule! I mean, if we're mature enough to be in the Army, I don't know why we're not mature enough to have visitation rights.

I extended so that I can reenlist. See, 'cause if I get out, there won't be anything. I went home in September-October and people that I've gone to school with were still doin' the same thing! (laughs) I was tired of lookin' at it. I figured that if I got out, I'd probably be doin' the same thing that they're doin'. So I said I'll take another three.

AIRMAN MEDICAL SPECIALIST

Randy is a twenty-three year old Specialist Four from Asheboro, North Carolina. Before joining the Army he worked for an exterminating company for three years. He has a high school education, as does his mother, who works as a secretary. His father, who has some college, is a car salesman. Randy is stationed at Fort Knox. His hobbies are basketball, baseball, music and reading. He reenlisted for his present duty assignment one month before the interview.

Well, it was back in 1976, and it wasn't really the Army. When I came in first of all, it was NG--it was comin' in for National Guard. I went to the recruiter for the National Guard. I was out of high school two years, and I was still working at the same job that I had part-time during high school, and then full-time after high school. I just wanted a change of pace or something, and I talked to him, off and on, for about a month. During that time, he got me to take the tests to see what all I could do. So I took the tests, and he gave me a list of about three or four things I could qualify for to go in, so I chose the medical because it was something that would be a challenge, and I like something like that.

I went to basic training, Fort Jackson, South Carolina, in seventy-seven, and then went to Fort Sam Houston for my AIT. I got back, and there was meetings and everything. I got tired of the National Guard. They weren't doin' that much at the meetings, and just comin' up at bad times, and then I had the summer camp, the two weeks, and things like that. So I went to talk to the recruiter again. We started talkin' about how I could switch over to the Regular Army. So we talked about that, and I finally decided to go into the Army for, I think it was, nineteen months and twenty-three days. I could get out, if I wanted to, after that. So I came to Fort Knox.

I was in the ambulance platoon, and I really enjoyed it. I don't really have any regrets. I liked the job I was doing. The Army was pretty good to me. I got some time and rank, and I decided to reenlist or get out completely. My ETS date was February 11 of '80, and I extended to May 11, to get more time--I was trying to get a school. I was going to go in for Respiratory Therapist. That didn't go over too good; they didn't have any openings for a long time. So I extended, to give myself a chance to decide whether I wanted to go ahead and stay in, or go to another school, or see what happens. My Company Commander helped me out a little bit here. I was assigned to the 431st Med-evac for about a month, during November of '79. They needed some help. While I was over there, I got to thinkin' about somehow bein' assigned to them, because I really enjoyed it over there. So I talked to my Company Commander, and it just so happened that the 431st had two or three openings coming up. So he worked really fast (laughs). He got everything going here at the Post and got an inter-Post transfer. He said I could reenlist for that, my option. So I thought about that for a month or so. I decided that's what I wanted to do.

I'm not sayin' the nineteen months was wasted. I feel like I've learned something. It was good to me and everything, but I wanted something different. I needed change, a chance to do something more. That's why I reenlisted for the 431st, because what they do is all medical. They're like an ambulance in the sky, and we'll go to car accidents, we'll transfer patients back and forth-- civilians and military. I've had a chance to do about two or three missions, and it's really fantastic! I mean, I feel like I'm contributing. The whole nineteen months, in my other unit, I felt like I was contributing, but there wasn't so much medical. I never really handled that many situations. They weren't situations which I would apply that much medical knowledge. They kept us trained good, but you never had a chance to apply it. (With med-evac) it's very seldom we'll be the first ones there, but sometimes we might be. I've heard of many cases where they have been.

In a typical situation, four people go in the chopper. It would be the pilot, the copilot, the crew chief and me. We're limited to what we can do, but the responsibility is really there. The accidents, and everything, where you're really needed, they do pop up quite often. You've got to be ready-- that's what I like about it. Plus, they're sending me to Fort Campbell for various medical training in about two weeks or so. Stuff like that--you get a lot of training, and everything. It's really nice.

Some of it (things in the Army that turn me off) would have to be disorganization, sometimes. You get to feelin' like things aren't run properly. It's happened a few times. But over the whole, I haven't got very many bad complaints. I always think that the Army is just what you make of it, just like anything else. It's just what you make of it. Like, Fort Knox isn't the glamorous place to be in the world, but I reenlisted for it, and I more than likely will be here another three years, so . . . it's not just Fort Knox-- it's what you make of it.

(Type of things that turn me on) would be just the opposite of what I said. It would be being with the right company, and having the right people to work with and everything. I've been lucky, I guess. I've seen a lot of complaints goin' around the company I was with, but I never saw any reason for it. And now I really have it good! I'm workin' with a group of people that I really enjoy. That's got a lot to do with it. The people you work under and with-- that's another thing I like.

The Army really has changed me as far as discipline and responsibility. I can't look too far beyond, because it's subject to change, and I've only been in two (years) now. I think what influenced me the most was, I do like what I'm doin'. I do like the medical profession, and I want to make something out of it, whether I get out after the four years--I'll have six total then--I can't really say. . . .

ANIMAL TECHNICIAN

Gladys is a twenty-one year old PFC from Montclair, New Jersey. Like both of her parents, she is a high school graduate. Prior to joining the Army, she worked for two years at two full-time jobs. She has been stationed at a small post in the north-eastern United States since she completed basic and AIT. She enlisted in October 1978 and is undecided about her reenlistment decision.

At the time it was, more or less, a guaranteed job. I had been on unemployment for a while, and it was the only way that I could work with the animals without going to college. I'm not a college-bound person 'cause I couldn't stand the study. I've always wanted to work with animals. My father was in the Army, and I tried to get his opinion on it, as to whether I should. He wouldn't give me any opinion on it. He said, "it's your life." I wish that he would have talked more. My uncle--he was in the Army--and he thought it was great that I was going in. I think that if he could be in, he'd be in. Ever since I was small--he knew I wanted to be a veterinarian--so he told me the best way was to go through the Army. My father didn't talk much. He went out on a medical discharge. They only gave him, like, three months to live. He's sixty-one now, and he only served, like, two years in the Army--forty years ago (laughs).

I enjoyed basic training. I can't say I'd like to go through it again, but I did enjoy it, maybe because we were the first section to go through Ft. Dix coed. We had really good drill sergeants, really nice drill sergeants, for the Army. I mean, they would sit down and talk to you. They got to know each one of us individually. When it came down to confidence courses, the guys there, they'd encourage you to go on. Me, I'm afraid to go up ladders. I'll climb a tree, I'll climb anything, but I hate ladders. On the confidence course, we had a ladder to climb up. I started to go up and had taken two steps, and I'd freeze. Anyhow, the guys would talk you up, encourage you to go on. They're out there, extending their hands up to help you. On the final test--I forget what it's called--we had to climb a ten-foot rope. Well, I got up to the top, and you're supposed to climb over and go down the other side. I froze up there. One of our other drill sergeants, who was from another platoon, he seen that I froze up there, and he came up and he carried me down.

The most dissatisfying thing is working here, on this post, where they don't have any work for me. As for the job now, it's not all that it's cracked up to be--at this post here, it's only two days a week. Those are the only two days I work. I mean, I go into the office, but I don't work. I have heard there are other bases where they have clinic five days a week, and they also do surgery and x-rays, but you don't have anything like that down here at all. So I'm really disappointed with the work I do as animal tech at this post. I'm not essential there. I conduct the vaccinations--that's mainly my function. When the veterinarian is there for sick call, I restrain the animals, and then I treat the dog as he says to. I usually give the medication and I fill the prescriptions. You only have two or three people coming in one day. There's not much you can do on

this post, this particular post, because there's no demand for the vet office on post. I'm trying to get down to Ft. Belvoir. They have clinic five days a week, two of which they do surgery during the afternoon. When you get out of the States...um...overseas tours, then they do more surgery.

The most satisfying thing (in my Army career) was getting through the 91G course that I took. It was a tough course. It's supposed to be one of the toughest in the Army. It's something I always wanted to do. There were several points where I didn't think I was going to make it through.

Salary-wise, I should say I'm satisfied, because I have money taken out for a car, which I don't even see. I'm a PFC, and my take-home is \$250. The mess hall food--they repeat everything they have. I go in there for almost every meal, but it's very rarely that I clean my plate (laughs)... I look at the menu for tonight, and they're having pork and meatloaf. But, now, you go in tomorrow, and they'll probably have meatloaf again. They might not call it meatloaf. They'll call it "salisbury steak" or "swiss steak"--depending on whether they have it in gravy or in individual cuts. So you have a lot of repeats during the week.

I really don't know what to say, if I'd like to go overseas or not. I plan on getting married, and my husband will be going overseas, to Korea, and I'll probably elect to go over there with him. I'd like to go on the outside. Now that I do have the experience, I could get a job with a veterinarian, as his technician, and I'd be able to do more. As far as Army-wise, I'm told I can't reenlist in this particular MOS, and they have no other school to offer me, to be available to me...it's (my MOS) overfilled, and they're trying to phase it out.

ARMOR CREWMAN

Bill is a Specialist Four who is working as an Admin Specialist (71L) in the dining facility. The MOS mismatch is a result of his recently having been compassionately reassigned from Germany to Carlisle Barracks. He enlisted for four years in June 1977, after having completed some college. He grew up in Beaver, PA. He is not reenlisting.

The Navy? If a war starts up, I'm going to be assigned to a ship. If it gets hit, there ain't too many places you can go, except, into the water. Well, I don't like swimming long distances, so that knocked that out. If I were in the Air Force, the only thing I'd want to do would be fly. My eyesight wasn't all that great, so I was disqualified from that. Marines? My brother-in-law informed me what the Marines were like. They beat it into you. He was in the Marines for two years, and when he got out, he was glad he got out. So that only left the Army. In my junior and senior year, I knew I was coming in the service. It was just a matter of the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines. My father--he was in the Navy. All my uncles, a good many of my aunts, they were in the service.

When I first went up to the AFES Station, I had two things in mind: an MP or Special Forces. When I got there, the sergeant said I was too short for the MP's and they couldn't put me in the Special Forces, which I later found out was nothing but a lie. To get in Special Forces you have to be Airborne qualified, so he typed into the computer for Airborne. Nothing came up. Then he asked me if I wanted to try Airborne-Armor, which, at the time, sounded a little. . .it didn't sound right. So I said, "well, OK." Still nothing came up. Then he finally said, "Well, why don't you just try Armor?" I said "OK." That's how I got into my MOS.

I know one thing--the peacetime Army--there's too much bullshit! It's a day-to-day routine. From what I heard from my uncles, my aunts--a wartime Army and a peacetime Army are two completely different things. . . (thinks). . . to tell the truth, I'd rather have a wartime Army. At least there's less bullshit, and you know what you have to do, and you do it. Sometimes, you know, you get down to a routine of doing things. You know, this, this, this. Then all of a sudden, boom! You got twice as much to do. OK? What I'd like to do is, first thing in the morning, be told exactly what I got to do--for the entire day. Once I got that done, fine! You're done! But a lot of times, what happens is, you go in and they'll tell you to do this, this, this. You know, expecting it will take you three or four hours to do. In reality you get it done in about an hour, and so they gotta find something else for you. That's what I . . . (laughs). . .

You know, I just love the outdoors. But the thing about Graf is, is the mud. You know, you go out there--if it rained one day, a week later the mud's still laying there. But, after while, you get used to it. Then when you get back from the field, you got all this cleaning--getting things ready for the next time you go to the field. The most satisfying (experience in my Army Career) would probably have to be Graf, when we were downrange-42 for qualification on

the tank. We came back "green," which is almost the same as being an expert. Or when we were firing against the British and the Germans--sort of like a little competition, to see who's the best. We came out the best.

The most frustrating would have to be when I spent five days on guard at Hoenfelds, thinking I was only going to be there for one day. That would have to be the most frustrating. The First Sergeant said, "Well, I'm going to put you on guard, and then you'll come in, ya know, you'll come back tomorrow." Well, we go out there, you know, I pull my guard that one day, and then, uh, the next morning, nobody comes to relieve us. So we call back to the First Sergeant, he says, "Well, I'm sorry, but there's nobody here to replace you, so you gonna have to pull guard for a couple days." Finally, on the fifth day, when we were getting ready to leave, we called back and said, "Hey! You gonna leave us here?!" They said "Oh! We almost forget about it." I mean, you just laid there, waiting, waiting. . . Finally it was time to go down pull your guard. Come back, still you waited, waited, and waited. There was no place, you know, nowhere you could go, nothin to do. It just got boring. . .

My stepsisters, my stepfather, they've asked me, "Well, what are you gonna do if it starts up in a war?" And I say, "Well, chances are I'll be one of the first ones over there." They just look at me, like, "Are you crazy?!" The way I see it, if you're gonna die, you're gonna die. If you look at it that way, it don't bother you so much.

Right now, as it stands, I probably won't reenlist, due to circumstances that are in the past. Like I said earlier, a wartime Army, I'd rather have. If war were to start up, chances are I would stay in until the war was over with, and then get out, settle down, and raise a family. But peacetime Army, like I said--there's too much bullshit!

ARMOR CREWMAN

Mike is a twenty-year old Specialist Four from Downey, California. He is a high school graduate. Both of his parents have some college. His Father is a retired Army NCO; his Mother is a bookkeeper. Mike has been stationed at Fort Knox for fourteen months. His hobbies are photography, water polo, fencing, pistol team, classical music, designing war games, and studying the history of foreign armies. He has reenlisted for six years and will be going to Germany.

I knew it was going to be rough. I talked to my recruiter for approximately a year before I decided to put it down on paper. The recruiter I had didn't hold anything back. He told me exactly what it was going to be like, and when I did go through, it was one hundred percent like he said.

I had been up on the military ever since I was old enough to read. It's what I wanted. My Father's retired Army; my Grandfather's retired Army. I've got a brother who's in the Navy, a brother-in-law who's in. Army wasn't my first choice--Navy was. The only reason I went Army, my Father said, "You're my oldest son; follow in your Father's footsteps." But I was all the time thinking Navy, and the day came to decide, and I walked by the Army recruiter. My cousin was in there--signing up to go. So I figured, "If he can do it. . . ." That's the reason I went Army. If it wasn't for that, I'd probably be in the Navy right now.

My Father was only happy if I went Army. When I told him, originally, that I was going in the Navy, he told me he was ready to throw me out of the house. I don't know if he would do it or not. My Mom was happy whatever I picked, due to the fact that I knew roughly what I wanted, which was the military. She just gave me one hundred percent support, no matter which way I went. She said it was good that someone my age was taking control of what I wanted to do with my life in the future.

It was a three-year enlistment. I was to go to Germany and Nineteen-echo--Armor Crewman. I had wanted to go into Military Intelligence, but the school was closed out and there wouldn't be an opening for approximately a year and a half, so I decided to go Armor with the possibility of getting into it later in my career. When I was stationed in Germany, I got to OJT with them for over six months, so I consider myself happy with what I was told when I went in.

It was something I never experienced; kinda hard to put into words. It was what I thought the Army should be and was supposed to be, where higher says something to lower, lower says "Yes, sir!" and does it. When it came down to field problems, and stuff like this--the only difference between that and actual combat is that you didn't have actual bullets fired at you. Everything was quite serious--I mean, we messed around, had good times out there--but the seriousness of what we were out there for was good.

My first border tour, I was approximately eleven and a half inches from the Eastern soldier. It was an interesting experience--knowing that my ammunition was locked up in a jeep, and their weapons, all they had to do was point it at me and pull the trigger. That showed me where I stood and the reason I was there. That was the whole reason I was in the Army. I enjoyed it. That's why I reenlisted to go back to Germany.

Germany is better than where I'm stationed now. I've been here since January of Seventy-nine--a little over a year. Before I was assigned here, I knew I didn't want to come here. When I was med-evaced from Germany, they sent me to a hospital in San Francisco. When I was discharged from the hospital, they gave me a sheet--six places I would like to go. I picked Fort Hood, Texas; Fort Bliss, Texas; Fort Carson, Colorado; Fort Lewis, Washington. I told them I did not want Fort Knox, because I knew all they had here was one armor brigade and two training brigades. I'm not a very good teacher; I'm more of a doer, and a follower. I can be put in a command position and lead, but leading and teaching, to me, are two different things.

My orders came down for Fort Knox. I knew I was going to have problems then. I knew I didn't like the post. I knew it had nothing to offer. I immediately talked to people here who had been in command positions who told me I'm fully correct in what my observations of Fort Knox is. This is a place where they really don't give a heck about the individual soldier. All they're interested in is training.

To me, the unit I was with--I was with 1st Squadron, 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, D Company, at Fulda--and there, if you had a problem, they took care of the problem first, because they figured that if you solve the person's problem, that person wouldn't have to worry about it anymore, and he can function on a hundred percent basis, without having to divert some of his attention to his problem. Here, they keep telling everybody "the chain of command," which I've used a number of times. It's almost non-existent. I've gone through it twice, on two different occasions, and have either received a negative reply, or just no answer at all. To me, this is not the Army. This is a little section of the Army, walled off, all to itself, due to the fact that they have their own regulations that they go by here, instead of the regular Army AR's. The only real pressure here is making sure they don't burn you for some weird reason and keeping your mind from going full berserk. This place will burn you out.

It's a place where, if you want to go and do something after work, you either have to be an alcoholic--the bars. . .because, like the EM Club, when I was a PFC. You couldn't really go to the EM Club and enjoy yourself, due to the fact that the maximum capacity was three-hundred people, and there already are four hundred and ninety-nine of them, four of which are women who work there, and the rest of them are trainees. If you go there, you can't talk to anyone, because you're not supposed to fraternize with the trainees. So what are you supposed to do? You can't go to the theaters, because all of the theaters are packed with trainees. And then they ask, "Why don't you get out more?" It's kinda hard to. If you don't have a car, you really can't go to Louisville or any place. When I first got here, the pressure was so great, I walked to Louisville and back, to get away from here. It's roughly twenty-three miles, one-way.

In basic training, I received a foot and ankle injury. When I was first in basic training, my second day in, I broke my left foot. They put a cast on it; I continued training, and it healed. Two days prior to graduation, we were cleaning up the billets for the battalion commander's inspection. They had a wooden mop stand, so you could put mops there and they would drain. It was my job to go in there, pull it out, so I could clean underneath the drainage area, which was no problem. But I dropped it on my right foot and broke it. They put me in a cast. I graduated and went home on leave for approximately twenty-seven days. They sent me to Germany and everything was fine. I jumped off a tank in the motor pool to go get one of the tools I needed and landed on my foot the wrong way. What happened was, I reinjured the break. My foot swole to six or seven times its normal size. They couldn't do nothing for me at the hospital there, so they med-evaced me to Letterman, and I was reassigned here. It's fine now.

Once I get over to Germany, I'll spend three years there, then I'll get away from tanks for a while, and use my last three years to go to airborne training. Just, you know, get into something new. Hopefully, I'm going to work my way up to Special Forces. My only goal is to, hopefully, get to be a chief.

So far it's never happened to me, but I've seen it happen to about seventy percent of the people that come in. They are allured by all the promises of this and that, but once they get in, they forget about the soldier, and let him fend for himself. Which kind of irritates me. It seems like they're only interested in people they got in, in what they call "career status." They'll come and say, "you have this option, that option." But, once they're in, they really don't watch after them, make sure he's not having any problems. You come up to them and say, "I'm getting out of the Army," and then they say, "Well, you don't really want to do that." They only look at you at the beginning and the very end of your enlistment--in between, you're on your own. . .

The black berets the tankers used to wear in Germany. . . . One day we found out that General Rogers didn't like the black beret. He was going to standardize the United States Army, and get rid of the black beret. When that happened, the morale of our whole regiment went down. That was our symbol--who we were, what we were, and what we stood for. I mean, here you have a four-star saying "Here's the way you help the Army improve." To me, all he did was chop down morale. The people who were coming in were looking forward to wearing it, and people who were in were proud to have them. They say the soldiers didn't like to have to pay for it. I didn't mind paying for it--I was proud to. It was something that showed who I was. When I went on leave, people knew that I was a soldier. . .

On a standard day, you know, it gets a little boring, due to the fact that every day you go down to the motor pool and work on your tank. You can only work on your tank so much, and there's nothing to do on it. In Germany, we also had this little thing that was waiting for us--they were alerts. Every once in a while they would set one off. Right there was a little bit of excitement, anticipating when this would happen. Once it did go off, it was never the same way twice. It's challenging, doing something else. In Germany, you also had the challenge of working with the Germans. . .

I've been made aware of how people react to different situations. I've also learned self-control, which I needed a lot. I had the tendency, if someone said something I didn't like, I'd turn around, no matter who they were, and told them what I thought of them. You can't really do that in the Army. It's also made me aware of things I never thought I could do, but I've done, which makes me feel a little better inside: "Hey, I never thought I could do this, but I found out I could!" Forced marches, under complete field gear, in a tactical situation, stuff like this. I've also been able to use my inventiveness and imagination during combat situations.

I figure my first three years, I saw what the pitfalls in the Army were and what the advantages were. I weighed that against what's happening on the civilian market. To me, there's nothing better than having the education, the bennies--medical, dental, stuff like this. If I got out, what would I do? I could be a busboy in a restaurant. I could be a box boy in a grocery store. That's not for me. I wanted something where in a few years they can say, "This is Mike, this is what he does." And they'd say, "Wow! I wish I could do that!" If everything goes as I planned it, I'll retire at the age of forty-seven as a command sergeant major. . .

ARMORER

Laveta is an extremely attractive woman, with a folksy manner. She seems out of place, like she belongs in the crisp, sterilized environment of a corporate headquarters, rather than the fatigues, mud, and dust which constitute the atmosphere in the Abrams Building during the exercise which is being conducted. She is a thirty-two year old Specialist Four who grew up on a farm near Welda, Kansas. She has two years of college, and has been assigned to an ASA battalion for about one year. Prior to joining the Army, she spent nine years in civilian employment. One of these was with IBM, at Boulder, Colorado. Eight were with the State Department, as a secretary, in Washington, Paris, Brussels, and Jamaica. She joined the Army because she wanted some excitement in her life. Her hobbies include studying French, tennis, jogging, and needlepoint. She says she may reenlist.

After a while (at IBM), it got to be hum drum. It was treadmill existence. People were working, getting paid . . . it was just a rat race! People were putting in overtime, just for a lot of money, to have a second car, or a bigger home, and I thought, "Well, it's a rat race!" Why have all that extra money, when you can't spend it and enjoy life, anyway? After a year of that, I thought I'd find something else. Before that, I was a secretary in the Foreign Service. Jamaica, Paris, Brussels, and then Washington. I thought I would try something different, I felt, well, if I'm going to make the change, better do it while I'm still fairly young. I don't regret that I resigned.

I had very idealistic expectations. I thought it was a good idea that women were going to be trained, as well as men. In theory, it is a good idea. But those expectations start to dissipate after you see how it really works in some units. You work hard, and there's no reward. You see people who mess up, and nothing is really done about it! So it's kind of disillusioning. What I was looking for, I didn't find. My mother is dead. But my father was very much against it (my going into the Army). He said, "Well, why do something like that when the pay is so much better in your previous job? I think you're going to find that it's a mistake."

I thought of the Peace Corps for a while. But I had come into contact with some Peace Corps workers, in Jamaica, when I was assigned to the Embassy there, and I wasn't too impressed with that particular group of people. I had talked with some people (who had been in the Army) and it wasn't good things. People that had gotten out, who were very dissatisfied with it. I thought, "Well, no! I think that's changing. And so I'm not going to pay any attention to it." We had a man, right in the office where I worked, in IBM, who had put in twenty years with the Army. He tried, very strongly, to talk me out of going in the Army. He said, "No! Don't do it! You're crazy! The pay is low, and you won't like it!" I said, "No, Sam, I'm definitely going to go in and I think it'll be a good experience. It'll be a lot of fun."

You get on the job, and, if you start as the lowest ranking, you're scrubbing floors! (laughs, in a kind of bitter way) You're mopping, You're doing GI parties. There isn't any reward that's coming along down the path. You keep thinking, "Well, we get through this IG and we're going to be rewarded." But that never happens. So, it's just putting in a lot of work. A lot of alerts, a lot of overtime, the pay is low. Then, after a while you think, "Well why? Why do I have to do this job?" I didn't come in because I didn't have a job. I had a job before that paid very well. I was working at IBM, in Colorado, before I came in the Army, and before that, I worked in the State Department, in the Foreign Service. The money was very good, so it wasn't because of just employment. It was for something else--some kind of reward, personal satisfaction. I haven't found it in the Army!

I'm the armorer for the company. I'm seventy-six yankee, supply armorer. I'm not dissatisfied with the job, really. It's just the system. I don't mind unloading ammo, doing anything that's heavy work. But there's no reward in it afterwards. It's just, you're selected because you're the lowest ranking, that's all (laughs, a little bitterly). If you've got a higher rank, then you think, "Well, I'll just look for some PFC to do it." You don't see anybody chipping in just for a job to be done. Everything is structured, according to the rank.

A highlight? Basic training! I liked basic training! (laughs) The morale was good; the morale was high. It was a lot of work, but yet, it's the sense of satisfaction. Since basic training, it's been sort of downhill. It's just work-a-day world, every day, in my unit. The pace steps up, right before the IG, and as soon as the IG is over, then it slackens off (laughs). I would say we should be prepared at all times. Why have these IG's . . . (thinks) . . . unannounced would be the best! It's dishonest. It's a sham. It's not the way it really is! You're showing something for show, and it isn't like that. It's not like that at all. . . .

Living in the barracks (was a low experience for me). It was right before an IG, and we were having GI parties every night, and I was going to school in the evenings, and a friend of mine was having personal problems, in addition. She was coming over every night, and I wasn't getting much sleep. It was a very difficult time--about a year ago, before the last IG. If I had had to stay in the barracks, I probably would have gone mad! (laughs) But the situation was that the barracks was very crowded, so I was able to move off post.

I think I came in the Army too late. I'm thirty-two years old, and that's really too old to come in, as a lower-ranking enlisted person. I would advocate for first-timers to come in, early twenties. I think there should be an age limit. Definitely! Very definitely!

I wouldn't encourage them, and I wouldn't discourage them (people thinking about joining the Army). But I would give them my story, how I found it--the highlights and the low points. I think it's a very good experience! . . . for some people. . . .

ASSISTANT INFANTRY BATTALION OPERATIONS NCO

Julio, a native of Puerto Rico, has been in the Army three years and has advanced to the grade of Sergeant. After a break in service, he enlisted for his present term in March 1977. He is reenlisting for MOS 71D (Legal Clerk). The possibility of waiting for acceptance as a computer programmer did not appeal to him. His hobbies are raquetball and bowling. He is stationed in Berlin, with his wife and two small children. He has one and one-half years of college.

I tell you what, Army's been attracting me for a long time, since my childhood. When I came in the service the first time, it was when we had the Vietnam era. I want to give a little bit of myself to do something for the country. When you from Puerto Rico, most of the people think that they don't have to give nothing for their country. But I think I do owe the United States a lot.

I was doin' pretty good. I was being a good student. I had a scholarship ever since I was in sixth grade up through high school. So I didn't need to get out of the school, come in the service. But I just wanted it, just to try something different, and give a little bit of myself, and be helpful to our country.

When I came in the service, I had the problem I didn't know how to speak English at all. You know, I listen to everything they say, and I still can't understand it. I still can't speak English very well. We had the problem that most of the drill sergeants was black. You know how black people talk sometimes. They just cut words short, right? That was hard for me to understand. That's where I learned that concept that everybody's got on Spanish-speaking people, that they say "no comprendo" (laughs)--they think they trying to bluff. But, not me, that time, I couldn'ta understand at all. So I hadda teach myself at night. Sometimes we came back about ten, and that time I just go take a shower and teach myself English a little bit. But I learned pretty fast.

One of the best thing that happened to me is that I found myself, since I been in the service. In place I was born, the neighborhood and the whole place I was born in--it was a hell of a life for people around me, even for my family. What I saw was poverty, and people fighting with the child. When I say fighting, I mean cutting each other and all that. We had a hard life, and my family was one of the best, because of the fact that they always have plenty everything. They always have saved a little big money and my mother was working and my father was working.

The low points was my bad temperment. I don't like people yelling at me. (laughs) I always been in trouble 'cause of that. People, they don't know how to talk to other people. When it comes to the point that you gotta tell somebody something, because they're doing wrong or they made a mistake, you don't just go howling to people. You just go talk to the person. The Army always had that problem, everywhere you go.

I hope you won't research on this one . . . (laughs). When I was in Stuttgart, we had to pull guard (his previous Army tour) at a site they had over there. So, I was E-5 at that time, Specialist Five, and I was in charge of guards who pulled guard around the site. What happened that day was, I had bad luck or something, bad luck! We used to buy the cases of beers, right? About two cases of beers, and we had to stay there for about three days. I went around and check the guys. I have three Americans, I had two black dudes and one Puerto Rican. We had a little blocks, that you had to stay there for five minutes, five minutes you rotate with the other guys, right? All the way around.

So, I went around, talked to all of them, and I say, "Well, I'm going to bring a beer for all of you," right? When I went back to get the beers, I heard two shots. So I dropped the beers, and I start running. When I got there, one black dude and one Puerto Rican dude, they shot them in the head. Some terrorists did it, from across the street. So I got busted, because I had beers in sight. I got busted because I shot all the rounds. I was supposed to save at least half of the rounds. That's the worst thing that ever happened to me in the whole tour in service.

They used to do that. They still doing that down in West Germany. That's why I like Berlin, because Berlin is unique, because of the fact that everybody sticks together, even the Germans guys, right? But down in West Germany there people they don't even know how we look like. There's people that just come from the hills up there that been there all their lives and they come down town and they see an American for the first time, or a black dude for the first time, you know? There's a lot of Nazi parties down there; they always doing some sabotage, or something like that. You hear a lot about it.

Berlin is nice--beautiful! It's unique, because we train and we get together with all the Allies Forces of these three nations. It's pretty good! Even the Communists, you know, they're our allies. Most the people, they don't know that. If we do something, we gotta tell them too. If they do something, most of the time, they don't tell us. It's good, because you learn how to act. You learn what the ways of life are.

When you f___ up over here, they send you out. And that's true! When you do something wrong over here, they just send you out. I think Berlin's got close to one of the best soldiers in the whole world. We got better soldiers than the Russians, that's for sure, cause you can tell the way they dress. I think we better! The only thing is, the American soldiers, because we got a lot of freedom, we can speak out, and tell. The Russians cannot do that. We in peacetime, and that's where you see a lot of problems with American soldiers. American soldiers perform better in wartime than in peacetime. I think that's true. I don't know, we got that in our hearts. We always defending humanity, we always defending human rights. We never doing something because we're pirates or something like that, because we want to take over a country.

Right now . . . what you call it . . . I cannot go back to States or Puerto Rico and just start in the legal. I could do it, if I woulda be single. I got money saved. But I just cannot go with a wife and two childrens and a start looking for something. And I say, well, since I in the service I got the chance to reenlist for MOS that I want--something that I be happy with. I was pretty

good in Infantry. But I never liked to be in a muddy and wetty . . . (laughs). I can use that legal clerk knowledge that I have gained in four years, out in civilian life, if I want to get out. I talk to my old lady, even though she don't like the military. I say, "Well, I'll reenlist for four years."

ASSISTANT SUPPLY SERGEANT

We are at 30,000 feet over the Atlantic, on Braniff Flight 625 bound from Frankfurt to Boston. Jim, a 38-year-old first-generation Portugese-American, is rotating home after a two-year assignment with a tanker unit in Germany. Jim could easily be mistaken for "Corporal Klinger" from the show, "MASH"--he is an outgoing, mature, and very likeable soldier; and an unusual one. Following his first term of service, twenty years ago, he held several jobs. He has been a handpresser, a shipper, bartender, clerk, lamp assembler, hot dog stand manager, dairy manager and gas station attendant, to name only a few. His hobbies include bowling, photography, music and dancing (and very obviously, although he didn't mention it, people). His father, who is deceased, was a Portugese immigrant with a third-grade education. His mother, who is 80 years old, is a Portugese-American; she has a sixth-grade education. After twenty years on the outside, Jim came back to the Army for the opportunity to travel and to meet people. Because of his age, the nickname "Pops" follows him from one assignment to another. He has made Sergeant, E-5, in 26 months; age seems to be no handicap. He plans to reenlist or transfer to the Air Force.

I already knew I was in for the GI Parties, and what-not. I find the Army more lax now than what it was twenty years ago. I had been involved twenty years ago, and now, the main reason, I wanted to see Germany, and I wanted to meet more people. I was working as a shipper in a suitcase factory. I was shipping suitcases.

I've been stationed at Stuttgart, in Berblingen, what they affectionately call "Bubblegum," Germany. I liked it. I met a lot of nice, beautiful people. If it wasn't for the Pizza Palace in Berblingen, Panzer Kacerne, I'd be leaving here an E-1. I know that for a fact. The manager at the Pizza Palace, she's a mother to everybody on Panzer. Anybody that goes in there more than twice--you got a problem, you talk to her, she solves (he gets a little choked up, and his eyes start to water) solves it, and she makes you feel like soldiering again.

I was in this company about a month and we went to Berlin for "Combat in Cities" training. I was a private, E-2, and they made me Acting Supply Sergeant because da Supply Sergeant didn't wanna go. I got to see Berlin. I got to see East Berlin. And that . . . it was just fantastic! That's thanks to the US Army and Uncle Sam!

There is no such thing as an "average day," really, because like maybe one day I'd have to go to Ludwigsburg to turn in the old, decrepid stuff. You have to make an appointment, so you might waste a whole day, just trying to turn in old junk--desks, or whatever. Another day might be shot taking Quartermaster laundry in. Your sheets, your beds, you know--your bed linen, and the personal

Quartermaster, whoever has Quartermaster. Then another day you might have to go to pick up new stuff that you been turning in all year long. So there really is no average day.

I've been working as a Supply Clerk. I went from Supply Clerk to Assistant Supply Sergeant. My Supply Sergeant didn't like me. He gave me a bad EER (Enlisted Evaluation Report). I worked hard, for two years. It just took this one guy to give me a bad EER. And it's going to look bad, until they finally throw it out. I got along with everybody. Everybody agreed, I never shoulda got that EER. But that guy did not like me. I never did anything to him. He come over from quarter-cav to our company and, from day one, him and I did not get along. He used to tell the supply officer. . . . The supply officer come up to me one day and says, "How come you don't do what Sergeant tells you to do?" And I say, "What!!" I say, "I do everything he tells me to do." I went in and I told him, I says, "What are you tellin' the XO I don't do what you want me to do?" "I never said that. . . ." Two faces, right? (Gestures with his hands, in a "what's the use" motion.) That's what turns me off, a guy like that. I don't want to pound myself on the back, but I did work hard for that company. They're not going to look at my two years in the Army. They're going to look at that EER and say, "Ah! Look at this!" That's what's bad about the Army.

I went through one IG, in the Army--this time. I had posters on my wall. There were no "beaver" shots--I'm sure you know what I mean by that. No beaver shots. One poster was the Neuchweinstein Castle. It was all stuff like that. Tasteful! I have to take every one of them down, because of the IG, because they decided the IG didn't want no posters. And I wasn't exterminating anybody, intimidating anybody, deteriorating anybody, ya know? All my posters were mostly scenic shots. Like the Neuchweinstein Castle--it's not a "beaver" shot--why should I have to take that down? The Air Force doesn't have that, not according to what I heard.

(If I bumped into a friend who was thinking about coming into the Army) I'd tell him to come in, and if he went to Germany, go out, try to speak the language, be polite, not be rude. The German people don't like rude people--and I don't like rude people. Just be polite, and once you try to speak their language, they'll bend over backwards for ya! I would like to stay in, and, if possible, go from the Army to the Air Force. A lot of people have told me, "Don't do it. Stay in the Army."

Just one more thing. You know, if the Army would only pay half as much as it does for floor wax, for the things that really count, for the important things, like training, or spare parts, we'd be in good shape. We'd have a hell of a Army!

BATTALION CAREER COUNSELOR

Dale, a twenty-two year old sergeant, is working out of his MOS--Senior Electrician. He enters the room for his interview with a piece of paper in his hand--he says the words on that paper describe most of what's wrong with the Army reenlistment program. (It follows his interview.) Dale attended two years of vo-tech after graduating from high school in Franklinville, New York. His father is an electrician, his mother a housewife; both are high school graduates. Before joining the Army, Dale worked for one year in construction. His hobbies are hunting, fishing, and sports. He is married and, despite being a career counselor, does not plan to reenlist.

My father was in the Air Force, and I was thinking about going in there. The more I talked to him, the more I found out that you can come in as a E-1 or E-2, and you can stay that for a long time. The Army had the best promotion system, along with the travel, and what-have-you. The recruiter came to me. All right? I didn't go to him. He was the type of guy that got out and talked to you. He used to play basketball with us on the weekends, and that. I got to talking to him about it one day, and we sat down, and we rapped back and forth, and, along there, I decided that it seemed like a good deal. I volunteered to come in as an electrician. I'm the adventurous type, and he said there was chances for travel, this and that. There was some things he left out, but I learned to adapt to them, once I got in. He said, promotion-wise, and that, it was one of the better deals.

Electrician--that's been my trade ever since I was in school. Ever since I was about eleven years old, I've been tinkering with wires--some type of house wiring, et cetera. And I went to school, two years prior--before I came in the Army--vo tech. I finished honor graduate in my school. It's something I excel in. I'm really adapted to it, and I like the field. It was a guaranteed-training-of-choice option--that was the only option I got. I found out later that I could have gotten more when I enlisted--you know, as far as duty station along with the training. But that was one of the things that he neglected to tell me. Like I said earlier, there was some things that was told me flat out, that I was expecting. But there were some things that weren't told me completely. Like I said, I adapted to that.

I went to school. Basic training was eight weeks. To me it was a joke, because my family has always been highly disciplined, and I adapted well to that. When I got to the actual MOS school, that, to me, was a waste of time. It was a seven-week course--they had changed it to a self-pace seven-week course. I was there for seven days. I challenged all the tests, and, with the prior experience that I had, I went right through it--bypassed the course, actually.

I got sent down to Shepherd Air Force Base, for an additional school--the advanced school. I was there for twelve weeks. It was a very informative school--I learned a lot. But again, to me, I was wasting my time, because of the schooling I had had prior. I finished honor graduate in both schools. That's

where one of the bitches comes in: back then, when they got honor graduate, they were getting promoted. OK, I was an E-2--I got promoted out of basic--and according to the school policies, and that, at the post--I was supposed to be promoted, because I was honor graduate, in the first school, because I had gone through so fast and had such high scores. But I didn't. I didn't get promoted until after I had gone to the second school and had finished honor graduate there. So, to me, that was sort of a shaft, because it hurt me. You know, it cut me out of that much pay, for almost ten months (SIC). It was just a flub up in the paperwork, or some kinda deal like that. It was never really explained to me. The Commander that was at the Air Force Base had put in inquiry after inquiry after inquiry, and never got no reply. So it's just one of them things. . . .

When I left the school, I went to Korea. There's some heartaches involved with that, but I don't know if we should get into it. I went to Korea. I was married. I had been married about three months. Korea is a hardship tour, OK? Six months after I was in the Country of Korea, I got one of them "Dear John" letters, I guess you'd call it. I went to the First Sergeant and explained the situation to him. I had been "the perfect husband," I guess you'd call it. You know, I kept my nose clean, I stayed in the barracks every night, I didn't carry on, like some of the guys did. I went to the First Sergeant, and he got me in to see the CO, and he said he'd grant me leave. Being a PFC at the time, all my money was going home, or the biggest part of it. I went to see the Red Cross over there, and they wouldn't grant me any money because of the grounds of the reason for going on leave. So I ended up paying that full air fare, and when I came home, I was a car and eight thousand dollars poorer. She had taken all the money I had sent home and split with it. That was heartache. I finally located her, and we did get a divorce. Since then, I've remarried, and thank God, I've finally got a woman that cares.

In Korea I did have a good time. You know, it wasn't a good time, but it was the only place that I have been that I've actually had meaningful work. I worked in all phases of construction over there. We built relocatable barracks for Second-D troops. We worked seven days a week. I'm a workaholic when it comes down to actual something. I love the electrical field. And if I can get work, I'll work until I run out of it. Several (engineers) that I have had close experience with--that have gotten out--have had the same opinions I have. If they had work that would keep them busy, then they would stay. Over there, we worked seven days a week--six and a half days--and the morale and stuff was still high. You know, it was surprising to me--now, when I look back over there, compared to here. It's quite a difference.

I came in here to be an electrician, and when I'm doing electrical work, I'm as happy as a pig in mud. And the sports programs are good, to a certain extent. If your commander happens to like that particular sport, it's fin and dandy. But if he doesn't really care for it, or if it's not really hot in his mind, you sorta get shot down. As an example, our Battalion has a football team. The Battalion football team has off from one o'clock in the afternoon until close of business for practices. Football season is a big push. The Commander, if he pushes football, you're going to practice, whether you want to or not. But we also started a volleyball season. And there's not a big push for it. We have a Battalion Volleyball Team, and it's just getting now--our Sergeant Major happens to like the sport, so he's puttin' the push on it, now. But we lost three games

due to the fact that we can't practice. The only time we get to the gym is game time. That's kinda disappointing, when there's certain sports, just because the Commander don't like . . . other people might.

I'm an electrician, not a battalion career counsellor. We were TDY to Indiantown Gap when I first got back (from Korea). We were there about four months, from May to July or August, something like that. And we were working--we had good construction work--it was good work. I had a supervisor--I say he was an outstanding supervisor. At the beginning of the week, he'd come out with his project list. He'd say, "You got this much to get done. When it's done, you're done." And he would stand behind that. So I worked, out of that four months, I worked four-day weeks, and I had three-day weekends every week. That was fine, but again, no work--you tend to lose interest. It was tedious work, it was fun. But it wasn't what I came in to do . . . I came in to be an electrician.

We just had a SQT test. The guys that were coming trained from the school couldn't even make a pig-tail splice. And then they wonder why their projects take so long to do, and they get rejected. I've been willing and willing, and willing to do the jobs, but yet they won't let me. What do you do in a situation like that? (laughs) Then there's always the case--I had it in Korea too--the guys with the rank on their shoulder always know more than you, regardless of how much you know. That's the biggest turn-off I've seen in the Army. As far as I'm concerned, a guy knows something that I don't know, and his way will work better--he's taught me something.

I never said I hated the Army, OK? (If a friend was thinking about coming in), I would tell him to go in for the experience. I wouldn't lie to him. That's the one big thing. I would let him make the decision, because, like I said, when I came in, I sort of got a semi-half-ass raw deal. I would let him know what to expect, once he got there. I would do it again, yes. I'd make sure that it was explained a little bit more in detail. I would dig a little bit more for the facts, before I jumped into it. But I would come back in. . . .

* * * * *

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ARMY REENLISTMENT PROGRAM

Remember Me?

If you do . . .

You're either part of the Problem

or

You're part of the Solution

Read on . . .

I'm the person who goes into the orderly room & patiently waits while the First Sergeant does everything but pay attention to me. I'm the person who goes into the supply room & stands quietly by while the Supply Sergeant & his assistant finish their little chit-chat. I'm the person who does not grumble while I clean rifles in addition to my own while other people wander aimlessly around the unit. Yes, you might say I'm a pretty good person. But do you know who else I am? I AM THE PERSON WHO NEVER EXTENDS MY ENLISTMENT and it amuses me to see you spending many hours & dollars every year to get me back into your unit, when I was there in the first place; and all you had to do to keep me was . . .

CONSIDER MY NEEDS AS A HUMAN BEING;

SHOW ME A LITTLE COMMON COURTESY;

USE ME WELL;

GIVE ME MEANINGFUL TRAINING;

AND A MEANINGFUL JOB TO DO . . .

AND I MIGHT SURPRISE YOU!

BATTALION MAINTENANCE CLERK

Joyce is a 63B (Wheeled Vehicle Mechanic), working out of her MOS. She is from Buckhannon, West Virginia, where her Father, who has an 8th grade education, works as a coal miner; her mother, with a seventh grade education, is a housewife. Joyce, a high school graduate, has been assigned to a combat support battalion in V Corps for three years. Prior to joining the Army, she worked in a shirt factory for six months. She is married. Her hobbies include cooking and bike riding. She does not plan to reenlist.

I expected to find a lot of discipline. That's something I wanted in my life at that time. That's something I didn't find. At least not up 'til now. I had been out of school for almost a year. I had a job. I was living in an apartment, close to my home. I was looking for a little more excitement. It was just a small town--Buckhannon, West Virginia. So I guess I was looking for some adventure--something more interesting than what I was doing. I had two brothers in the Army. They weren't unhappy about it. I hadn't really spoken to them that much about it, the everyday things about the Army. Two of them were in during the Vietnam War. They just stayed in for one tour. The day I went to the recruiter, I had to go about a four-hour drive from my home, to Pittsburgh. It was a little overwhelming, trying to find a MOS that I would want. I wanted something that I could get into right away and I wanted something different. I was told that this was the only thing that had a school coming up (63B). I just wanted something different, at the time. I was kind of independent--young--you know.

I was satisfied with it (basic training). Like I said, I expected a lot more discipline. I didn't know if it was because I was a woman--it was women's basic--or if it was the same thing with the men. But it just seemed too lax, the discipline aspect. I was a loner at that time. It's the first time I had really been that far away from home. I didn't make friends easily in basic. I hadn't been used to people from different parts of the country. I had a hard time.

I'm a clerk. I work in Battalion Maintenance--it's still connected with the maintenance field. I've done it the whole time I've been here. If I wanted to be a mechanic, I could; tomorrow, for that matter. The position was open, they needed a clerk, and I wanted it. I come in to work at six-thirty each morning. I make coffee (laughs). Work begins at seven-thirty. We have five companies assigned to the Battalion that we have to keep track of in Battalion Maintenance. Five motor pools. We call them for deadline status of the vehicles; we inform the Battalion Commander of the status of the vehicles, or any maintenance problems we may have, or, for that matter, any problems with reports that we need. They may not be coming in on a timely basis. I did feel challenged; I think I've been in too long now. Now, it's just almost too easy.

Uplifting experience? I could only say, meeting my husband. A girlfriend of mine, in the barracks, she knew my husband. And we met in the lounge one night. We didn't travel together, or anything like that. Just the usual dating, for ten months. He's in the 284th MP Company. It's a little harder, maybe, than

a marriage in civilian life. My husband has different hours than me. They work shift work--three shifts. We've been married one year, the first of this month. We just celebrated our anniversary. My husband reenlisted in August of this year. My enlistment's up May 31st, 1981. I'm getting out. With my husband's job, the shift work, like I said, we don't have enough time together. . .

I don't believe I had any experience that turned me off in the Army. Other than the day-to-day working with people. Seeing, perhaps, older NCO's--seeing, what I feel, has happened to them, from being in the Army so long. Really, nothing mind-blowing, nothing like that. Just the day-to-day thing. It just seems there are better jobs in civilian life where there isn't as much running with a piece of paper. I feel, right now, that I have more freedom than some of the older NCO's, who are responsible to certain officers. You know, directly responsible to certain officers, whereas I am responsible to my NCOIC. They're more. . . tied down? It's hard to explain. . . I don't see very much self-esteem. That's one of the problems. They seem to have lost it--self-respect.

What would have to be different (for me to make a decision to reenlist)? I think I would have to see a little more respect for everyone in the enlisted ranks. And a little more of giving credit where credit's due. When someone does a job, the people who wanted the job done know who did that job, whether it's a private or a sergeant major, whatever. Many times, that gets covered up along the way. Someone else gets the credit. I'm not talking about a pat on the back, or anything. It's just that they know. It's just the feeling, to me, that someone knows that I did that job. 'Cause it's something, if I did it, I would take pride in. I get upset if someone else takes credit for that. And oftentimes, that happens. . .

BATTALION OPERATIONS CLERK

She had an insider's view before enlisting in the Army. For three years before graduating from high school, she worked at two civilian jobs: Army recruiter's secretary, and part-time welder. Jonni is from Framingham, Massachusetts, a town with a population of about 75,000. She was assigned to Ft. Devens prior to being reassigned to V Corps, where she has been stationed for one and one-half years. Although her primary MOS is 95B (Military Policeman), she is working as a 71L (Clerk). She is a Specialist Four, twenty years old. Sports and music are her hobbies. She does not plan to reenlist.

I thought it was going to be something better than college. If you go to college, you're just another person, another student. You know, it's just a continuation of high school--that's what I figured it would be. The Army was something different, because not too many women would go into the Army. I thought it was something different and a new experience.

I wanted to come here, to Germany. I didn't want to pick a job that I could do. I wanted to pick a job like the MP's, because I wanted to be different. It's a good experience. You learn about life. You learn about people. You learn about things that you can't in college. I came into the Army because I wanted to meet different people. The Army's a melting pot. I knew that, 'cause my father was in the Army, and he told me. My uncle was also in the Army, and they told me that you met a lot of different people. And it's just a new experience; it's different. They couldn't really tell me what it was like. You know, you'd have to shine your boots every day. . .you'd have to make sure your uniform was "STRAC." They couldn't tell me that. They couldn't tell me what it was really like. They just told me it was a different experience. That's why I wanted to come in.

For the MP's, I didn't expect to do things like details. You know, I had no idea that I'd be taking garbage out, and cleaning trash cans, putting lockers together, and the details that don't really mean anything, like sweeping the rocks away from the curb. They were senseless to me. Some of them, like cleaning up your area and the shower rooms, they were sensible to me, but some of the details, I didn't think myself as an MP should have to be doing that. I don't think any soldier should have to sweep away rocks from the curb, things like that. Those are the senseless details. The details is what I didn't expect. . . .

I went through basic with the men, at Ft. McClellan; we were the first women to go through. I was disappointed, because I felt that a lot of the women, if they couldn't take it, you should just get rid of them. You know, myself included, if I couldn't take it, I thought they should get rid of them. But they held on to them. They would let them sham. There'd be profile cases--they wouldn't have to do the work that some of the women had to do. I also felt that they slowed down the men's training, a little bit--physical training. I'm not talking about school training, like when we went down into AIT. I'm talking about physical training. We did the same things the men did, but some of the physical things, I felt that they slowed it down for women. I felt that

it could have been a lot harder than it really was. You have women now--they can't even run the two miles. And I think, to be in the Army, you have to be physically fit. They should prepare them better--a lot better--in basic training. It was a let down.

It's a lot better now. I've noticed on our Kacerne they have PT--you've got all the units going up there at four o'clock. Even our section goes out in the morning. We're allowed an hour afterward to wash up, take a shower, whatever. And that's good! I think it's a really good idea. I've also noticed that it brings the morale up a little too, because--believe it or not (laughs)--because our NCOIC and our OIC hasn't been with our section. So it's all EM's, Spec Fours and below. We've been going out there on our own and doing the PT, in the morning. We feel like we're tight, you know? We feel like a family! We just go out and run, and run until we get tired. The officers and NCO's are on exercises (FTX) now, and normally they're out there too. That's good too--it really feels good when you're running alongside an E-8 or a major, and they're doing it just like you are.

There's some sergeants in our unit that don't go, and they haven't got profiles either. There's one in particular. And as soon as my NCOIC gets back, I'm going to talk to him about it. I think he will take care of it. But the man is not going out to PT. It's just not fair, because other people are talking about it, the lower EM's. They don't think it's right for an E-6 to sit back, and we're going out there and doing what we're supposed to do. We have a duty roster for PT, and we have to mark it every time we go out there. He hasn't been out there once. I don't think it's right. They're really fat, you know? They look it, they look like they couldn't run it, half a block! It's just not fair. It's not fair at all. Sometimes the NCOIC will say, "well, he's got a problem, you know, you gotta let him slack off a bit." And I notice that too. It's not right. . .

The Army's not choosy about who they pick to come in, you know? They'll take anybody. I was a recruiter's secretary when I was fourteen. That's one big reason why I came in, because I learned a lot about it. Since I was fourteen, until I came in, --I came in when I was seventeen--I was his secretary. He would outright lie! And he'd also lie to the people in AFEES about the GT scores; he would make them more than what they were, or he would tell the person pretty much what was going to be on the test. If he needed his quota, then he would do that. I don't know what kind of pressure he got, you know, from people in AFEES. But I do know that every month, he had to send in so many people--I think it was two people every month. If he didn't do that, he was always in a bad mood, and he was really hard on us. I seen him outright lie, and it's not just him. I seen other recruiters, from the Air Force, the Navy, 'cause they all worked together in one office, one building. They were so you could listen to them, listen to what they were saying to people. The biggest thing I noticed was the tests, but the recruiters gave them more information than what they should have. I don't know how they did that, but I know that they did. Which means, that you get a lot of dropouts, you know? I'm not saying that if you're a dropout, you're not good quality. I'm just saying your knowledge just isn't as wide as it should be.

You have these dirt-balls (laughs) and people that really don't care about anyone else. They're just in, and they've gotten screwed over, so they have an attitude problem. You find a lot of those people. The attitudes are

really bad, because they get screwed over by the commanders. They come in, and they really want to be a good person and really want to do well in the Army, but they get screwed over once, and that's it! They don't trust anyone else. Like, we have one guy in the unit, and he made a racial slur against someone, and the guy hit him. I think it was natural--he called him a "nigger." It was natural that the guy hit him. There was a big mixup about it. The guy was an E-4; he got busted to E-deuce, because he was made an example to the other troops--the one that called him a "nigger." I think that's giving that guy an attitude problem. He's just had problems ever since that, because the commander's been down on him. He got an Article 15 for it; he's gotten two since he's been here. And the guy is a nice guy! It's just, he's a guinea pig; he's an example to the other troops, you know? I don't think he should have gotten busted two grades. He should have been able to keep his rank.

The whole company was in on it. I don't think that was right. I think it should have been settled between those two individuals. I think the commander handled it wrong. I think the other man should have gotten an Article 15 too. He didn't get anything. I mean, if one should have gotten an Article 15, the other one should have too, because they were both at fault. It was just not right. See, there was a problem in my company, because the rumor was going around that there weren't any blacks, when I first got here. There was one black in the whole company. So then they started bringing in more blacks, because they had to have so many blacks, 'cause it was white-dominated, right? Since that happened, you know, you had to watch what you were saying, and it wasn't right. 'Cause if you're fooling around, and you say something, and you think you're just fooling around. . . But the guy gets mad, you know, and it goes to the commander.

I think they're carrying this too far. There is prejudice in the Army. There is! But they're carrying it too far. When I first got here, I had to prove myself. Not as a woman, but as a human being. It's not just me; it's most of the women. Every woman that went into that company had to prove themselves, because the men didn't want to work with them. Women in the MP's is fairly new, and they just didn't think a woman could handle it. I agree--a woman isn't as physically fit, as strong, as a man. But if you give her a gun or a club, she can do just as much harm as a man can.

I went home on leave in March of '79, and my sister, my older sister, was dying of cancer. I only had thirty days. They gave me advanced leave; I only had accumulated, maybe ten. My uncle is in the Army, a green beret at Ft. Devens. He told me that I could get a compassionate reassignment. I applied for it--I got all the paperwork on my leave time, on my own time--and I went in there, still on leave, and I handed in all the paperwork. I handed it in in April, April 2nd. I gave it to a woman and she said, "OK, you're temporarily attached." So I was attached there.

My sister, she was twenty-three, and she was dying; she had about six months to live. What happened was, DA sent down this new reg, that if your brother or sister was twenty-one years or younger, you could get the compassionate reassignment. It was supposed to be effective June first, right? If your brother or sister was over twenty-one, you just couldn't get it. This is

how they explained it to me at Customer Service. What DA was trying to decide, was whether or not I was eligible for it, because my sister was twenty-three. But I sent my paperwork in before June the first. They were debating over it--trying to decide, and everything--and in May, she died. And they still hadn't decided. I had to tell them, she died. They said, "well, I'm sorry."

The problem was I had to go back, I mean within two or three days. There were still problems, like my family needed me, 'cause I was the oldest then, and we were on welfare. I was supporting my mother. I was just giving her the money out of my check. I was helping her with the funeral expenses, and a lot of things. I told them in Customer Service, but they just wouldn't give me a chance. They wouldn't understand. They told me on a sheet of paper--a message form. They're very impersonal about it. It hurt! You know, when you first come in, it says the Army's going to take care of you. Well, it didn't take care of me, as far as I'm concerned. If they needed me over there, I think they could have survived a couple more months, because I think my family needed me more. I think they could have been more sensitive, sensitive to my feelings, instead of looking to me as a number--a case, you know. But that's the way the Army does it. I think that they should look at you as a person, not as a number. I guess that's hard to do. But with something like that, I don't see where it would be too difficult. I mean, they could have brought me into DA and talked to me on a person basis, like we are now. . .

I think I'd like to get out. OK! I'm definite! I want to get out. I want to go to school. If school isn't all that it's cracked up to be, then I'd like to come back in. But I'd like to come back in as an officer, because I believe that an officer gets better treatment. They have better facilities; they have more respect. People will listen to you as an officer! That's what I'm going to do. The Army's OK, as far as I'm concerned. The Army's alright. You're going to have problems like I just told you. I would have had that problem with a civilian firm. I'd have the prejudice problem if I was working on the outside. I'd have all these problems. The Army's no different from civilian life, except you have to wear the uniform every day. The responsibilities are greater, I believe. But that's OK. The Army's OK! It really is. It's just that you're treated better, if you're an officer. . .

CAVALRY SCOUT

Chris is an eighteen year old Specialist-Four from Carlinville, Illinois. Like his parents, he is a high school graduate. His Father works as a welder at a truck bed plant, his Mother as a checker at a grocery store. Chris has been stationed at Fort Campbell for eighteen months. His hobbies are reading, hunting, fishing, and biking. He plans to reenlist, if he can get accepted for recruiting duty.

Well, I had always wanted to join the service. I've always been very service oriented. When I came into the Army, I was told "you have the scores to be anything you want." I came in the Army more, I guess you would say, "for the glory." I told them, "I want to be a soldier--pure, straight, and simple." So I became a nineteen-delta, Cav Scout -- mainly, like I said, because of the glory. I wanted to be a combat soldier.

I had an uncle who was in the Army in Vietnam. He never really told me anything that influenced my decision. My Dad was in the Navy. I was always going to go into the Navy, or the Air Force. Just the last couple years, before I joined, I started leaning toward the Army. I've always been--ever since I was old enough to read--an avid reader of war novels, encyclopedias, anything that has to do with military conflict. So I really leaned toward the Army when I came in. The Marine Corps was just never one of the options--never was something I wanted to do. I wanted to fly--but, then, at the same time, I wanted to be a soldier.

I quit school--conflict at home, and all that--typical story. Me and Dad were getting into it--typical adolescent rebellion, I guess. I looked, and the Army really had more to offer me. They asked me what I wanted, I signed on the dotted line, and a week later, I was at Fort Knox. Station of choice was an option--I more or less wanted something close to home, to start off with--kinda make an adjustment slowly. I opted for Fort Campbell--I had read alot about the 101st Airborne Division--and I thought that was a Division I would really like to be in.

There has been a little challenge. But to be honest, the lack of a challenge really disappoints you. It's a big disappointment to everybody in the Army that I've ever met. You go home and they say, "Well heck, the Army's nothing anymore! It's a wimp!" You'd like to be proud of something, say "I've been in it. You haven't. So shut up." You can still say that, but even I know--the Army's not what it used to be. You hear the old-timers saying, "Well, if you'd been in basic training when I was, you never would have made it." I would say that that is one of the biggest factors with most people that have dissatisfaction with the Army. There's a lack of pride in one's self--the lack of a feeling of accomplishment that I think makes a person really feel good about himself and his job.

The training here is not enough. There's more time spent on cleaning your rooms. The maintenance of the vehicles is understandable, the maintenance of the equipment. But if they'd send you out to the field to train, you wouldn't have to worry about cleaning your room, because you wouldn't be living in it. I understand it costs money for these things; but still, there's small things that you could be doing that really wouldn't cost that much. You and your platoon could just grab packs and weapons and just flock out, do some raids and ambush training. That wouldn't cost that much. Just your pay. The Army seems more worried on the big, division-level training that costs fortunes. You know, then you come back and sit for a couple months, just stagnating in the barracks, people getting on each other's nerves, people going to jail, Article 15's. People just get sick of it! I didn't come in the Army for that. Even running, once you run so far, it gets to be a.... Then, a lot of times, they don't even bother to run. I, myself, haven't run in about ninety days. I've been home-town recruiter, and then, before that, it was wintertime, and you didn't run in the winter. We'd go down to the gym and play some intramural sports, every other day--that was it.

(Something that turned me on in the Army was) Puerto Rico. We were sent to Puerto Rico from May twenty-first through June eighth, of Seventy-Nine. We were sent down there to train the Puerto Rican National Guard. For once, I really felt good. Here I was explaining my job to people who weren't as up on it as I was. You were made to feel like somebody. These people'd be comin' up to you--E-5's, E-6's--and this is the lowly private--askin' me questions, you know? "Hey, how do you do this? Etc." My Platoon Sergeant got sick down there, so I got stuck teachin' classes. It was a new thing. Here I was up in front of all these people, teachin' classes. I'd never been to Puerto Rico. I'd never swam in the ocean, and I did it every weekend. I loved it! I loved it down there! That was the biggest thing I've done in the Army. It was great! I just thoroughly enjoyed it. I was really sorry to come back.

Right now, I'm trying to get a recruiting job. I went home before, and I found that I really enjoyed it. I'd like to do this, at least to see if I would enjoy it as a recruiter, instead of just an aide. I would definitely reenlist if I get that. I wouldn't reenlist if I stayed here at Fort Campbell, as what I am. It's gotten too boring.

I feel everybody should do it (a hitch in the Army). I do a lot of travelling. I'm by myself a lot. I do a lot of thinkin' about what I used to be, before I came in. I was a total different person back then--the things I used to do. It has changed me a lot, for the better, I think. I'm more responsible now; I've got more of an outlook of what the world is really like. I've seen a lot of it. I've met other people, which is always good--to meet other cultures. It has been a very educating experience for me. And if I get out--like I said--there's some benefits again. Education. I'd do it again, all over--very definitely.

Me and my Father are great. It's totally different. It's more of a man-to-man relationship instead of a father-to-son relationship, as it used to be. But I'm not as rebellious, you know. I've had that discipline, I guess, instilled in me. If he does something that I don't like, I just shut my mouth about it, whereas I

used to blow my top. But then, at the same time, he doesn't do the same things to me as he used to. Me and my Mother are still...She was kinda disappointed when I quit school, because I had potential. But she was really glad I went in the service to make something. And, I guess, I have made something of myself. I'm doin' pretty good so far, I think. I scored the highest score in the Division in GED. That's one of the things I liked about it--when you do good, you're rewarded.

My outlook on United States foreign policy has completely changed. My Mother, every time I go home, we hit heads on that. You know, she's one of the--they called them "isolationists" before World War II--stick behind a rock and hide. I'm very, very liberal-minded. As far as I'm concerned, the United States just cannot do that. And that's something else that really burns you. I met a hometown recruiter--a WAC--when I was back home. I went to speak to her and she says, "I can't understand why you guys don't just go over there and take the hostages back." You know, that's not my decision. You feel like you're being laughed at. We've got some British units on post now. And they did laugh. They said, "We would never do that, if that was our people there." Here you are, in a defensive position, trying to defend your own Army. You kinda felt let down. I understand the aspects of why they're not doin' it, myself. But still--it's there...

CLERK-TYPIST

Liz is a twenty-one year old, married Sergeant, who has been assigned to Fort Eustis for two years. Her hometown is Chicago Ridge, Illinois. She is a high school graduate. The formal education of her Father, who was born and raised in Europe, consisted of grammar-school, followed by an apprenticeship program; he now owns and runs his own contracting business. Her Mother, with GED and some community college, is a hospital cook. Before joining the Army, Liz worked for one and one-half years as a grocery store cashier. Her hobbies are crafts and cooking. She reenlisted two months prior to this interview.

When I first came in, they gave us training films, like how it would be and everything. Through basic training, I thought it was a lot of fun. I didn't think it was all that rough. Everybody said the Army basic training was going to be so rough. I enjoyed it! I had an uncle that's been in the Army a number of years--he's a Major--I think that had something to do with it. He's been stationed in Hawaii. I visited them. I liked what I saw. I had just graduated from high school; I was working a full-time job, and I was living with my Mother. I wasn't interested in going to college at the time. I just wanted to do something that would be an accomplishment to me and wouldn't bring anybody down; I wouldn't be a bum! It was more to prove myself. She (my Mother) cried. I was one month short of eighteen, so I had to bring my paperwork to her, and I said "I'm going whether you sign it or not." She looked the papers over, and she cried--she thought she was giving me away. But she understands it now, and she thinks it's been the best thing for me. She says I've grown a lot; I've seen a lot.

When I get promoted, it makes me feel a lot better. See, when I came in the Army, I was an E-1. Within the past three years, I've gotten up to E-5. That's a big accomplishment for me! I think I'm getting results. Really low times, I don't remember having any. I feel like maybe some people will call me "goodie two-shoes," you know, maybe a "brown nose." But I don't think I've brown nosed anybody. I've done my fair shake; I've done what everybody's asked me to. I've never gotten into trouble; I don't believe in it.

I've got four brothers. I was the second oldest. And living in a house full of males, I have grown up more like a tom-boy. I used to climb trees and play war games and things like that. I associated more with my brothers than my girlfriends. When I come up to a guy who does catcalls, things like that, I just completely ignore it--just turn him off. If I were to say something back to him, it would just feed their ego. But really, harassment-wise, not much. . .

I've already reenlisted. About six months ago I was trying to decide whether or not I should reenlist. So I told my Mother that if I reenlist, I've got to do it soon. She just said, "Well, why don't you get out, stay home for a couple of months, and then decide if you want to go back in." Well, I had been dating this guy for almost two years now; we just got married. We were engaged last Christmas. Both of us decided to stay in--for money. It's not

that we're making so much; it's that we're saving so much. We figured that if we stayed in, we'd save all this money, so that when we decide to get out on our own, we'll have a lot more than we have now. We plan to have our first child by the Army too. We're looking at it from the money aspect. Really, if I hadn't decided to get married, I don't think I would have reenlisted. They don't give no reenlistment bonus. There's no incentive, really, to stay in. . . .

DIESEL MECHANIC

Dave is a nineteen year old Private, E-2, from Mount Dora, Florida, who has been assigned to Fort Belvoir for five months. He attended high school through the eleventh grade, then took two years of vocational school. Both of his parents have their Masters Degree. His father is a retired Army Sergeant. His mother is an elementary school teacher. Prior to joining the Army, Dave worked for one and one-half years as a service station mechanic. His hobbies include hunting, fishing, softball, model airplanes, and cars. He is undecided about his reenlistment decision.

When I came in, I came in mainly just to upgrade on my learnin'. And I wanted to get my time in on it too, come in on the service, because my Old Man was, and before that, he (my grandfather) was too. They was all in the service--it sorta goes along with the family tradition, in a way. Full-timers (careerists).

I been workin' with engines all my life, since I was about eight. I been workin' with my brother-in-law at his station, his Old Man's station, tearin' apart engines and stuff. I built my own cars--about five of them now. (laughs) I like engines. I love 'em! I love to get greasy! (laughs) They never told me when I came in the recruitin' station, that if I had two years, or somethin' in vocational schools, that I could be an E-3 when I come in, and go up quick. I was never told that. Which I did go through vocational school for two years. That wasted half my time right there, you know? You have to put in your records when you first come in, they said. And they say, like, "too late now."

They had jet engine mechanic at that time too. But I woulda' had to go right then. They had it where, when I was at AFEES, they were going to send me that day to basic training. 'Couldn't handle that! That was sort of a jump, you know? Too much of a jump, or somethin'.

Navy? I don't want to go to sea. I didn't want to be on no boat. I don't like the sea at all. Well, I live in Florida, and I'll sit out there and swim all day long, and everything, but I don't like to be out there on no ship for days at a time, months, and stuff like this. Marines? No way! If there was a war or something, the Marines are the first to go. I had a sister who went with a man who was in the Marines, and they just pound it into you. When you go to war, you're just fed in, you know? You know what I'm sayin'? I couldn't see none of that. They couldn't improve my mind on nothing if it was just learn to shoot a weapon, and that's it. I can stay home and do that. Go huntin'. Why not?! Same stuff! The Marines, it seems all they want to do is go out there and kill as many people as they want, plus keep themselves alive too. But they just go in, seems like, for the killin'. That wasn't for me.

This was my station of choice. I picked here. I wanted to get Georgia, really--I wanted to get Benning or Stewart--but I couldn't get it. They have this printout, and they can tell you whether there's an opening at that station or not. I wanted to stay close to home, in a way. And Benning was the closest one I could find. The recruiter ain't got nothing to do with it. It's the AFEES station. And they just go through a computer--they ain't got nothing to say about it, really.

He just goes by the computer--types in what it is, and it feeds out the information. He came off with a couple different mechanic jobs, or so, but, like most of 'em were over in Europe. They're hard up for mechanics over in Europe. I ain't ready to go over there yet. I want to go over there when I'm a sergeant or something. I ain't ready for that, and other ones, like Alaska. (laughs) I don't want to go up there. 'Couldn't handle no cold weather like that.

In basic, I went through training, it was like it was Infantry training. I work with medics all around me now, 'cause I'm in a combat support hospital. So I got medics all around me. They never went through training like that. I don't know what their basic is, but they don't go through it like we did. I went through at Dix--there was a lot of hard-core stuff up there (laughs). They're really into their soldierin'. That's the way I saw it, and come here, and it don't seem like that much. 'Cause, like, we're supposed to go to the field four times a year, or somethin'. They don't do that. They go a couple times a year, and when they do, they only go for, like, a week at a time, and that's it. Just like a job--that's all it is.

One drawback. It was a real drawback to me. They don't really train ya. You musta heard that before. Any MOS you go into, you go in for trainin', they ain't gonna train you that much. They teach you the very basics--the basic basics. Changing oil filters--somethin' like that. And that's it. You have to be a certain echelon. We're only allowed to do stuff like change oil filters, stuff like that. I can work over here all the time, and it seems like I'm just wastin' my time. You have to be, I think, buck sergeant before you can work at higher echelons. I was never told that before.

As far as tactical stuff, the Army's taught me quite a bit--like savin' my ass out in war. (laughs) It's taught me quite a bit about that. But it doesn't seem to really teach me much about cars or engines, or anything else in my MOS. It's all basic stuff. Well...they're considering taking a person who doesn't even know anything, I guess--come in, take him straight to AIT, and it would be like the starting of a vocational school, or somethin'. But vocational schools were teachin' me more there than we were in school here. 'Cause we was miking engines, rebuilding them, borin' them out, puttin' all new parts in. You know, you had to mike 'em down to a thousandth of an inch, and stuff like this. They don't even show you micrometers here, or nothin'. Nothin' at all. 'Cause you're just goin' to be organizational mechanics. That really turned me off, 'cause I thought I was going to be

. . . (Something in the Army that turned me on?) Just comin' to my first duty station. That was great. I kinda liked the idea of that. Get out of basic trainin' and AIT--you know, you've graduated and all that, and you're headin' to your first duty station. It sort of powers you, in a way. You feel pretty good. I was processin' in up here, and the Commander (of his unit) come over here--he musta been just walkin' around here or something. Because he hand-picked me. He really did! He asked me what my MOS was, and everything, and he looks it up and says, "Hey, he's a mechanic! Anybody for my unit, I gotta come up here and fight for." He goes, "I want him." They was going to send me to the 11th or the 30th or somethin'. That was alright. That was pretty decent. 'Put a bubble in my head! (laughs) I was an E-1--nothin'! And some lieutenant's askin' for me! It was kinda good. I liked that!

Seems to me a lot of people want--well, a lot of people around this unit, don't seem to want to stay, really. I can sympathize with that--parts of it. 'Cause, like, I know some people that are gettin' rank, when people that ain't gettin' rank, that should be. 'Cause they're workin'. Like, take, for instance, my roommate--he got busted two times, for haircuts. Two haircuts now--hundred dollars for a haircut. OK? And there's these other guys, and they'll have hair--but they're in the same formation, OK. It seems like they didn't bother with this one guy, 'cause he was helpin' with the colonel on the boxing team, and all this kinda stuff. You know, he was turnin' the colonel on, and the colonel liked that. 'Really liked this guy, you know? So it didn't matter if he did anything wrong or anything--he didn't come to formations half the time, decides when he's goin' to get up, or somethin' like this. Doesn't matter to him--he didn't care--he got E-4. And my buddy's stayin' E-2 now--he's been in for three years, and he's still a private! Three years! And that's how much this company is screwing around with him.

He loves his job. They send him over to the hospital for, I think it is, three rotations now--he's on his fourth right now, I believe. And they say he's great over there. The First Sergeant talks to him over there, to find out how he's doin'. He was talkin' to him the other night, over in our room, sayin' "How come?" Doin' great. Does everything he needs to do, and does even more. He's a medic--likes doin' all that kind of stuff. Comes over here, in the unit, and in nurse's service, you do nothin'. I mean, like, half the time, he'll be sittin' in the room, 'cause there's nothin' to do. Nothin' at all.

I met a lot of different people--people from as far as you want to go, around the world. Pretty decent. I like that. 'Cause I come from a real small town--you know, you see the same people every day. You get friends, just like anywhere else. You pick your friends, but you can't pick your relatives, like they say. You just get to meet people, find out what they like, they find out what you like. I'm in a room with two other guys--two other privates--and one of them I can't handle at all. I'd like to just kick his face in sometimes, you know? (laughs) And the other one's a medic, and I can get along great with him. It's just, you know, their attitudes, toward the Army or life or whatever. I take it one day at a time. Most other people do here too.

We got thirty people over there (hospital) now, OK? In six months, they'll take those thirty people out, bring them back over here, and send thirty different ones over there. Now, the ones that have been doin' real good, and startin' to learn stuff finally, have to come back over in the unit and do nothin. They'll train. They'll train on the same stuff--well, easier stuff, they told me. 'Cause I sat in on classes--same stuff I learned in basic trainin'--wounds, and stuff like this. It's all very basic. They're not learnin' anything but what they learned for the past six months. Learnin' nothin' at all. They ain't advancin' them at all. And that seems to be the big drawback here, 'cause people keep complainin' about that.

Workin' in the motor pool here...you run into people that don't do their job, and you end up doin' other people's jobs, and stuff like this. There isn't that much work here at all, really. They have quite a few people here not practicing their MOS's. They're leavin' because they can't practice their MOS's. They're really depressed about the place. I just had a girl leave--she didn't like this place, she told me, since two weeks she was here. All they was doin' was trainin'--same thing as in basic trainin'. That's what this unit mainly is, is training. That's the way this unit is, mainly. It seems, they don't put the people in their MOS. And people just laugh about this place.

We had--take, for instance--we had a mail clerk here, who was a sixty-three-B, a mechanic, like me. And, it's a woman--she was a buck sergeant. And she got stuck in mail room--all she was doin' was handin' out mail, all the time, for somethin' like, I think it was a year, or somethin', even longer than that, maybe. As a sergeant! She's been put in the mail room, OK? Now, she just processed out a little while ago, but before she processed out, they made sure that she had about two weeks of practicing her MOS. She's been out of school. Two weeks, compared to, like, three years, at least--three years of just givin' out mail and doin' clerk jobs, and stuff like this. This was the first time that she practiced her MOS.

She asked to get sent over to Germany, because she wanted to get out of this unit. She got over there, and they're hard up for mechanics, they'll put her as a floor sergeant or somethin', or maybe even a section leader. In charge of all these people who know what they're doin', and she doesn't know where to start from. I was sittin' here, showin' her what to do, OK? And I'm a private. And I was showin' a sergeant what to do. That ain't right! I ain't supposed to be doin' that.

. . . (If a friend asked me for advice about joining the Army?) I'd probably ask him if he's thought about it a lot. I'd probably tell him about how school would probably be to him, if it was anything that I knew about. . . (thinks). . . I'd try to discourage him. I really would. I would, for sure. There is one reason why you come in now, and that's 'cause I feel that this place's gonna come to war sometime. I do. Other people say we ain't gonna go to war again ever. I think we're gonna be goin' to war pretty soon--'cause Carter's just kissing everybody's ass. He's takin' too much. And, if you come in now, get the experience that you need for bein' out in the field, you're gonna be all set. And you can get into the MOS that you want to. Or at least get the trainin' that you want to get. If you was drafted, you would get placed where they would want to. Where they're gonna put you is tank corps, or Infantry, or parachute, something like that. You ain't gonna like that at all. . .

DRIVER

It is a pleasant surprise to have a former member of my battalion enter for an interview. Barbara used to drive a ten-ton truck in my engineer company. She is a high school graduate from Pittsburgh, whose parents are both college graduates and professionals; her father is a nuclear engineer with Westinghouse and her mother is a registered nurse. Before joining the Army, Barbara worked for a couple of months as a clerk in a delicatessen, then for a couple of months as an ambulance driver. Her hobbies are volleyball, photography, and collecting paintings. She has just extended for twenty months under the "BEAR" Program. She will be going to language school, and hopes ultimately to become an intelligence analyst.

Back before I came in, I wanted to travel, for one thing. I was very bored with home. I did not want to sit through four years of college and come out with a degree in a certain area and not be able to get a job. I went to college for three months, and I just, I felt that if I couldn't put the effort forth to keep studying and really work at it hard, then I shouldn't be in there. I came out and started working again. I didn't like working for minimum wage. I couldn't travel working for minimum wage. So, I decided that I wanted to come into the military.

At the time, that was fine with my family but they wanted me to become an officer. In order to become an officer, I had to go ROTC, and I just didn't want it. So I came in enlisted. I wanted to do a job that I had never done before, that I knew nothing about, that would really demand something of me. I was going to go into the medical field as a 91B (clinical specialist) or I was going to become an MP. They told me I would have a six-month wait for the MP and they couldn't get me the 91B. It would be too long. I told them, "No, I want to go now." So I went up to the AFES station in Pittsburgh and I sat there for almost two hours picking out MOS's. The only two that I was interested in--which I thought would be really challenging--was heavy equipment operator and truck driver. So I chose the truck driver, and I found the challenge I wanted.

My first duty station, at Fort Eustis, Virginia, my squad leader was very much against women. But he didn't harass them. He supported us, but he expected a lot of us. I was his second woman driver he ever had. The first one he had messed up quite a bit. He started me out on a ten-ton (truck). I had no say-so about the matter at all. From then on I was on a ten-ton. That is more challenging to me than driving a five-ton or a deuce-and-a-half. I mean, there is no comparison to all the other vehicles. I found the challenge that I wanted. And the travel!

My job here is driving in East Berlin. It is a very pampered job, compared to what I was used to. I drive around for, let's say, approximately three hours per tour--we have two tours per day. But they can come at any time in the morning. I can be out, have a cross-over, which is crossing over from West Berlin, at Checkpoint Charlie, into East at four o'clock in the morning, or as late as ten o'clock at night. I drive a German '78 Ford Granada. Driving over there is quite different. My driving experience is really put to test

when I have East German trucks coming head-on on the street with me. It's like playing "chicken."

There's a lot more pressure on my job, political-wise, here, from what I had in the States. It's very hard to deal with, because, the General finds out we have an accident, we're in all kinds of hot water. The political sensitivity of the job is very hard to deal with. Every day is different over there! Every day of driving is different! The section that I work for is called "DIXIE." (Deputy Chief of Staff for Intelligence.) When we come to a border. . . (she goes on to describe operations). It's exciting! But I still enjoy my heavy equipment.

When I first got to Fort Eustis, I had a Platoon Sergeant that was an E-6 going on E-7--very old Army, very hard core. The first female that they had there before me gave him quite a bit of trouble. I came there as a Private, by myself. And they had the thing then it was cold outside, I was not allowed to stay inside in what we called our "tool room." I had to go out and sweep the line, sweep the snow away, work on my truck out in the cold, while the guys stayed in there and joked and had a good ole time--told their dirty jokes. But I wasn't allowed to stay in there. Since I was a female, I made him uncomfortable--he (Platoon Sergeant) couldn't tell his dirty jokes.

They gave me the worst truck on the line. It had been stripped and had been down for over a year and a half. He told me I would never get my truck up. That made me very angry. I told him I'd have it up in four months. He tried to delay me getting parts because he knew I was going to make my deadline. After a while I caught on to his little scheme of keeping me out of the office--privates came after me, and I was a "pee-vee-two"--and I told him, unless they were sent out with me--and they were males--that I was going to do something about it. He said, "Fine." After that I said, "You can tell your dirty jokes. I'm not here, you know, to make you feel uncomfortable. You want to tell your dirty jokes, tell your dirty jokes. I can always get up and leave. That's my option." And I said, "You can do anything you want. But I won't be out on the line by myself just because I'm a female." He understood that, and we got along fine.

I would say the most depressing times for me were in Basic and AIT. And it wasn't the fact that I was in training--I enjoyed the training the whole way through; it was no problem--it was the low class of females that I was with. There would be no way in this world that I would ever bring those people home to my home and claim them to be friends. They couldn't deal with pressure. They couldn't deal with the responsibility. I was the second youngest in my company, when I went into Basic. The females there were just totally irresponsible. They had children, and they got up and left them at home. They didn't want anything to do with their kids. Even when you asked them, after they got to where they were going, if they were going to have their child, whether get married or whatever--live with their boyfriend. They said, "No. My Mother can take care of my child." I don't believe in that.

I think the lowest part was having to see women act like men, with their fighting. I don't mind a man fighting; that's the way men are. I don't expect a female to act like that. Physically fighting! Women are very sly, I learned. I was very naive about the way women were. They're very sly. One minute they're your friend; the next minute they'll turn around and they'll burn you. I just

did not enjoy the type of females I had to go through Basic and AIT with. I was put in a position, the fourth week of my basic training. My drill sergeant had nothing but problems with training leaders. She didn't even know my name, and she put me into a training leader position. Being the youngest female, all they did was give me a hard time.

I made the top of the company. I made top trainee, for that cycle. That upset quite a few of the women, because I was so young. Again in AIT, I was put in the position where I was over eight black females. I would never want to be put in that position again. It was always a challenge of "Are you prejudiced?" That's one thing I have learned, that if you put a black female in a position she doesn't like, the first thing that comes out is "prejudice!" I don't like that at all.

I'd say on the outside things that happen in the Army would not be accepted at all, such as the black-white marriages. The Army society accepts them. The outside society does not, and I believe that it's an escape for a lot of these people. The thing I don't appreciate, being a white female, is the black men feel that if you're a white female and date a black male one time, break off the relationship, you're labeled a black man's girl. You go out with a white man, and you're in all kinds of trouble with the black men. If you're a black girl and date a white man, the black men get hostile. If you're a white girl dating a white guy, the blacks get hostile when you won't get up and dance. That's what I don't like about the black men. He has the right to ask, and I have the right to say "no." But when I get hassled for my answer, I don't appreciate it. That is the way it is in the Army with a lot of the black men, and a lot of the black-white situation.

I can think of two situations (that really turned me on in the Army). One was driving my ten-ton that I really took a lot of pride in. I was the only female on Fort Eustis to drive that truck. Every time that I drove by, people couldn't believe that a female was driving that truck. Here, I have a bus license for a 53-passenger bus, a Mercedes bus. I drove tour busses here for people that come up from the zone (West Berliners refer to the country of West Germany as "the zone.") It made me feel good that I, as a female, could do what I did. A lot of people were shocked to see me drive. What I really appreciated was people coming up and saying, "When I saw you get on this bus, I was going to get off." And after I take them to where they're going to go, they say, "You don't drive bad at all!" (laughs)

Another moment was, I received my ARCOM (Army Commendation Medal). It was sent here in March, and my Mother was coming over in May. I waited to be given my ARCOM so that my Mother could be here. I was very, very proud. She was hostile against the wall. She enjoyed Germany; she loved the people here. She loved the Command here. But she couldn't get over the wall at all. She had a lot of emotional problems with that.

Going back to school didn't interest me, because I'm not one that can go through another four years sitting in classes all day. I can do it at night, fine! I want to work too. There are too many things that I want. I feel that sitting idle in college, for me, for four years is a waste of my time. To me, I can compact all that into being in the Army--working, travelling, and going to school. I'm getting out of it what I want. On the outside, there are too

many people my age (21 years old) that cannot find jobs. I thought of getting out and being a truck driver but, if you belong to the union, you're always striking; if you're an independent, you're getting shot at. It's not worth it. The Army's security. I would say I'm looking at another twenty months, until the economy in our country sort of settles down. But I wouldn't mind staying in. I could even stay in longer than twenty years.

ELECTRONIC WARFARE CRYPTO ANALYST

Dean enters the room with a sheet of lined paper on which he appears to have listed grievances--as though I may have been perceived, in the barracks, as some revolutionary guru, seeking complaints from maligned soldiers. As it turns out, he's just an extremely organized individual who has heard about these interviews, and he has written down some objective comments. He has one year of college; he is bright and articulate. His father is a vice-president of General Mills; his mother, a college graduate, works as a secretary. He is twenty-one years old, a Sergeant. Hobbies are travelling, and skiing. He does not plan to reenlist.

I had an idea of what the Army was like, from my father and step-father--that was back in the forties and fifties. I expected it to be a lot harder than it is. I wish it was still the way it was. When I went to the recruiter station, I was kind of unusual, because the recruiter was trying to steer me into Artillery, or one of the combat arms. I found out about MI on my own. Most the stuff about the Army, I found out on my own. The recruiters--I guess they have quotas to make, or whatever their bonuses are. I don't know how the system works, but they're looking to steer you into the branches they want you to go into, just by talking about it, saying how great Artillery is, or something like that. The recruiter didn't mislead me, but he didn't tell me everything that he could have. Everything was Field Artillery. I guess that was his branch.

One day, after high school, in December--I graduated six months after that--I was by the recruiter station, so I decided to just stop by. I was pretty disenchanted with school at the time. I had been accepted by several universities. But I just didn't care for my parents paying for my college. They were always giving instructions on classes, and his way of life, and things. I kind of wanted to get away from that for a little while--take a break before I started school again. I talked to the Air Force recruiter for a while, but the guy just seemed like he had no interest in me as an individual. I didn't talk to the Marines. When I decided on the Army, I had been contemplating between the Navy and the Army. Both of them had their good points. The main reason I joined the Army was 'cause I thought it would be better to get education. You're in one place all the time, instead of being on a ship, or, you know, shifting from sea duty to line duty, something like that. So the main reason I joined the Army was based on education. Benefits. And I was looking for a challenge. But I didn't find one. I was looking for training. I don't know, to me, I joined the Army for benefits and patriotism. It was kind of neat, you know--hear war stories and just think you're part of it once. So, I don't know how good a reasons those are, but that was it. . . .

I thought basic training was a challenge. I thought basic training was good. It was hard. I got in real good physical shape. I liked basic training, but I didn't like the people I was there with--undereducated, or very little common sense. It was unusual. I've traveled quite a bit, but I've always lived in Minneapolis, and then I was meeting these people, from all different backgrounds. I found out that people aren't as fortunate as I was. And, people're really weird--my first exposure to blacks--just a lot of new things. So it was a challenge. But I didn't enjoy the people that much--the calibre of people. I

I mean, I got several friends, dozens of friends over here. But I'm in a MI unit. My brother's in an Infantry unit, and he has a lot of problems, with personality conflicts, things like that.

I went to AIT at Goodfellow Air Force Base. It was all very technical in my job field, which is a crypto analyst. That was very challenging, academically, but as far as getting basic military skills and training--there wasn't any. I joined the Army 'cause I wanted to be a soldier. (Something that turned me on was) being in a position that I considered very important; possibly, being in a field exercise, and working order of battle. Figuring out where the enemy units were, which I only do in the field, during exercises. I really don't do it in garrison. So, I would say, field duty is the most challenging, and rewarding, to actually do my MOS. I can see the results of my work.

There's been so many little things. As far as a big factor that made me decide I wasn't going to reenlist, there was no real big factor. The big turnoff to me was commands misleading other commands. Like when my unit has an AIG inspection, for example. We do all this training, for, let's say, a month. They get the duty rosters finally straight, and they decide to fix windows in the barracks, and things like that. To me, the AIG standards should be maintained the year-around. We should always be combat-ready or have a high standard of living in the barracks, or whatever, instead of the one month out of the year when the AIG comes around. That, to me, is a big letdown. I don't know if it's funding, or officers in commands have, you know, the one-year assignments in command. I don't know what it is.

My main complaints (unfolds his yellow sheet of lined paper) . . . They're not gripes, but they're just things that I think were factors in me deciding not to reenlist. Because when I first came in, there was the possibility of that. My main complaint, I would say, is personnel utilization; people being utilized improperly. You know, trained professionals doing something that they're not trained for.

I'm a 98C, which is a traffic analyst--intercepted foreign communications--we break them out, and decide who's talking to who, and of what importance it is, and who to forward it to. We have people sitting in positions, like, intercepting manual Morse communications, or Russian language, or something like that. Competent technicians move to administrative positions with promotions. Let's say, I'm sitting a manual Morse position--you know, intercepting Soviet communications--as an E-5. As soon as I make E-6, the chances are, they're going to pull me off of that position, even though I've been doing it for four or five years, and move me into a administrative position--duty rosters, platoon sergeant, squad leader, telling people to burn classified trash, or sweep the floor. To me, the individual loses and the Army loses. They've got a person who was trained in the position for five years, and probably can do the job as good as anybody. But they take him out and move him into a administrative position, you know, because he's an E-6 now. A guy who's sitting in a position could move to an administrative slot. Like, we have one upstairs. He has no, uh, common sense, when it comes to dealing with people, asking to get things done. He's a technician; he's not an NCO, so to speak. He's not a person who should be pushing troops. So, I think, in that case, everybody loses. The guy loses, the Army loses, the people who he's administrating lose. If he worked in the job a full twenty years, I think the Army would get more productivity out of him. . . .

My number one gripe! If I'm in the Army, I'd like to know what the Army's about and be trained with all the systems, and things like that. Improper and insignificant military training in garrison . . . (continuing to read from the sheet). I think the soldiers in my unit aren't capable of operating in a wartime environment. I don't think they are. 'Never had training in things like operating an M-60 machinegun. 'Haven't done it since basic training. There would be a good chance, if war came out, that you might be sitting at a M-60-- area security, or something like that. The unit trains a dozen people in this field, lets the IG watch and test, but they're just briefed. I mean, a dozen people get the training, but the rest of the unit doesn't get the training . . . uh, filling out NBC reports, setting up camouflage, setting up antennas--to me, those are all basic soldier skills that the average soldier in my unit can't do. If you're not trained properly, you're not going to move in war. And if they're not going to train you properly, I'm not going to stay in the Army, 'cause I don't wanna die. 'Sounds harsh, but that's the way I feel. If I can't be trained, I don't want to be there. . . .

Chain of command . . . I work in a battalion area, and I have not only my platoon NCOIC, staff NCO's, officers, warrant officers that I have to put up with--Battalion officers, Command Sergeant Major--I probably have about fifteen different bosses! But if I wanted something for myself, I'd have to go all the way up. I think the chain of command should work down as smoothly as it works up. It seems like the higher-ranking people . . . I don't know, it's just like you're looked down upon.

I've matured a lot. I knew I had to go to college eventually. But I didn't want to go to college, then. High school really burnt me out. So I didn't really have the direction to go. After being in the Army a little bit of time, you realize how important school and other things are. It gave me a great opportunity to travel. There's been a lot of good points. If I had it to do all over again, I still would of joined the service. I told my brother to come in the Army, he's just been in a few months himself. . . .

EXPLOSIVE ORDNANCE TECHNICIAN

Susie says she is the first black woman to graduate from the Explosive Ordnance Demolition School, and she obviously takes great pride in that. She is on-call, and as we start the interview, the two-way radio on her belt crackles with EOD traffic. Susie is a twenty-four year old Specialist-Four who has been stationed at Fort Meade for four months. Chester, South Carolina is what she considers her home town--she and her mother migrated there from Brooklyn. Her father is deceased; her mother, with two years of college, is a clerical supervisor. Building models, bike riding, music, and reading are Susie's hobbies. She has two years of college, and is undecided about her reenlistment decision.

Mostly, the things that you hear, on the outside, from people that have either been in the service or been associated with someone who was in the service--and I'm talking about the peer group, because that's normally who you speak with before you go do anything--is mostly negative toward the service. How it treats you like a bunch of animals, how most of the females--and because I am female, I was interested in what they had to say about females--how most of the females in the Army were either looking for a husband, or they were a bunch of lesbians. And how the food was bad, training was bad, how you got stationed places where you didn't want to go, you're constantly harrassed by others--everything was negative. I rarely heard anything positive about the service.

But I like to have first-hand information, the first-hand being myself. I take into account everything that someone has said, but I don't use that as my sole opinion. When I went to the recruiter, I had specifically in mind something that I wanted to do, which was to be a nurse. I went to the recruiter--I went to the Army, Air Force, Navy, because they're all in the same building. The Army recruiter--he gave me the book of everything the Army had to offer, as likewise the others did. I saw that the Army had a program to put me through LPN (Licensed Practical Nurse) School, and I could go out and take my state boards. They have a ninety-one-C school, where you go through the school--it's almost a year long. It's just as if you were going out in the civilian world and went through a two-year LPN school; and it's a one-year LPN school in the Army.

I saw the medical benefits and the . . . the pay was not an incentive. I wanted to move around a bit; I wanted to get out of the city. It satisfied those needs in me--to get me in the school, to get me out of the city--allowed me to meet new and different people, people of different races. All of those things it did satisfy, so what I had heard on the outside was just like a grain of salt. I remembered it, but I didn't let that be my sole opinion. It satisfied my needs, so I decided to sign the papers. . . .

At least the Army does allow you to have the opportunity to change something. I'm not saying that I did not like what I was doing--I loved what I was doing. I loved the health care field and will eventually get back in that. I went to the school; I graduated. I went to take my State Boards in New York, and I'm a Licensed Practical Nurse in New York. If I were to ever not like this job, I can always fall back on that. I worked with some very wonderful people, and I learned a lot, in the health care field. The health care field was wonderful--I enjoyed it. I plan to go back into that, eventually.

In Massachusetts, I worked in the hospital, in MEDDAC, for nearly a year. I was rooming in Massachusetts with a female that was a clerk. The space was so small, they had to put everyone together, so she had to room with some females in the MEDDAC building. She got to talking about how it was--she was not an EOD technician herself, but the clerk in the unit. She knew me--we would often talk--and she said this is something you would like to do, because it's different and exciting and dangerous. It's something that not many women are in; it's specialized. The more I talked with her about it, the more interested I became. So I went in for an interview, was accepted, was attached, sent to school, and graduated.

Now I'm working here as an EOD Tech. I was the first black woman to ever graduate from the school--not the first woman--but the first black woman. There's very few women in it. You can count, probably, on your hand, the women in the Army that are walking around, EOD Techs, now. . . . Being out in the health care field, and in the other areas, it's not as specialized. I wanted to feel like I was doing something extremely important, and I was one of the few people doing it. As I was working as an LPN, there were so many others of the same. There were so many ninety-one-C's and so many ninety-one-B's (medics). I wanted to feel that I was completely something different. Something special. The attrition rate is over fifty per cent. I was able to make it through it. You know, it adds a little bit of highlight, to me.

. . . This unit we have is a VIP unit, which entails this unit and three others, around the Washington area. Helps support the Secret Service. When you have any dignitaries, any movement that the President, Vice-President and their families does, going from one place to another, any foreign dignitaries that come to visit the area, any people that come from the State Department, or any person that's visiting--Heads of State, and all that. What we do is work with Secret Service. We have to make sure that the area is safe for them. (She describes some of the things that they do.) Like, for instance, when the Pope came (she describes some of the work that her team did).

But, besides doing that kind of work, we have to do our normal work, which is to respond to all explosive incidents within a certain radius. It might be going to Andrews Air Force Base, or the Sheriff's department from some little old town found some very old relic or something, or if they find some chemical, or something. And we respond to Post incidents, like one day when the cannon didn't fire like it was supposed to. . . . No, it doesn't scare me, because I'm not one to be scared very easily. I have a very strong will, a very strong mind. So those sort of things don't scare me. Any mistake that you make could be the last mistake you make. America is lucky, because our terrorist groups, and weird people like that, are not that . . . they're dangerous, but they're not out to kill a lot of people. They're out to make a statement, usually. Their attempts are not to maim or kill a lot of people. . . .

Some of the things that have turned me off in the service? The living arrangements would have to be one of the worst turn-offs in the service. The barracks. I can only talk about before now. The way we're set up now would be the ideal situation. I think every member of the service should be in the situation that we have now--every member of the enlisted service. We have our own rooms, although we share a bathroom--a small, sitting area and a bedroom area. It's not so large that you'd think you were in the Hilton or something.

But it's enough that you're comfortable, and we're allowed, within limits, to fix the room the way that you want to fix it. Also, of course, you have to maintain a certain way that you're locker's supposed to be set up, shoes under the bed . . . but, other than that, as long as you don't have any stars on the ceiling, you're able to set up the area the way you want it.

I've never been used to living with three women, four women, five women, in one room. It's just not the way I was raised. I was raised to be independent. I always had a room to myself. I guess, maybe, I'm lucky in that respect, in that there are people that never had . . . that always slept with other people. But I never did.

I was in Massachusetts, and in a space smaller than this room, there was three of us living. I can remember when they moved the third girl in. The only space I had, outside of my bed, was one foot to walk around, like this (demonstrates). I think that is poor living area for anyone, especially in a permanent party situation, where you could well be stationed there for the rest of your days. To live in some area like that is just unimaginable to me, although I dealt with it. But it was unimaginable. . . . So many of the barracks are like that--you're just piled on top of each other. And that is a definite turn-off. So many times you share a bathroom--they call it a gang bathroom. And so many times there's no doors on the stalls, and no shower curtains, no partitions around the sink--all that kind of stuff . . . there is no privacy at all. . . .

One of the things that's not true is that all of the females are either looking for husbands . . . (laughs) and I can't believe that a guy actually told me that. He actually firmly believed that the only thing a female was doing in the service was being a lesbian or looking for a husband. Neither is the case for me--not that I condemn anybody for what they believe. But it's just not the case with all the females that I've ever met in the service. So that was wrong.

I had heard how people boss you around, and take advantage of you if you're lower rank--I tend to think that that's true--very much so. Like I said before, it didn't happen to me that badly, because I was always a bit defiant. I never got in trouble, because I knew what I was doing, and I knew the limit to which I could take what I was doing. So I never got busted, never got an Article 15. But I've seen it happen to other people, that they are mistreated by the higher ranking NCO's, officers. If you're a lower enlisted person, you're thought of as a peon, you're given all the dirty, nasty chores that nobody else would ever do. Your life is constantly being planned for you. You're constantly being forced to do this, forced to do that.

I heard that the food was bad. I have to agree. The food is bad. Only one place I've ever been that the food was what I would call acceptable. I find that the Army mess facilities are really disappointing, and there are very few of them that can really cook an egg right. And it's amazing how, on TV, they built up how you get three square meals a day--'cause most of the people don't eat their three square meals in the mess hall, it's just so bad. You're forced to go out and go to a fast-food joint and buy some decent food.

. . . Has the Army changed me as a person? (thinks) It's given me a better outlook on life. It's enabled me to deal more with people. I say that, because I grew up in an all-black neighborhood, all the time went to all-black schools--

still live in all-black neighborhood. Rarely had any kind of encounter with people from other races--white, anything else--Chinese, except for maybe teachers in school. But I never had the opportunity to live--close--side-by-side--with someone of a different race.

It's allowed me to have a job and get paid for it, and to know how to manage my finances. I have a car, and I'm paying on my stereo, and a few other little things--credit card, something like that. I've learned from the first of the month to the end of the month, to have enough money to last me through that month. It has given me confidence in managing my financial aspects. It's allowed me to move around--to travel to places I'd never been, probably thought that I would never be there. Who would have thought that I would ever be in Texas?! . . . or if I wanted to go overseas, it's good to know that I could go to Korea, or I could go to Germany, or I could possibly be stationed in France, or someplace like that. . . .

(If a friend asked me for advice about joining the Army) First, I'd have to see if that is what they need. Like, if you're out on the street, and you're doing nothing, if you're at a loss for what you want to do, and if you have no experience at doing anything, if you just got out of high school--and no one gives you a job, just out of high school. If you're doing nothing, I would suggest to go into the service. It's a good opportunity to learn something. It's a good opportunity to meet people, learn a trade, get some experience, which does look good on your record. And it's a good opportunity to get off the street, get out of the bad environment--not saying that the Army environment is so much better. But there's a discipline in the service, and it helps you to discipline your life, being in the service. . . . You are starting at the bottom, and you can eventually, slowly, work your way up to being respected, sort of. You get to corporal, spec five, and you get a little prestige that goes along with it. So for someone that is doing nothing outside, and they're wasting their life away, and they're caught up in the turbulence of the streets, I would suggest that they come in, especially with the two-year enlistment option. Two years is a good time to check out and find out what it is you want to do. But if I found someone who had gone to college, had a good job, I wouldn't suggest it, because there's no future, I don't think. . . .

FIELD RADIO REPAIRMAN

Jim, a high school graduate (GED), is a twenty-one year old Specialist Four, assigned to a combat support battalion in the Frankfurt area. For two years, before enlisting, he worked in his hometown of Kansas City, Missouri, in the Missouri Federation of the Blind Thrift Store and also as a school custodian. He has been on drugs and has been rehabilitated. His Father, who has a sixth grade education, drives a furniture truck. Jim's hobbies are record music and skeet shooting. His face and manner reflect the hard times he has experienced. He has reenlisted for his own duty assignment.

At the time, I was seventeen years old, I had been married for about six months, and I'd lost my job. And at seventeen years old, there just wasn't too many places to go. I tried for the Air Force, but since I didn't have a high school diploma, they said I would have to score higher than somebody that already had a diploma. When I took the test, I think I missed it by a couple of points. Well, I knew I didn't want the Marines, because I'd heard about them. And then, Navy, being married, I didn't want to be out on a boat for six months. So I come in the Army. And it was just, more or less, an escape for me, because I needed the job.

Well, I didn't really know, and the man's reading off a bunch of jobs, and he said, "You look like a commo man," and I said, "Well, commo sounds pretty easy to me--sounds good, you know?" But at the time, I didn't know. See, about all I'm authorized to do is change knobs, right? I was looking for visions of like fixing televisions sets; televisions are here to stay. I figured I could go back in the civilian world and fix televisions, and be set for life. But it didn't work out that way. I haven't gotten that training.

I haven't really been too impressed with Army life, because it's a pretty well shut organization, you know. They either like you or they just more or less put the screws to you. See, I been in a lot of trouble with the Army. One time I was doing drugs, and then dealing on the black market. That's in my past. When I was with Signal, we was around helicopters. I wanted to fly a helicopter, but I never got the chance. The warrant officers there, they're at a different level than most officers. They're pretty decent fellows. They'll take you up in a helicopter, because they gotta get so much time in the air anyway.

When I first came to the MP Company. . .well, they're at a higher level, you know? They're supposed to be the "super soldiers." They set the example. When I first got there, I just come out of a Signal unit that spent most of the time in the field. So there is a big difference, because in a Signal unit, you know, people were about half nuts. When you come out of the field, you just went crazy! . . .(laughs). . .I don't go to the field much (over here). When I do, it's pretty ridiculous, really. It's more or less a game. I could do the same thing back in my unit. You know, first aid. You get a man on his back and this man is bleeding from the chest, right? He doesn't seem to be breathing. OK,

what're you going to do? Then you go through your steps--clear the airway, restore the breathing, you know, and so on. If you take, like, thirty days of that kind of training, maybe every six months, that would be alright. But, the thing I've noticed about the Army, it's either too much or not enough. You can't get no medium. It's either too much or not enough. . .

I had been doing drugs, probably since I was fifteen years old. Anymore, though, I've stopped. I don't do any more drugs. I drink a couple of beers, you know. This is Germany. It's the best beer in the world. But, it started out, I went to an all-black high school. There was five white people in the school. Needless to say, I used to get my ass kicked quite a bit, because I wouldn't conform. I did "downers," about anything you could name, I probably did it. 'Never addicted, just kind of a on-and-off thing. Then here, I was selling it just to get my own, just to pay for my own. Because drugs are very expensive, since they're illegal. There's a big risk involved. They had some guy busted, and he turned informant. A friend of mine knew this guy, and the deal was made, and then, when I sold them to him, I was busted. And they were going to send me to Mannheim (the stockade) and everything, but their informant messed up. I don't know how he messed up. He did something, and the MP's busted him, so his word was no good in court, against me, because he was no better than I was. And so, more or less, I got off pretty easy. I would have got off clean, if it wasn't for when they busted me, I had two pills in my front pocket. So I got a field grade for possession, more or less, although the field grade still stipulated that I was selling drugs. I think it was half of my pay for two months, reduced to the grade of E-1--at the time I was a PFC--six months suspended bust, and thirty days restriction, thirty days extra duty. At the time I was considered a pretty good soldier. The Colonel called in my NCOIC, he called in my commander, and he called in the First Sergeant to ask. I feel it was done fairly, because he asked, see? He judged it on the kind of person I was and what I did. That was March of 78. I reenlisted in September 79.

The Army is backing black people, one hundred percent. I think that the blacks are using it to their advantage, a little too much. At least in my unit, and the other unit I was in, it was like that. This is a "fer example." I work with a black man. You interviewed him earlier. I work with this man, right? And the man doesn't do anything! Nothin'! He just comes, and when he comes, that's it. When he's counselled by the NCOIC, he runs upstairs to the commander, who is, you know, more or less neutral, and just screams "prejudice." And so, therefore, he's covered, right? And to me, it just kinda makes me mad. Do you understand what I'm trying to say? I don't really know how to say it any better. I try to be fair with everybody. But to a certain extent, you can't. Like, you take one black man. I'd be in the mess hall, me and a black man. I could tell him, "Hey! Be calm!" He would go good, if he was by himself. But, now, if there was two or more then they would get mouthy, because he would have to show his friends that he would not let a "honkey," tell him what to do.

The Army's done me some good! As far as combat, I don't know. I can't really say, because in a Signal Company, I just sit at radios. In a MP company, I more or less do the same thing. The MP's go out on the patrols, and everything. I'm stuck behind with the operations. When I'm out in the woods, if nothing breaks down, I have nothing to do. The Army has changed my attitude a lot. You know, before, when I was at home, politics and stuff didn't really mean a thing. Like, maybe the dollar--in the States, it's a little column, "The dollar dropped on the foreign market." (laughs) Well, I mean, that never

meant nothing to me. I guess I just overlooked it, because it didn't really affect me. But over here--politics and everything--I'm right in the center of politics. The Army is politics.

The Army's not for everybody. It's only for the chosen few. It's pretty bad anymore, really. I've talked to NCO's--NCO's talk pretty freely with me. The thing is, an NCO only makes a hunnerd dollars more than me. The EM's make more money, like, in a figure sense. I was talkin' to two NCO's. One was an E-5 and one was an E-7, right? OK, my takehome pay is seven hundred dollars. OK, this next NCO, his pay was only one hundred dollars more than me--he was an E-5. And this E-7, his pay was only a little over a hundred dollars from the E-5! And this man--an E-7 in the United States Army--has, what? Twenty? Twenty years? Eighteen years? And the man's only making two hundred more dollars than me, and I've been in the Army a little over three years?! So, I can't see it, you know? Now if the man just wanted to come in, do three years, maybe grow up, maybe just learn a little bit about what the hell's goin' on--Sure! Go ahead! But for a career. . . (gestures with his thumb down). . . because it doesn't pay.

Three years, and then I'm gone. . . I'd like to work for Southwestern Bell, or something like that, if I could. I plan to take leave, probably about a year before I ETS, and then go and try to get my name on the list--tell them that I'm in the Army. That way, maybe, in a year's time. . .

I wanted to get out of the Army, but I reenlisted because I have a German girlfriend here, and I couldn't take her to the States. It's a lengthy process here, I had to wait. I was married. I still am married. But I gotta get a divorce. . . .

FIELD WIREMAN

Leon, a high school graduate, is assigned to a combat support unit of V Corps in Germany. He is a Specialist Four. He grew up in Houston where his mother, who has six years of college, is a teacher. Leon is single, twenty-one years of age, and has been in the Army since December 1976. He reenlisted in August 1979 and plans to get out when this term is completed. His hobbies include swimming, horseback riding, football, and pool. He has been stationed in Germany for sixteen months.

I didn't think the Army was going to be so much of staying in one place. It was like a slogan that had come out: "Fun, travel, and adventure." I thought that it would be a lot more travel than what it has been. As far as the work in the Army, I kinda had a oversized picture of it, that it would always be GI, GI, GI. But it's a lot more lax than what I thought it was. Very lax. There's discipline, as far as paperwork. It's just an administrative discipline.

A large majority don't really care too much about your problem. All they want is the work done, and they don't care, as long as it's done right. You can probably have this problem for three or four months, and it would take that long before they would ask you what it is. A lot of times it's only because you have the IG or so many personnel coming around to talk to your company, and maybe a couple of days out of the year, what they call bitch and rap sessions. You just tell how you feel, and it doesn't leave outside of the classroom or conference room where you're talking to them at--kind of like goes in one ear and out the other. I think maybe they go to this company and then forget it by the time they go to the next company. I think maybe there was maybe one (NCO who cared), which was at my last duty station (Fort Campbell) that would talk to you. He was a Sergeant Major. He would sometimes sit and talk with you about your problems, and try to help you straighten it out, but that was the only person I know that did that. As long as it interfered with your work, then it becomes a big problem. It could be just a small problem, like, somebody stoled something from you, or you lost something, or something happens at home. It's probably not that much, but it can later turn into a large problem, because it might make you lag behind on your work, or not feel too comfortable anymore. It later becomes a big problem, because they see that you're not doing your work. A lot of them have the knack of saying, "Well, I don't have time right now." That might be the only time that you feel comfortable coming to that person, and they're not actually doing something that's too important. They should at least have enough time to listen, if not make any comments, at that time.

There was an incident where the NCO didn't even want to talk to you, not at all. What you said really didn't matter. It was a problem with an NCO. I don't know--I can't actually say the guy was prejudiced, because I feel that everybody's prejudiced to an extent. I was the Assistant Section Chief there, and I was a Spec Four at the time. As far as relaying to me anything that was going on in the section, or anything that needed to be done in the section, he would never come to me with it. He would go to the next person, lower than me, and sometimes even

would try to leave that person in charge over me. He had one of the guys from out of his section--one of the MP's that was working CQ--and he had him over there doing all of the work that we should have been doing. We weren't working as a section anymore. It just started when he came there. I tried to talk to him about it once, and the conversation just grew out of proportion. Because he actually didn't want to hear it. After I couldn't talk to him about it, I went to talk to the Commander about it.

I explained to the Commander a lot of the things that he was doing was wrong. He would leave, wouldn't come back, or you wouldn't know where he was, what was going on. Only way you'd find something out was they'd call from the Operations down to you, and they'd be bawling you out because this isn't done. He would never be around--so that you could find out about the information--until later.

One (a high moment in my career) was when I came over here. That was a good one, because I wanted to come over here. I had taken German in high school, and I wanted to speak it, but I didn't learn to speak it too well. This was an opportunity for me, just in case I ever wanted to go on in language. I'd always have one with me.

I think that maybe the worst time that I had here was when I first got here. I had only been in the unit three months. It was pretty rough then, because I had two NCO's over me, and neither one of them were any good, I don't think, as far as being NCO's. One was short--he didn't care--and the other one was having problems at home. All he actually cared about then was his problems at home. It was hard communicating with either two. Finally, one of them left, and then I had to take over the shop--that was probably a low moment (laughs). But a high moment, to an extent, because I got a lot of experience, as far as being in charge.

I'm not saying that I wouldn't come back in, or that I wouldn't reenlist, but I'd like to get out and try it--see what I can do out there, before I come back in or decide to stay in for twenty years. I'd like to go into the medical field--X-ray Technician or something of that sort--into some kind of medical field. . . .

FIELD WIREMAN

Paul, a Specialist Four, is a 25-year old high school graduate, from Bradenton, Florida. After graduating from high school, he worked for a grocery firm for four years, driving a truck. His father, also a high school graduate, is a contractor for migrant workers. Paul's hobbies are basketball and track. A member of the Berlin Brigade, he reenlisted, in January 1980, for Teletype Repairman.

Well, when I first decided to come in, I was thinking about it. Then one of my brothers joined. I was kinda scared at first. I had never been away from home before, and I knew this was going to take me away from home. There was just that feeling--maybe I couldn't adjust. I wanted a change, get something new. So I decided, go ahead and do it. It's turned out pretty good.

Here in Berlin they work in different blocks. They have the "red" block, the "yellow" blocks, the "blue" block, and the "green" block. Each one of those blocks, they have different activities and things that would be goin' on. 'Cause like we in the "yellow" block now, you have school in the morning and sports in the afternoon. So this block's about the best block for a soldier in Berlin. It's real good. I like the system here. In the States I never experienced nothin' like this, working in different blocks.

Right now, within the company, I'm getting cross-trained, working with radios. My MOS consists of laying wire in the field. In this "yellow" block, this is when we have our 31-victor in the shop, so I can get cross-trained. When I got here, I never worked with radios before in my life. There's some things about radio that just was new to me, 'cause all I did was work with wire when I was at Ft. Benning.

There's a lot to do here in Berlin. There's a lot of different clubs you can go to. They have the Contact Club; then they have the Rec Centers. It's up to you to get out there and just enjoy yourself, 'cause it's here. There's some that stay in the barracks; not that many. Most of them trying to have a nice time while they here, because you really can.

We have different training with them (Allied Forces), and then you get to know them at different clubs, downtown. Like, maybe, you previously met them at a parade or something. It's just real nice. From my impression they're pretty nice people. They have this thing that they send different platoons to, called "French Commando School"--I never got a chance to go to it. Some of the guys was telling me about it. It was pretty nice, for all the different Allied troops to be getting together, working together. Then after the school, they have awards, with the badge and certificate and so forth--all that training that they went through. I think it's a four or three week course. They say it's pretty good. I saw some of the pictures that some of the guys took, when they came back, plus what they was telling me. I was saying to myself, "I'd like to try it."

I really haven't had a bad experience in the Army. As far as anything really bad happening to me, I never had it happen. The only way I could get mad is somebody just bickering or picking at me, just trying to make me mad. But otherwise, I get along with everybody. How I like to work is somebody just telling me what to do, and I know what got to be done, and I just go ahead and do it. It's better to say, "Well, you just got to do this right here today."--just tell them what got to be done. Just leave them to work. I just have an uneasy feeling when they standing there watching me, like they're afraid I'm not going to do it.

My Mom didn't want my brother or me to join the Army. I guess because none of us kids had ever been away from home. We had always been around home, and most of them are grown now, but they still around home, you know? I guess it was funny, some of us leaving, and being have to go so far away where she couldn't see us all the time. 'Cause like when I call home sometimes, she always asks when I'm coming home, and she gripes that she's worried about me, and so forth.

I can say that I was glad I waited a while before I came in because I see some of the younger guys coming in now, the things that they get into. It just varies with some people. Some of the young guys, they get in, and they can't adjust to the new environment. I think that's what causes some of the problems in the Army. Me, I just say that I'm glad that I waited a while before I came in.

I was thinking about getting out, going back and getting my old job back, and I called home one day, my Mother, and I told her. She got to worrying, didn't want me to do it. Then I just thought about it; I say, well, it's been this good so far, why not give it three more years? Try it again! It's just like a regular job now. I just used to it. I just like it now. Quite naturally, you get a lot of harassment, like (puts on a theatrical air) "You goin' to stay in? How many years you reenlist for? Three?! You gonna stay in that long! Again?! You wanna try this again?" . . I just wanted to stay in, you know, and advance a little bit further. Plus, I never had a hard time in the Army. It's been good to me, so, I say, try it again! I just take it as it come. If it bring another good three years, I just try it again. . . .

FIELD WIREMAN

Charles is a twenty-three year old specialist-four from the Bronx. He is married and has a young son. Prior to joining the Army he worked, for four years, as a truck driver. His hobby is basketball. He has been stationed at Fort Campbell for two years and is not reenlisting.

I had joined the Reserves. And I missed too many meetings. . . They haven't got any work here. The only time you work is when you go to the field.

You lay telephone lines, install switchboards, you know. Not in the field, you just do details--paintin', cuttin' grass, shovelin' grease pits, guard duty, and that stuff.

There ain't no place to go at Fort Campbell. The movies is closed early. You gotta go too far away to enjoy yourself. Nashville--it's about two hours, two hours and a half. I live in Clarksville. It's better out there. You don't have to worry that somebody's going to pop in your room any second. In the barracks, somebody's got a key, they just come and pull your door open. It's all right (living on the economy). You have to watch your money. You can't spend too much, or anything.

Going to the field turns me off. Working out there, when it's real cold, out in the field. Sleep in the woods--no heat or nothin'--sleeping bags. I don't like sleepin' in the woods.

I got two jobs lined up already. They both in New York. (If a friend asked me whether he should enlist in the Army,) I'd tell him if that's what he want to do, go ahead. I've gotten a lot (out of the experience)--I won't go back again. I knew that times were going to be hard, but this is too much, here. When you come in here and sign your name down, they act like they own you. Can't go for that. . . .

FIXED STATION TELECOMMUNICATIONS CENTER SPECIALIST

If, as a complete stranger, you saw her coming down the hall, you would probably peg her as a born optimist. She is. She carries herself with an air of one who sees some good in every human transaction. Pat is a twenty-five year old Sergeant who has been in the Army for five years. She has two years of college. Her father, an insurance underwriter in Brooklyn, also has some college; her mother, a housewife, is a high school graduate. Pat is married to a man she met in the service; she is assigned to an ASA battalion in V Corps. Prior to coming in the service, she worked as a bookkeeper in a supermarket for two and one-half years. Her hobbies include travel, biking, swimming, reading, needlework, and crocheting. She has been stationed in Germany for three years. She has already reenlisted and plans to reenlist again.

I felt my job, that I was working then, was boring (laughs). Bookkeeping, in a supermarket. In a way, it was interesting--I got to deal with a lot of people. But after working two years there, it just kind of got boring to me. So I said, "well, I'll try something different." And I said, "Well, the Army would be different."

I went to the Army recruiter, the Air Force, the Navy, and I also went to the Marines. The Army was the first one I went to, and they showed me all their job offerings. I decided, "well, communications seems like it'd be interesting." It's something different from what I'm doing. Also, it's something that, if I do decide to get out, that I could find a good job outside. When I went to the Navy, and the others, they just didn't have as much to offer. So I went into the Army.

I also think the recruiters have a lot to do with who comes in. Like, with the Marines, the recruiter himself just turned me off completely. I didn't even bother asking him for the brochures that they give out. He didn't really see any use for me, whereas the Army and the Navy, they said, "Yes, ma'am, there is something you can do here, and this is the openings that we have for you. And if you're interested, you go through the tests and everything, and if you pass, you come in. . . ."

As to the job skill, I really enjoy my job. I'm in communications, and I just find that there is so much to it. Any place I go, I'll find something different, something new to learn. It's great! I get to meet all kinds of people. Living in Germany, I meet not only people from the different cultures in the States, but I meet the people here. I can travel around. I've done so much travelling--I've met so many people, I've got friends in different countries that I've travelled to, and that's part of it too.

I've been very lucky, you know--I've met a few who just don't care, but I know a lot that do. And not only about how I do my job, but also, how you're doing outside your job. That's something I think's very important.

My family was very much against me going in the Army. The fact is, when they first heard about it, they just hit the ceiling. The recruiter said, "If you feel it would be better, if you want me to, I could come over and I could explain the changes in the Army, as far as women go, that have taken place." He was putting himself on the line. You know, I wasn't there by myself.

I've met a lot (of female soldiers) that have their problems, and they get themselves into some strange situations. But as a while, I think they're really a good bunch of people. I think women in the Army are stereotyped, by a lot of people outside the Army, who really don't know what's going on. To them, you're either a whore, or a lesbian, or you don't know what you are, right? I think it's blown out of proportion, because I know an awful lot of nice people.

A lot of people think that women in the Army try to get over, because they are female. If I see a female doing that, I can't stand it! I think that just gives me a bad name. It may be only one person out of fifty, but that one person is just going to influence the whole thing. This person decided that I was trying to get over. They were lifting these heavy beds. I mean, they were heavy--four guys could barely handle it--and there was only two of us. I just said, "I'm not going to kill myself, doing this." I was a PFC or a Spec Four, and this was an E-7. I gave him my point of view on the whole thing, and he said, "Well find something to do," and he gave me a mop, to push some water back. I said, "Fine! You know, I'll do it!" I had been working the whole day, more than the guys had, but that was beside the point. We had gone out to the field after that, and we were lifting tents. And I was very experienced, at this point, at putting up tents and taking down tents, and moving them. The guys in the section were all new, and they didn't know how to do it. I was actually showing them how to do it. This sergeant came back to me later and he said, "You know, I'm really sorry. I've got a lot of respect for you. I saw that I was wrong." Which was very big of him; and, after that, best of friends!

Turned me on? I think, just the whole thing. I work in the commo platoon. We were out in the field an awful lot, and I enjoy the field. I think what really got me was, the first time we went out. We had one van. We had to take the whole thing apart, and we put it back together. It worked! And we were talking to Augsburg, from Frankfurt! Just that fact that it worked, and that we could do that! These great vans--typical Army equipment (laughs). But, to me, it was a challenge. That's what I like about the Army. I like the challenge! I mean, "make do with what you don't have." Granted, it shouldn't be that way. But it is. And, if I can take something that is so shaky, that everyone else will turn away from it and say it will never work, and then I can make it work . . . I mean, given that opportunity! Where would I find that opportunity in a civilian job? They'd say, "Well, just leave it be, we'll get someone to fix it."

Oh, well (as a low point) I'd say what we're experiencing right now (the Corps is participating in an FTX). All of a sudden you have these people who read a paragraph out of a TM and decide they know all about the job you're doing. Whereas they really don't know hardly anything; they have just a very, very basic knowledge--supervisors--not my direct supervisor. My direct supervisors know my job, and they can help me, and they do. You have people who, the only time they realize that you're there, or that you're having a problem as far as your whole area of work, is when the problem suddenly affects them. You know, "We don't have any communications! Nothing! I'm sorry, you can't send your message. We

have nothing up. Why? We told you about it. Now you're asking me why?"
(laughs) This kind of thing turns me off sometimes. But you learn to work around that too! (laughs)

I've been here, in this unit, since it was activated. I've seen changes in the unit. I mean, the unit's not perfect, granted. But there's a lot of good things happening, and, I'm at the point in the unit where a lot of people come to me and say, "Hey! I know you know what you're doing. Could you help us out?" If I can help them, I help them. That kind of position, where people know that I'm competent in what I do, and they can trust me enough to say, "Hey! Help!" I think that is part of my decision (to reenlist). Also, I like communications. Somehow I think that if I went into a civilian job right now, it wouldn't be as much of a challenge to me--not only job-wise, but also people-wise. I would like to stay in the Army. As long as I can do what I like to do, which is communications, I probably will stay in the Army. I know already, I'm going to reenlist again. . . .

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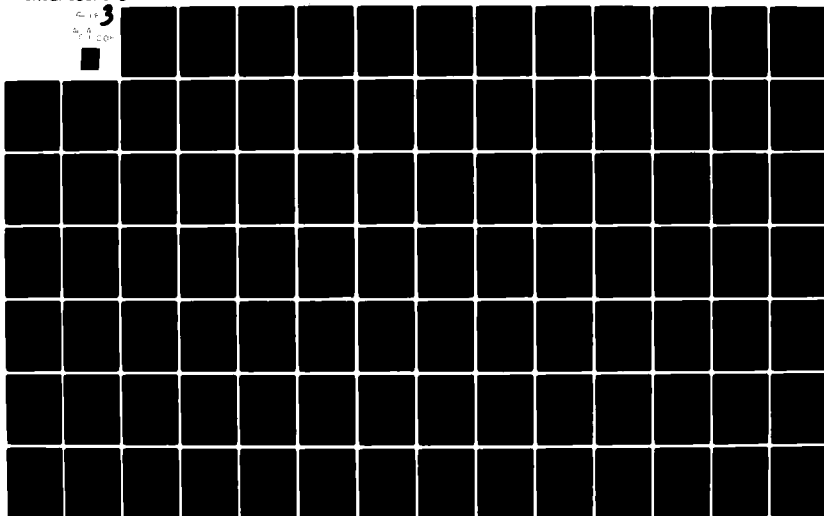
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INFANTRYMAN

Larry is a twenty-three year old Specialist Four who has been assigned to the Old Guard for seventeen months. He is married and has two years of college. His hometown is Indianapolis, Indiana, where his father works as a photo engraver and his mother as a secretary; both are high school graduates. Larry's hobbies are fishing, back-packing, and climbing. His wife is also in the Army, and has an ETS after his. Undecided about a reenlistment decision, he states that he may extend to "catch" his wife's ETS.

Well, I'd been through two years of ROTC before I came in the Army, and I pretty well knew what it was going to be about--the discipline, the whole nine yards. I knew what I was getting into--came right in to the eleven bravo. They tried to get me into a bunch of other stuff; that's not what I wanted. That's the Army. The rest is what you call supporters--you know, they take care of the Infantry. And I just wanted the hard-core Army. I like outdoor work. I like outdoors--I think that appealed to me--staying out in the woods all the time. One reason I quit college, 'cause I ran out of money. So I figured, if I can't go in the Army as an officer, I'll go in as an enlisted. I could have went back and got a job--that didn't appeal to me.

After I finished AIT and went to TOW and DRAGON school, I had an operation on my leg, so I stayed around the AIT brigade for quite a while--almost seven months. Down at Ft. Benning--I enjoyed the heck out of it down there. Going to the field, training all the time, teachin' things that I had already learned. And then when I came here, 'feel kind of stopped. The only time you go to the field here is for ARTEP, to qualify with your weapons. That's about all you go to the field here for.

I was originally supposed to go to Korea. I went into the hospital April tenth, and I was supposed to be in Korea April seventh. So while I was on convalescent leave and getting my leg repaired, the Old Guard came down there and asked for volunteers. That's when I decided to come up here. Showing off. Wearing the Blues. Being in front of the public's eye. It was what I expected, when I signed up down there, but it's changed a lot, from when I first got here. I think you have a higher class of people here, you know, smarter, as a whole--because that's what they want.

They mess with you more here than they do in an AIT unit--not physically, but mentally. Physically it's almost nothing. They play head games with you--like, uh. . . well, it's always changing. Everything's changing here, all the time; 'course you can't stop that. But, like, they'll bring in an E-5 who's brand new--and I realize that he's supposed to be in a leadership position--but you don't throw him in First Squad and expect him to go out and take an eight-man funeral team out, when they've got more-qualified E-4's or E-3's that could do it better. When I first came here, you started out in Fourth Squad and worked your way to First Squad. If you couldn't cut it, you stayed in the squad that you were in. But now, they just throw anybody up there that they want to.

My First Squad, we had a new squad leader come in--E-6--and he knew nothing about ceremonies. He got out there in the cemetery, and he messed the job up, completely. Like, you're standing there, saluting; and you're supposed to bring your salute down, when the hearse stops. Then you're supposed to head-nod, for the casket-team to come up, after they open the hearse up. Well, he stood there with the salute, and started nodding his head, before the hearse was even open. That's happened several times. He won't salute a flag, when there is one, or he'll salute when there isn't one.

When I first got here, another thing was, the tallest man always marched first slot; you know, because you had to have the height. Now, it's got to be an E-5 or E-6 in first slot, so you'll have a guy like this (uses hands to gesture irregular height), next guy like this, the rest like that. And it don't look half as good. They said the E-5's and E-6's had the leadership positions, so they had to march there. I can see their point on leadership positions, but they can run the squad from marching in the middle. They don't even have control of the squad at that time--the Platoon Sergeant does.

I get chills up my spine (during "Torchlight Tatoo"). You feel good. You'd like to smile, but you can't. A lot of times, when we're here, in the National Cemetery--during the summer, especially--there'll be people all over the place--kind of makes you feel like you're in a zoo. You're out there in your Blues, and everybody's just looking at you. You have to be on your best behavior.

To us, doin' funerals, gets, not really monotonous, but you get used to it. It's not like going to a funeral of one of your friends, or something like that. And sometimes it gets. . . (laughs, nervously). . . like you want to laugh. . . sometimes. You know, there's just something funny that happened. And you can't do that, either. Being on an eight-man casket team--that was a thrill for me. It's a full-honor casket team. You've got three kinds of jobs--the drop, simple, and a full honor. A drop and a simple are all six-man. Full-honor is eight man--with the caissons. It used to be selective (to be on the eight-man team). But now, as I say, they just throw them in there. It's taken the quality down. There's a lot of new people here, that don't know what they're doing. They start making their own standards. Then the old people that are here, they have to change their ways, instead of teaching the new man the way that they had to learn.

I went to PA last year, for the "I am the Infantry" show--I really enjoyed that. The audience, they mingled with us afterwards, come around and talk to us, had a good time. I've done "Tomb Jobs" for him (the President). . . wreath-laying ceremonies, where he'll come up to the Tomb and lay a wreath. Usually we have a cordon for him, down the roadway. When his car comes by, you salute. One of the better times I've had was during AUSA. We got to spend a week at the Sheraton-Park Hotel--free food--and all the nine yards. We pulled security at night for the displays the Army had. It makes me feel good, like, when people, they'll write letters to the company, or to the battalion commander, saying the guard did a good job. That makes you feel good. When somebody notices.

Other than somebody messing up on a job, I really don't have any gripes. Before my wife and I were married, she was on orders to go to Germany. And the Army changed those for us. We really liked that.

I had a break between basic and AIT--Christmas break--and I went home during Christmas. A good friend of mine was asking me about it (Army). I told him, you know, that I enjoyed it. I told him that basic was a bitch, but after you get through it, after that, it's nothing. He went down and joined. He's at Fort Campbell now. I've gotten a lot of experience. . .gotten to know a lot of people, different ways of life.

INFANTRYMAN

Axavier is a nineteen-year old Specialist Four and hails from Crystal River, Florida, a small town with a population of about 10,000. His father is a train mechanic and his mother is a secretary. Both are high school graduates, and his mother has attended vocational tech. Axavier has some college. He has been assigned to a ceremonial unit of the Old Guard for about sixteen months. His hobbies include music (piano), singing with a gospel choir, and football. He does not plan to reenlist.

Well, really, I didn't have any idea of what the Army would be like. In high school, I was in Navy ROTC, and I was into the drill team, and all that, and I liked the ceremonies. The Army recruiter showed me this outstanding film on the Old Guard. It captured my eye. He told me that I would be going into eleven bush, but, you know, when you're fascinated with the Old Guard. . . it just went in one ear and out the other. So, therefore, I really wasn't exposed to the Army. I knew everything there was about Navy life, but not Army life. So I took a chance and came on in anyway.

It was a bit regretful, going to AIT, you know, finally realizing that you were a grunt, finding out that your primary MOS was 11B. That's it. AIT was alright. I was under the OSIT program. You heard about that one, right? That's where they train AIT and Basic at the same place. Ft. Benning. We were the first company to go through it. It wasn't so rough, 'cause we were under all the high-ranking officials, you know? It was alright. There were some hard times and bad times, but I'm not looking for a handout.

In ROTC, I was on the drill team--drill team commander, and all this good stuff. I thought, you know, it would be the thing for me. Also the educational opportunities. I was in music, and I had a scholarship going for me there. He (the recruiter) told me that up in DC there were, you know, plenty of colleges and maybe even a conservatory I could go to. He made it seem like I would have so much free time, which is really not. But I am going to college, and I can't regret anything, really. I'm getting what I want.

I came here in the winter time, and I wasn't really exposed to the Army. Therefore I felt closed in and left all alone. "New Man's Training" was like your Drill Sergeant again. You had to learn the manual, they kept you out 'til four, and you felt like a little worm. Then when you passed your test, you felt like you were somebody. You finally joined the ranks of the Old Guard! By that time, spring was coming into play, and parades started. You got your blues and everything, and you were in the spotlight, and you felt pretty important! Then September comes around, and they focus on your MOS, 11B, and SQT time. I had never really took an SQT before--all I took was my qualification test out of AIT. I had to put my mind in the frame of being a grunt again. I thought that was a little bit confusing, because here they train me three months for ceremonial proficiency. Here I am to go in one week

and take a test for my MOS. Then it finally dawned on me that I'm here, really, under a "cover" MOS. My primary MOS here is really ceremonial. So I went on through the SQT and everything--scored pretty good on that.

Now we come around to ARTEP. We going out tomorrow, matter of fact. That's when you gotta get your mind back into eleven bush again. Last week, I was out in the graveyard, doing funerals--ceremonial. Next week, I'm out playing infantry. So it's a wishy-washy situation. But still, again, they tell you when you first get here, you're going to have to be flexible.

I finished my "hands" part on the SQT, and I didn't miss but one. I shoulda got that one, anyway. It made me feel pretty good. It made me feel like I was somebody. To find out that the Old Guard had a ninety-five per cent "go" on their SQT, out of the whole Army; that made me feel pretty good!

We are the Army's finest. They figure you have to have a certain MOS and GT score to get here. You figure, you're going to have to give a little. It's better than a line unit, from what I heard. You don't get that much educational opportunity here. I have missed one class, 'cause of the field. But the teachers I have, at Park College, they're military, so therefore they understand your schedule. They don't show up sometimes either. So I'm still working on my degree and I'm always concerned with the Old Guard. There are some few bumps in there, but overall, I'm satisfied. . .

The first time, of course, you're nervous. You feel faint, and everything else; the pressure's on you. You want to do everything perfect. There's a little bit of stamina in you that peps you up, when you get on your blues, and when you see the people and everything. You feel that you're accomplishing something. You're representing somebody. You're in the public eye. Sort of like if you were to become a Hollywood star. It's a pretty good feeling. Like "Torchlight Tattoo," when you get up in front of all those people, you know. If you make a mistake--that just drops your whole morale!

At a rehearsal for "Torchlight Tattoo"--we'd be carrying the big state and territorial flags. With no people out there, that thing would kill your back. Fatigue and everything! But, when the people out there, you got that adrenalin flowing, and everything. You got that energy to stand up there without even thinking about it! You're like, spaced out! It's pretty neat!

We went down to Three Mile Island. You know the incidents that happened down there? About a month later, Harrisburg National Guard was having their one-hundredth anniversary. So they sent our company down there. Nobody was too happy to go down there, 'cause everybody was thinking, that radiation. It was a pretty good job. You see all these people that really haven't been exposed totally to the Army. It doesn't seem much to you--right shoulder arms and left shoulder, and fixed bayonets--but to them. . . "OOOOOH!" They're amazed. Like I say, the adrenalin starts flowing and you get that "drive-on" feeling! You're in the spotlight!

You can tell when you've done a good job. You can tell when you've done a bad job. When the right-shoulder's not right, when the clicks are not together, or something like that--you can tell. You get frustrated, not mad.

You got to find out which people are bad, which people need a little more work, which people don't really care, are getting short, or getting an attitude, whatever. We work with them. So, it's pretty good.

Something that really upsets me is when I'm being told one thing and somebody else tells me another. Therefore, I'm confused. You try to do the right thing. Your NCO says "do this" and another NCO says "do this"--(starts to mimmick, theatrically). "well I wanna do this". . . "I say do this." I feel there's a communication gap. That really gets me down, sometimes. But then I say, "well, I just going to sit here until somebody tells me what's up." I have one of those qualities (laughs) of, um. . . I mean, they call me "the platoon big-mouth." I feel like communications gap is probably the most thing that get me down. Most of my problems just work out. They know that I come from a strong equal opportunity family, and, if you don't have a just cause, 'ain't no reason for giving me the command to do it. Ain't no probable cause behind it, just forget it. I don't care if you E-5, O-6, O-10!

I always said, "I'm going to college." One of these people, you know? Always say something, but never do it. I finally got my act together, about nine months ago, and started taking college courses. Now I'm working on my associate's degree in criminal administration. I really don't like that area that much. I may not even take the degree in that area. I'm just taking classes right now. I figure by the time I get out of here, I'll have gained my associate's degree so when I get out of the Army, I'm going to try to finish up my school, get my Master's degree. If I can't find a good-paying civilian job, then I come back into the military. I'll also have the advantage of being an officer. So I figure, all-in-all, it'll work out.

If someone asked me off the street, like my friend, I'd tell them how my unit is, and how it is here with the Old Guard, and try to get them here. I mean, I know this is alright! But for the rest of the Army, if it was my choice, I probably wouldn't go in. But I would always leave the decision to them. One thing the Army has taught me--matured me quickly. I mean, I'm just nineteen, you know. If I woulda went to college, right out of high school, I would have been just playing around, and not seriously concerned about my books. The Army has matured me quickly. I feel that I owe the Army that. I probably would have came in (if I could make the decision again) but not for four years. Under the new two-year enlistment quota, or whatever. . .

INFANTRYMAN

Samuel is a twenty-six year old Private First Class from New York City. He has completed four years of college. His father is deceased. His mother, a high school graduate, is a former garment worker in downtown Manhattan. Samuel has been assigned to the Old Guard for eight months. Before joining the Army, he worked, for almost two years, as sales manager with a Washington department store. His hobbies are basketball, athletics, and reading. He is undecided about his reenlistment decision.

Well, basically, I drew my conclusion from various amounts of opinions, from friends of mine that were presently in the military or had ETS'd. They said it's a job, basically--well, they said soldiers should be twenty-four hour soldiers, but they outlined to me it's basically an eight-hour job. It's what you put into it, like anything else. What I found out about the Army, it depends on your MOS--are you into your job. If you like it, chances are, you'll do well. If you don't, you won't. That's my impression of the Army.

When you think about going into the service, you think about how fast can I progress. Everybody tells you that the Army is where you progress the most. You know, there's more people; they need more supervisors. Your chances for moving up the ladder will come quicker than the Air Force or the Navy. The Infantry, that's where you really move up--that's the MOS where, if you really want to get into it, get promoted quick, go to the Infantry.

I enlisted in this area, and my prime objective was to be stationed in the MDW--Military District of Washington. But I couldn't get what I originally wanted--71L--I originally wanted to be a desk jockey or get into the medical field, go to school--back to school, I should say. But as far as computers, and where they can station you, there was nothing available in MDW, but the Third Infantry, the Old Guard. So I settled for that.

It's like that commercial, "I'm going to do this, whatever, guaranteed." Well, it was guaranteed I would be coming to the Third Infantry. I was familiar with what they have done. I had been told the type of job--they do the ceremonies. But I had never actually seen them do a job. I had just seen films. This was at the recruiting station. Basically, I seen a lot of films--literature, basically. My credentials were pretty good. I had been to school. I have a four-year degree, my civilian record was good in Rockville, my GT scores were evidently good enough. I didn't have any problem. None, whatsoever! If you do your job well--you cut the mustard--you don't have to worry about being sent anywhere. The ceremonial unit--they need people. They'll only send you away if you mess up, you break the rules. Too many infractions, they'll ship you out.

I'm originally from the Bronx, and it's a semi-tough area of the Bronx. People don't look at life in the same aspect as others. You know, they not looking at it in the manner of always trying to get ahead, and looking at it in the proper perspective. What's the proper perspective? Everybody has his own opinion. My brother was really interested. He wanted to go into the Marines. He got hit by a car when he was young, so they didn't take him. But the other young man, he was very leftist, radical, toward the Army. He would be termed a minority--Puerto Rican and black. He was bitter--very bitter--and he thinks, "well, it's not my war. Why should I get involved? It's the people who run the country. I don't

have anything to do with it." But you know, push come to shove, the country goes to war, everybody, coast to coast, is really involved. Your life style's at stake. I'm black. But it's my job to protect every American citizen, whether they like me, or whatever. That's just my job. Some people don't think they should do that, but I totally disagree.

The Old Guard is the oldest military Infantry unit--the Presidential escort unit. Not just anyone can get into it. That's what makes a soldier feel good. But once you get into it, it's just a matter of puttin' that three by nine out there. Nine to the front, three to the back--twenty-seven people. Formation. Sometimes the soldier might have a problem, where it might be overlooked, just totally not even considered by the chain of command, because this job has to be done. "Well, nothin' we can do about it now. You have a job. Get in your Blues and get ready to go." It's as simple as that. I've seen that case numerous amounts of times, and it's just turned me off.

A soldier might not be feeling well, through no fault of his own. If he wants to go to sick call, you know, legitimate illness, the chain of command might get a little frustrated, might get a little. . . "perturbed." Let's term it as that. You can't get sick, in other words. They can get back at you in their own ways, as far as details and that kind of thing. They can administer what we enlisted mens call "the green wienie." I mean, you just gettin' it good! That's what we say, as a joke, more or less, around the barracks--"Gettin' the wienie!"

We're the symbol of the Country. We're supposed to be strong. You see those sentinels out there, they're the sign of the Country's strength. They're supposed to be straight, rigid, and you can't be "crashin'." Like, for instance, on Summeral Field--they get highly upset if a soldier gets sick, or the term they call "crash." You know, if he fall, if he collapses. That might be due to stayin' up too late the previous night, not going to chow, or he might have had too many alcoholic beverages the previous night. It basically makes us feel good that we're part of an elite unit.

My career is young. It'll be nine days, markin' a year. I don't think a troop could have gotten off to a better start. Last year, at this time, I was getting ready to go to basic. . .

INFANTRYMAN

Kenny is a nineteen-year-old Private (E-2). He has been assigned to the 3rd Infantry, Old Guard, for seven months. He comes from Mount Airy, Maryland, where his father is the superintendent of a construction firm. His mother is a housewife. A high school graduate, his hobbies include auto body work, model cars, and customizing. At this early stage in his career, he is undecided about his reenlistment decision.

When I first signed up, I was coming in as loading and lifting operator, and I was going to be stationed down in Georgia. I let it go for a year, and when the time come up for me to come in, I was in the AFEES, and one of my friends--he's over here now--he was telling me about the Old Guard. So I changed my contract, and I came here. I checked 'em out, and Army was the only thing. Army had what I wanted. See, I wanted to be a crane operator. But I changed it at the last minute (laughs). I wanted to be in something special for a change; something better than the rest. The guy made one phone call here, retyped my contract up, I signed it, and I'm here. . . .

I don't have nothin' to compare it against. This is my first duty station, and I haven't been to no place else, but it seems to be alright. I'm enjoying puttin' on shows and stuff, but it gets to be a headache after a while . . . the routine, you know, you go through the same moves, time after time after time. Now we're gettin' ready for "Spirit of America." It's a show that they put on in the gym, and I think it reflects the growth of the nation, through the different periods and the different wars. We're in practice for that now, but I haven't been goin' to it. I'm on twenty-eight day profile--sprained my knee when I was out in the field last time. They're givin' me a hard time 'cause I took the profile 'cause the Spirit of America comin' up. See, we got rehearsals for that this week, next week, 'til May one. Like, we got this afternoon (laughs). I get stuck with all the details, right now, anyways. . . .

Chapel services is the same. You stand out there, and everybody else is inside, where it's warm, or where it's cool. You're standin' out where it's cold or it's hot. When they bring the casket out and put it on the caisson, they tell you what section you're marchin' to. But Arlington's a big cemetery. I haven't memorized the sections yet. Every funeral's different, because you don't know where you're goin' after the chapel. You can be goin' clean down to where you come in at, or you can be goin' right down here. The most we done in one day so far, I think, was three or four. Once, we had funeral week; we came over here, we pulled a funeral, went to lunch, pulled another funeral, went to the gym, did a retirement, and went home. By then, it was about five-thirty.

The first parade--it was all messed up! I was all confused, and stuff 'cause we usually practice for it, but we didn't. Nobody really saw the mistakes we made. But somewhere along the line, somebody told our First Sergeant, and the First Sergeant told our Platoon Leader, and the Platoon Leader told the Platoon Sergeant, and it just worked on down the line 'til it got to me. It was all messed up! (laughs) Your cuts could be late, or you could get out of step, or you might not even hear the command. When you're marchin', we usually start off at "right shoulder"; we get so far away, and go to "left shoulder." Sometimes,

if you're in the back, you can't hear the command too loud, over the drum beat, and you'll be late comin' off your shoulder or somethin'. It gives me a . . . I guess, a special feelin' inside to be doin' it. 'Cause I know, when I die, I'd like to have that kinda funeral too. When I die (laughs), there's no tellin', we gonna have a world or not.

They keep on threatenin' to send me back to "New Man Training." When you first get here, you go through so many weeks of trainin'--how to march, and stuff. I was here two weeks and they had me out doin' jobs, and I been doin' jobs ever since. They keep sayin' they're gonna send me back, so I can get qualified. I been marchin', and that should be enough qualification. . . . I've never had the test yet. I been marchin' ever since. . . . I'm like a yo-yo. . . .

Somethin' that's made me feel good? I guess its been when I was in basic, Fort Knox. I was there three weeks, and they put me up as squad leader, and I give it a try. They left me there! (laughs) That's about the only thing, right now. . . .

I only live fifty miles from here. I go home on weekends. When I first got back, everybody asked me how I liked it. I told them, "Hey, it's alright! Free food, free clothes--you can't knock it! You put up with the BS, you got it made." I talked to my one friend, this weekend; he says that he's going to enlist, come here. . . . As far as I'm concerned, I've learnt more, in the three months I was in basic and AIT than I did the twelve years I was in school--survival, how to get ahead, the rights and the wrongs, and how to do stuff. 'Cause here, you learn from your mistakes, and in school, they just gave you one chance, and that was it. If you didn't cut it, you didn't cut it. Here, they make you cut it. . . .

INFANTRYMAN

Bill is a married, twenty-one year old Private First Class, who has been assigned to the Third Infantry, Old Guard, for almost one year. His wife is a member of the Fairfax Symphony Orchestra, where she plays the Viola. Bill has two years of college, and is from Tucson, Arizona. Both of his parents have some college. Both work for Mountain Bell Telephone Company. His father, who is retired from the Army, is a draftsman; his step-mother is a cable-splicer. Bill's hobbies include sports and writing music for the guitar. Although undecided about his reenlistment decision, he is inclined, at this point, to get out.

Well, when I first came in the Army, you know, you get this big picture in your mind, from when you were little, of what the Army is like, by watching TV. You think, "Boy, maybe someday I'd like to try that myself. Be a soldier." It's kind of tradition, what it looks like to me. It completely was a lot different from what I thought. You know, it's not all the glamor in being a soldier. On TV, they have all these heroes. I always thought I'd like to be something similar to that.

My father was in the Army also, and what was good for him, is not really that great for me. He was a careerist in the Army, and I really don't think I'm going to make it a career myself. When I first thought about being in the Army, I thought it would be enjoyable and a good experience. I was in college. I've got two years of college behind me. There's two sides to everything, and I found the two sides to joining the Army. But looking back, he was right--I should have stayed in school. When I get out, it's going to be hard to gain those two years back, to get my degree.

I was going to the University of Arizona. I got through my sophomore year, and then I had a lot of problems at home. That's one reason why I joined the Army. But there was another reason, that's personal. It has to deal with a female companion. I think that was one reason that I joined. I gave up my college.

After AIT I was going to go to jump school, right there at Fort Benning, and then I was supposed to go up to Fort Bragg, North Carolina. But a recruiter came down from the Old Guard. I liked what I was seeing, but I was kind of skeptical at first, because I wanted to go in and jump, and get my wings, and go to Fort Bragg. I came in with a friend of mine, and I had made a lot of friends in basic. They were all taking off, but they didn't meet the criteria that I met for getting into the Old Guard. So they couldn't make it. So I saw an opportunity, and I grabbed it. It was something that my father had never been in. I got quite a wild reaction when I called him up from basic, telling him that I was going in the Old Guard. (laughs) He wasn't too pleased. Him and I are kinda like combatants with each other. He doesn't realize it, but I realize it myself. I think I'm competing against my father. It's kinda rough to say, but it's kinda true.

He was thinking that I was going to go to Fort Bragg and then turn around and go to Ranger School, and be a real, down-to-earth grunt. He was a rigger in the Air Force, and then he went to missiles. Then he joined the Army. He was in Military Police, and then communications after that. So he had quite a career. He was never able to get into something like this--this was kind of prestigious to be in an honor guard unit. So he kinda frowned down--you could tell, on the phone when I first talked to him. It startled him, at first. It startled him when I joined the Army. He didn't want me to. (laughs)

When you first get here, you're toured around, and you're very impressed! I mean, I was thoroughly impressed! I mean, it was a sharp-looking unit, and most of the men that were my age, and the NCO's and the officers were pretty sharp. They had picked some pretty good people, and I could see why they were here. I pushed myself to get through the training program--we have a training program that's called "New Man" training. You go out there, and you drill with your M-14, and you learn how to work your Blues--pressing your Blues, and making 'em look sharp--and how to take care of your brass, and looking really sharp, when you go out there all the time.

After you get into the fix of things--the way the Old Guard's run--it gets boring, after a while. Because it's monotonous. It's a day-in-day-out kind of process, even though we have a rotating system. They rotate around, so you're not stuck doing just one thing, constantly. That breaks the monotony. But after a while even, going all the way around, you know what everything's like--like your detail week, and your funeral week--and it gets boring. The field duty isn't that bad; but field duty comes second. It's important also--very important. We go to Fort A.P. Hill, and it's about sixty-five miles from here.

When you get out there to do a job, you want to do your best. There's no doubt in my mind, every time I get out there, I'm gonna do the best I can, because there's a lot of people out there looking at ya. You do not want to look like a fool, and you do not want to make the Army look like a slouch either. When you go over and see, like, the Marine Honor Guard, or the Navy Honor Guard, you want to be better than them. And so that's why you try to be better. Every time you get out there in front of people--the public, in front of officers, or even in front of enlisted men that aren't in the Old Guard--you want to impress them also.

That, I see, coming from a lot of the guys. Even though they get bored to death with a lot of things that go on around here, they still keep up the good work, and still keep trying to look better. That's one thing I find in the Old Guard that's unique in it's own way--there's nobody in the Old Guard who, when they get out there, are going to make a fool of themselves, or try to make everyone else look like a dummy. You can pick the bad ones out, in any kind of unit. But here, it's kinda hard to do that, because they pick some good people here. That's why they have such high standards here. It's why this is an elite unit, and why you like it so much. When you see it, you see the impressing part about it. But in the barracks, it is a little bit different.

My very first job, we had a drop, and it was the very first one that I was going to pull. It was just a simple drop. In each company, you have a casket team, a firing party, and a marching platoon. I'm in casket. The casket team,

they're the ones that are the pallbearers. We were standing out in Arlington Cemetery, and we were all standing up, in formation, waiting for the hearse to come by. These people were going up to Kennedy's grave--there's a lot of tourists walking through there--and I think they were Puerto Rican. They come walking by, and they look down at our Corfam's, and "Look at the shiny shoes!" and "Is it very hard, trying to keep yourself looking like that all the time?" and "How come you look so mean?", you know? (laughs) "How come you never smile?" And you have to be serious.

You can't be joking around out there. You have to act like you are a professional at what you're doing. Because if you aren't, that's when they're going to start saying, "Hey, the Old Guard isn't what it's cracked up to be." We're not supposed to get actually involved with the tourists--because we're out there to do a job. But sometimes, they tend to come up to you, and there's nothing else you can do. They do talk to you, like "Where are you from?" . . . "What's your home town?" . . . "Do you like what you're doing?" . . . things like that.

They're changing their minds so often over there, at the Company that I'm in. A word gets put out, and if it gets put out, it should stay the way that it's put out. It gets changed, about seven times, during that day. That kinda gets you mad. That just shows the lack of communication going on in, through your officers and your NCO's. There's a lack of communication. Sometimes people will get it right, and things will go smoothly. Operations usually do go smoothly when they set themselves to a straight line and go along that line. Sometimes they veer off, and that's what throws everybody off. That's exactly what happens, quite often! I see that everywhere--not only in this Company, but everywhere else--I listen to people, talking about it. There's lack of communication. That's in the Army, completely. That's one thing that I really don't like about the Army.

I find myself--thinking to myself--"what am I doing here?" Because in civilian life, there was nobody telling me what to do. I was my own man. Nobody was telling me what to do. I came in the Army, and I didn't like some of the people that were holding . . . you know, they were upper ranks. They weren't any more competent than I was. In some senses, I was more proficient than they were. I didn't like people telling me what to do, but I did it anyways without any talkback, without them even knowing that I didn't like them. Because I'm just that way. If I don't like anybody--if I don't like them--I won't tell them. I find that being an enlisted man is not my type--I'm more of a leader than a follower. I'd rather be an officer. I think I have a better outlook on being an officer. I think it would be a lot more better for me. I was asked by my Company Commander in Fort Benning, if I wanted to go to OCS. He was getting all of the paperwork ready, and he told me to let him know if I wanted to do it. But I thought I'd be an enlisted man first, to find out what that was like, before I went to jump to any conclusions.

My favorite type of duty? Well, I like getting out there, doing the funerals. Well, I mean, that's kinda bad to say, funerals, because that's a time when people are depressed. But I think, when I'm out there, facing the public--when I'm in my uniform--that's the kind of duty I like. That's what I like about being in this unit, is being able to show yourself off. You like to get out there and look good.

Being an elite unit, like the Old Guard--it's quite an experience! And it's something, you know, that's going to remain in my life for the rest of my life. I'm going to talk to my children about it, because it was a good unit, and there's nothing wrong with this unit. I think it's better now than it's ever been. That's proficiency-wise, watching them out in the field. Some of the people that we have are very good. And there are a few that aren't that great, but what can you expect, because the Army's all kinds of denominations. . . .

If I ever ran into somebody, and they wanted to know what it would be like to go in the Army? I would tell 'em, you know, that I like the Old Guard, and I like the unit that I'm in. And I would tell him . . . I'd tell him to come to the Old Guard. I really would. If he was interested in going into the Army, I would tell him about the unit. Some of my friends have already asked, you know, when I've called home, and I have one friend that's been trying to get into the Army, but he has a hearing disability. He was asking what it's like. I told him that you gotta put up with a lot of stuff. But that will teach you one thing--you will be able to put up with anything, once you get out. It would be a good experience for him.

LAB TECHNICIAN

There had been a mixup in the scheduling, so Julia had to wait a short time. When I apologized for the delay and asked her if she had been waiting long, her response was "lon-gi-nuff"! Her home town of New York City was suggested by both the accent and the answer. She is a high school graduate, a nineteen-year-old specialist four, who has been stationed at Fort Belvoir for fourteen months. Her father is deceased. Her mother, who has an eighth grade education, is a senior clerk in a hospital. Julia's hobbies are reading, cooking, and crocheting. She may reenlist for Physician's Assistant.

The Navy told me I had to come active duty for six years. There was no Air Force around where I was. But I'm not into gettin' into planes. The Navy-- I can't swim. The Marines, they don't have anything medical at all. So the Army was, more or less, what was left. I thought it would be organized, but it's not. What I originally wanted to come in for--the school I wanted--they didn't have. The recruiter said he didn't know. It could take a year, two years, before the school opened up, because the Army wasn't really calling for them that much--Animal Specialist. I looked over what he had--I knew it had to be medical field--and all I could see left was Lab Tech. So I went ahead and did that.

When I graduated out of high school, I didn't really think that I could apply myself to going to college. But then, again, I didn't want to be a cashier somewhere, or a salesperson, or whatever. So I figured, "you go to the Army, they'll give you training, they'll let you work in your job, and, you know, everything will be alright." (My mom) wasn't for it, she wasn't against it. More or less, she was for it. 'Cause it would be better than me staying in the house, not doing anything, or going out and getting married, whatever. I was seventeen years old, so she had to sign for my physical and whatever. I wasn't eighteen until before I graduated out of high school. She didn't have to sign. I didn't pressure her. I just said, you know, "you have to sign this," and she signed it. If I was doin' somethin' with my life, she was happy.

I don't like the hospital that much, the people in charge there. If you're in MEDDAC, they'll train you. They'll train you because you're working for them. But if you come from, like, the field unit that I'm in, they don't want to train you. He said--I'm not going to mention any names--that it's not worth his time or trouble to train us, because we just go there on ninety day rotations--three months out of the year. So some of the sections in the lab, like bacteriology, or something like that--he doesn't want us to go there. He said it's not worth his time to train us there, because we're gonna come right back out. You only have a certain number of slots open in the hospital for personnel from our unit. They have their own personnel. They have TDA slots. They'll train us in what they need us for--routine, everyday work--and they'll train their people in the specialties.

When we were in school, if an active duty person flunked out in school, they would be reclassified to another MOS, more than likely Signal Corps, or something like that. If a National Guard or Reserve flunked out, they got their choice of whatever other school they wanted. That was in school. The active duty came second. Now when I come here, I figure everybody's going to be active duty; everybody's going to be the same. It's not the same--still.

I guess the best thing that's happened was I went for my Expert Field Medic Badge. I'm not a medic, but I'm in the ninety-one series. My MOS can go and get it. I went for that, and I got it. That was fun. I went to a Discussion Leadership Course for Equal Opportunity Counselling. So that was all right. That was two weeks. I got three college credits out of that. Wow! That was all right!

It's different, being in the Army, especially living in the barracks--a lot of foul language, people, in the middle of the night cursing, especially people "ETSing." The drinking that goes on, and the drugs--it's pretty bad. I come from New York City. I'd be more scared walking on Fort Belvoir at night than I would be walking in New York City. These people are weird. They're crazy. They don't have any respect for anybody else. They don't have respect for you in the day. You know, if you're walking by, and somebody says hello, you could say hello to them, and right away, they think you struck up a conversation with them. They'll start talking to you, and you say, "no," and they just get mad. But I've never been physically confronted by anybody.

If I was harrassed, somebody would be in jail. That's right. Somebody would be in jail, because I'm not going to keep my mouth closed for no one. I can't see having to be under someone, and them acting like that, and knowing that any day, they could just start all over again. But as far as the people who are sexually harrassed, if it's gonna happen to them, and they're not going to say anything, until someone starts interviewing them or says something--then it's their own fault. It hasn't been a problem for me. I guess I'm too mean, or something. People get scared of me.

What I want now is PA (Physician Assistant) School. But for that, you have to have three years medical experience--three years working in the medical field. I'd have three years, exactly, on my ETS date. I doubt if I could put in for it now, because I'm not even qualified to be accepted. If I were to extend, then put in for it, there's no guarantee that I'm going to get it. I just don't know if I'm going on with that yet. . . .

MAIL DISTRIBUTION SUPERVISOR

John is a twenty-two year old Specialist Five. Stationed in Berlin for the past two years, he has just reenlisted for recruiting duty, and will subsequently be stationed in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, near his hometown of Ardmore. He has been in the Army a little over four years.

I always had on my mind that I wanted to join the Army. I had enlisted in my senior year--delayed entry--and just came in then. I had a cousin of mine and a few friends (who had been in). It worked out pretty good for them and it seemed like it would be the thing for me to do, since I was just a youngun', right out of high school. I think it's a lot more than what I expected, because I didn't know that much about the Army until I was in. The longer you stay in, the more you learn. It's been pretty good to me. I went over it with my recruiter, the MOS, the job you wanted. There was a couple things I wanted, and he said I couldn't get them, so he decided 71L, and I went along with it.

When I was at Fort Hood, I was the same thing--clerk typist--then I came here and made E5, and got in a higher position, higher job, a lot more responsibility--I like it! I've accelerated fast since I came here. I think it was more to my advantage being assigned in the States prior to coming over here, because you learn more about soldiering and everything you have to know, and got a chance to go to some Army schools. I got promoted, I guess you would say, "ahead of my peers." I took a couple of correspondence courses, and I went to college for a semester--Central Texas College, in Texas--(thinks)--I guess I have done all right! . . .

It's much too relaxed here! Much too relaxed! Number one, being in the city, to me, it seems like it would be hard to soldier here. It's just not Army environment here. I don't see it. I mean, I enjoy being in the States more, just like the rest of the soldiers, I guess. They've got some good training here, I guess, but. . . .

I think this might be one of the only places where the Army has troops where you can get to look right at your enemy. It always reminds you that you have to be that much more sharper--ready. I don't know, I just think it's just too relaxed here, as far as just basic, everyday soldiering. I've been over to East Berlin a couple times, shopping. We're always aware of how much more manpower they've got--supposedly they have more, and this and that, this and that. Their training is much more realistic, much more intense. They simulate more the combat environment, when they train. They don't look any tougher. . . .

One of the best things that happened to me in the Army, I'm out on my own now. I'm not dependent on my parents, like I used to be when I was home. I think I can make it. I bought a car, and I sold it before I came over here. There's a lot of opportunity in the Army, especially for me, because I'm making a lot more money here, and out on my own. I can afford to get things I want. You just can't do it when you're in high school, unless you're well off from the start.

Since I've been here, during my off-duty time, there is so much to do. It makes me tend to forget that I'm still a soldier. But there's just too much to do, to keep you busy. In a way it's good. I find myself going out--clubs, and this and that, movies. I don't know how to say it--here, it's like, with most of the people, you're a soldier from 7:30 'til 4:30, and not on a twenty-four hour basis. Personally, I don't think it should be like that. But 'seems like that's the way it is here. We haven't had an alert in four or five months.

(When I decided to reenlist) there was talk, talk. All the people that I'm affiliated with closely have reenlisted or plan to reenlist. It doesn't bother me--just talk, just talk. (My folks) thought it was the best thing for me. I know a lot of guys who were in the Army before I came in, and they got out, and they went back home, and they got jobs that they're really not happy with. A lot of them are doing nothing. I wasn't ready for that. I'll stay here!

MANAGEMENT SPECIALIST

Mary, a native of Chicago, has been in the Army for over two years and has been stationed in Berlin for over six months. Her hobbies are writing, motorcycling, and horseback riding. She has one year of college and plans to return to college under the GI Bill when she gets out of the Army in September 1980. She is twenty-two years old, animated, intelligent.

When I first decided that I wanted to come in the Army, I was in school, and I was bored with school. I figured by coming in the Army that would give me more time to make up my mind and see just what I wanted to do with my life. Since that time--two and a half years later--I still haven't quite decided. It was just a moment of indecision. I mean, I couldn't lay around the house and do nothing. Coming in the Army wasn't what my mother would expect for her daughter, but it was better than doing nothing. She (my mother) told me women came into the Army looking for husbands, and she didn't want anyone thinking that of her daughter. I figured at least I could contribute something. A couple of my friends and a few of my cousins were in the Army. They came to Germany, and they were telling me how great it was: "Hey! You should try it!" (raises her voice in mock theatrical gesture) So I tried it. So far, it's been OK. Parts of it been OK. . . .

After I left AIT, I got to go home for the first time. Everybody says "Wow! You look so mature! Like you've really grown up!" Then, after I'd been away a year, and I went back home, they say, "Well, everything about you's changed. You know, you no longer a kid--don't want to hang out. You don't want to get high." But it's opened my eyes to a lot of things that I never thought would interest me. I mean, it's made me realize my potential, not only as a soldier, but as a person. Living in the city, I could never see myself pitching a tent. After doing that, it made me see that there are a lot of things that I can do that I never thought that I would be able to. It's given me a whole new outlook on myself. It's given me a self-confidence, I don't think I could get just by being in college.

Before I came to Germany, I was in California, and I was sort of disappointed--not with the Fort so much, but with the location. After eighteen months there, I decided it was time to move on, because my time was running out. I figured "I have to see something else." That way, I would get a better perspective of how the Army really runs. I don't think you can get that by being in one place.

I've been here six months, and so far, Germany is nicer duty than in the States. Things here are more relaxed, except for being in Berlin. But I guess that's just because we're in Berlin. You don't really think about it. At first, when I got here, I was really scared--just froze about it. You know, "Here we are! Trapped!" But, now it doesn't even bother me. I never think about it. As long as you don't think about it, it's not so bad. By being here and being able to go over into East Germany and, you know, to see how their life is--you compare it to our life at home--it makes me prouder to be an American, to know that these are the things that we were fighting for. It makes me feel good to

know that one day I'm going to be able to leave here. I can go back to TV and real life, as I know it, as compared to real life, as they know it. I like it! At first (my mother) was kind of worried, but now I've kind of convinced her it's not so bad.

I think (in the Army) you're more forced to grow up. People that just come out of high school, they're still kind of silly. But once you come into the Army, and you go through Basic and you go through AIT, you realize that momma ain't always going to be there. You can't always turn to momma--run home when things get bad. It kind of forces you to grow up--a lot! I would recommend parts of it to other people. A lot of people don't really realize that there are differences. Before I came to Germany, I could sit back and I could watch the things on television, and it would mean nothing to me. I could turn the TV off, and it's forgotten. But once you've been here, and you've been a part of it, and you think about it, it makes a big difference.

My job--I'm a reassignment clerk. I'm proud of the work that I do. I work hard. I try to do my best, at my job. But what makes me feel really bad is when . . . OK, I've worked hard on a project, and all of the sudden somebody comes along . . . and here, here's the work that I've done, you know? . . . that I've put my time into. And somebody takes it up to the Colonel, "Well, hey! Here's my job! And I've done this . . . and I've done this . . . and I've done this!" And poor little me--I gets no credit for it. I guess I can understand their position, too, but what about me, who's actually done the physical part of the work? Just a little "thanks" is OK. But you don't get any recognition. Maybe it's because right now I'm just a Spec Four. Here's an E-7, that's got to present what I've done to the Colonel. I feel really left out, when it comes time to say "thank you."

I don't think I've been harrassed too much because I'm a woman. But there are women that do get harrassed. Usually, because I'm just a Spec Four, I'm just like everybody else. But the higher-ranking NCOs, officers really get a lot harder. . . . There's this one lieutenant--female. She's airborne--she gets a lot, you know, "Yeah! She wants to be like a man, you know!" (Lowers her voice like a man's) "And she can't be a woman, you know. . . ." I don't think that being in the Army has made me lose any of my femininity, but usually it's a little harder for me, because I have to prove to them that I can still do my job, just like any guy. But it's easy for me, because I work in an office. Typical, stereotype woman's job--just sit at your desk and type all day! So I'm supposed to be better. I'm sure that women who are, like, commo chiefs or in other fields probably get more problems. I work for an E-6 and E-7; the E-6 is female, and the E-7 is male. When he yells at me that I'm not doing my share, she usually sticks up for me. He always feels I should do a little bit more, because it's office work--I should be better than they are. Which to me, it's bad, because it's sort of putting them down. A couple times, before I got my hair cut, I could wear my hair down, and nobody would say anything. It would always be a female NCO or officer that would correct me. But the men wouldn't say anything. If nobody's going to say anything, they figure "why not?" I mean, I admit that I've taken advantage of it too. Because when you comb your hair, and it comes down below your collar, then you're wrong. But most men don't say anything to you. Probably because they don't know.

Being black is really a problem. For example, we've just got a new Company Commander, and a First Sergeant, and a whole change. The whole Company, the morale in the Company, has really lowered. Because in the time that I've been there, six months, the Company Commander's taken, I'd say six people, all with good records, you know . . . no problems before . . . my best friends just got an Article 15, busted down to PFC, for being late for work. It hurts me, 'cause she reenlisted two weeks earlier. Here she is, starting off on a new turn. I know her morale has really gone down. And here I am thinking . . . I don't have any counselling statements or anything bad in my record. Suppose I do something wrong, or something happens that's not totally my fault? I could be in her shoes one day. Of the six people that have gotten into trouble, none of them really have bad records, none of them have any previous convictions or anything. Never been in trouble before. And there are people in the company that I know are trouble-makers, and nothing's happened to them. Nothing's even said. These six people, that I pointed out, are all black. To me, it's kind of discouraging.

He's (the Company Commander) white. You know--82d Airborne--gung ho! He's Infantry and our company's mostly admin/support people. Half of us aren't used to that gung-ho, Army feeling. The morale, the esprit-de-corps is gone. The Company Commander that we have now, I think he's on the list for major. I guess he's gotta show to the Colonel, our Battalion Commander, that he can do better than the commander that's before. I can understand if he'd taken some of these people aside and told them, "hey, here, this is wrong, and blah, blah, blah." But he didn't do that. He just walked in--"Boom! You're now a PFC!" Our First Sergeant, from what I understand, wasn't involved in it.

We have formations once a month, and I'll bet that 70 percent of the people in the company don't know who their platoon sergeants are. There are people that just come to Germany, that don't know. One of the guys in the office--he didn't know--and went straight to the Company Commander. He got shot down, because he didn't know who he was supposed to go to in his chain of command. I can't fault him. We didn't have a formation in December, 'cause everyone's gone. Then, in January, they had a quick, ten-minute formation--that was it. Then, last month, we had a formation, and the guy didn't know who he was supposed to go to--didn't even know his platoon sergeant. So how can you blame him for going straight to the man? . . .

Knowing that I have one one year in Germany, I have to try to see as much of it as I can. I think if you really want to get involved, you can find a lot of things that you gonna do. 'Cause, I've been here six months, I've been to Munich, I've been to Essen, I've even been to Moscow! In six months time! There are people that's been here two and three years that have never been further than the company. If you want to get involved in something--if you want to do something--it's here for you to do it.

I haven't made up my mind on one idea that I want to do for the rest of my life. But I figure after three years, it's kind of time for moving on. I figure if I don't start off now, I'll probably never do some of the things that I really want to do. Not saying that I don't have time to do it in the Army, like . . . OK, like the Army says, "Here. We'll give you an education, and you can have on-duty time to go to school." But here in Berlin you have blocks, a "green" block, a "yellow" block, and a "blue" block--I think it goes like that. But it doesn't apply to us. I work here, in our little management office, every day, while this guy, over at McNair (McNair Compound) trains

for one month and goes to school for two more months. He has time to do that. But we don't have that. The "blocks" don't apply to us. To them--the Infantry--who have time to go, it's great! But for me, it's not.

(When I get out) I think I'd like to go back to school, because I majored in Journalism before. But just out of high school and right into college, you don't get enough experience--you haven't lived enough to decide, to have something really to write on. I think being in the Army, and going places and seeing things, and meeting new people--it's given me a lot. And one of the things that really got to me in college was sororities and fraternities--I was kind of sad about it. Because here were, all these little cliques. I figured, well, I'll join the Army; that's one of the biggest fraternities-sororities in the world. So far it's been great, cause I've met a lot of people, you know, I've made good friends, I've seen a lot of places that I might not have otherwise have been able to see. I don't regret anything that's happened to me since I've been in the Army. It's an experience I think a lot of people should try.

MATERIEL SUPPLYMAN

Dale, a nineteen-year-old Specialist Four, has been assigned to the 800th Materiel Management Center, VII Corps, for sixteen months. He has his high school GED. His father is a salesman, his mother, a keypunch operator; both are high school graduates. His home town is Schofield, Wisconsin. His hobbies are frisbie, canoeing, and "fooseball." Dale reenlisted five months ago, and he will soon be heading for Fort Carson.

I didn't actually start out wanting to join the Army. I took the Navy test, and I didn't pass that one--I missed it by about two or four points. I had already dropped out of school. The Army recruiter saw me over by the Navy recruiter, and he called me over in the corner. He wanted to tell me about the benefits that he had, for the Army. Then he asked me, "Would you like to be stuck out on a boat, for nine months at a time?" You know--stuff like that--what the Navy would have for me. He kept on talking about the benefits that the Army had, and then I told him that I had already taken the test for the Navy, and I missed it by a few points. He says, "You're good!" I would have passed for the Army. I wanted to join one of them. But I didn't want to join the Marines, or nothin' like that. So I look at the Army; and he told me he could give me a station-of-choice guarantee. I got Fort Lewis, Washington. I live in Wisconsin, and it's something like home, up there in the north. I was only seventeen at the time, so I had to get my mother's signature to get in.

It sounds kind of funny, I know. I dropped out of school to get away from the authority that they had over me, and I joined the Army, and I got right back into it! But I learned to handle it, learned to live with it. Everybody's got to have some amount of authority over somebody else. I had to adjust to it, but I think I can live with it for a while. I'm still only nineteen years old. I still have some growing to do.

I did ten months over there (Fort Lewis), and I came down on levy for Germany. I said to myself, "Hey! Germany! That may be alright!" So I went ahead and signed the levy. And here I am. I'm over here in Germany. It was an open door, and I had to go through.

I've had some good times, but none that really stand out, you know? When I was back in Fort Lewis, we used to go down to this one place all the time, and throw frisbie a lot of time. It was a good spot.

It would be better if the Mark was up again (Deutsch Mark), if the mark were at two for one. But the mark has gone down. That's one reason we're in bad shape now. If you have a car, it would be better, 'cause you'd be able to get off-post and do some nice things. Everyone in Germany is really nice, if you can learn the language, and talk with them--volksmarching and tourism, what-not--it's really nice! I've run to the East and West Germany border! They showed us the shotgun thing, on the fence. I don't know whether it's to keep us out or to keep them in. It's shocking, really! I don't know if they're prisoners or if we are. They might have a better economy. I don't know. It's kind of shocking to see that kind of stuff.

I've already reenlisted, in November of 1979. That's when everybody was sayin' that there's going to be a big depression. Everybody's going to be out of a job. I hear some people sayin' that they got out for two years and came back in. I thought, I'm only nineteen and could use a few more years. I still have some growing to do, and in the Army, you get a check every month. So you don't have to worry about being unemployed, or getting fired, or anything like that. If I was to get out and get a job and come back in, I might lose some of that rank, or something. If I stay in, I might have somebody else, one of my friends, that comes under me, when I get to be E-5 or E-6. . . .

MEDICAL MAINTENANCE TECHNICIAN

Jim is a twenty-two year old Specialist Four from Fayetteville, North Carolina. Like his father, a retired Command Sergeant Major, he is a high school graduate; his mother has an eighth grade education. Prior to joining the Army, he worked for one-half year at a civilian job. He enlisted in February 1978 for three years. He is reenlisting and will be going to the Medical Repair Course.

I expected somewhat of a challenge when I came in. I expected to find myself. It was kind of like I wanted to see what I want of life. It was a whole new field for me. I wanted a challenge. I wanted to see where I wanted to go. What I expected was not what I found. I expected more (pauses) openness, or something that just wasn't there. Basic training was a challenge physically, and AIT was a challenge mentally, but I never found the esprit de corps that I thought would be there; never found the positive thinking. It's all negative, I would say. After a while you get used to it and just do your job.

I had ROTC both in high school and in college, so when I got to basic training, I expected it to be rough. I didn't expect them to always be on you. I didn't expect them to be pussyfoot about it, but I did expect them to say, "OK, you done a good job here," and then pat you on the back and say "Now keep going." But I didn't find that, for some reason. They really picked on your weaknesses, which they have to do--I can understand that--but they didn't do anything to help you on your strong points too. It was a challenge to get through it--a mental challenge. I mean, anytime you go to bed at 9:30 at night, then get up at 3:30 in the morning, then keep going like that, week, after week, after week, it just kind of wears on you then, and it's a challenge to say "Hey, I'm not going to mess up"--to keep goin.

(At my present assignment) . . . I kind of feel like I'm being left out all the time. We (soldiers) should be taught to defend ourselves properly. I don't think I've been taught that. I haven't shot a weapon in two years. From what I understand, it's supposed to be once a year, at least. I'd at least like to go out and familiarize myself with the M-16 again. There are things I can't remember about it. I don't know the range of it or anything like that. I know that's what they're going to ask me on my next board. They're going to come up and say "What's the range on the M-16?"

You have a few officers, a few non-coms, that will sit down and talk to you. Usually they work out pretty well, for the most part. Most have lost interest in their field. They get a certain job, they're going to go out and do it. If they're not told to do it, they figure it's no concern of theirs. They really don't care. They don't want to listen to you. Maybe they're caught up in their own problems. Maybe they feel they've made a bad decision, and you would just amplify it by bringing out your problems and sharing them with them. Somewhere in the past, I think, a lot of them feel they made a mistake--staying in, or not going on to college, or whatever their reasons.

The most satisfying experience in the Army was AIT. It was a good location, Denver, Colorado. It presented me with a different field, electronics and all that. I really got an education. It pretty well makes me happy when I have to study for something and just getting through it was the main thing. That was the most satisfying. There was a deep bond of comradeship between all of us. We were all striving for keeping our barracks straight. It was pretty good at that time. Everybody got along. There was no fights, no hassles.

I think the most frustrating thing came when I came here. It wasn't what I expected. I kind of thought it would be like AIT, but people were a little different. Maybe they were all despondent. Of course you're going to find people who don't like the Army. But when you come out of AIT and you think you made something good of yourself, then you have someone right away start telling you what's wrong with the unit. They're not pointing out anything good, but what's wrong with it, and it makes you look for what's wrong with it. You kind of dwell on that, after a while. There's no spirit--none--they don't even try to make spirit. I work over a Medical Maintenance Section. I'm not made to feel like I'm contributing to anything, by the company, and they really don't have anything to do with me, unless I mess up. Then they call me in. When I do anything right, I never hear about it. I haven't seen my company commander at my job site, in my shop, since I've been here. I haven't seen my first sergeant. I think it would be pretty nice for them to come over and see what I do, see my working conditions; if nothing else, to see what I do there. We like a little recognition (laughs).

I get up in the morning, come down and eat breakfast, go and pick up my van, drive to work. If we're really busy, I get right out on the road. I do a lot of travelling. I go to Letterkenny, Indiantown Gap, Pittsburgh, Wilkes-Barre, New Cumberland. I work on varied equipment, anything from sterilizers, to anesthesia machines. I like my job. I really do. It's working with my hands a lot. I've never worked with my hands before, so that's kind of satisfying. It's working with electricity, sometimes a lot of it; working with X-rays. Calibrating, repairing, safety tests, a lot of it is PM. I enjoy being on the road. It gets me away from here (laughs).

Right now, I'm stuck here in Carlisle. And that's what most people say, they're STUCK here in Carlisle. It's a small town. The theater is usually about three or four months behind. You want to catch a current movie, you have to drive twenty-five miles. I think one of the biggest things that's wrong with us here is the only thing that people have to do is to go down and drink. That really discourages a lot of people. That same thing, night after night after night after night. You just keep doing it. I don't see how some of them make it. Most people here consider themselves a different unit. MEDDAC considers itself a different unit. The MP's consider themselves a different unit. Garrison considers themselves a different unit. I'd like to see them get people out of the barracks. Get them out of the barracks and live in the woods for two weeks. I'd like that. That to me is exciting. That, to me, is what a lot of people are in the Army for. I think just every once and a while, getting people out there, firing, doing something where they can see the results, where they can win, where they can feel positive about themselves.

MILITARY POLICEMAN

Dave is a twenty-two year old PFC. A member of V Corps, he hails from San Marcus, Texas, where he worked for three years as a tour guide before joining the Army. He is presently working in MOS 84B--Still Photographer--in support of his unit newspaper. His hobbies include firearms, photography, and karate. He has some college. He is not reenlisting.

I wanted to be a policeman, since I was fifteen years old. At the age of fifteen, I went and saw the movie "Serpico," and I thought "Wow! I want to be a cop!" Well, I got interested in it, and I kept on, and that's all I ever wanted to do, since I was fifteen. And, so, I was nineteen years old, and I went down to the enlistment office, and I said, "Look, I wanta be an MP. If I can't be an MP, then forget it! You're going to have to guarantee me the Military Police Corps if I'm going to come in at all. And I want to know, what does an MP do? What is his job?" "Great! We'll tell you all about it." And then they hand me all these folders with the pictures of the MP with the white hat, and the forty-five, and modern equipment--brand new sedans, the blue lights on top, and, oh, it . . . great! That looks just like a civilian cop, you know? So I said, "Great! That's for me! I want to go out on patrol, and I want to be a policeman."

I like your idea, sir, very much. You lay awake at night sometimes and think to yourself, you know, "why doesn't somebody ask me what it's like?" For a lot of people it's pretty rotten. For an awful lot of people it's pretty good. You can see it around you. You can see the one's that are satisfied with their work and the ones that aren't. MP's, for the most part, aren't satisfied. I've never seen reenlistment statistics for MP's, but, Good Lord! They must be horrible! The petty nonsense that an MP puts up with is ridiculous! An MP is a policeman in name only. There are very few opportunities to do some real police work, in the run-of-the-mill MP Corps. Our Battalion is considered by TOE--I think that's the term--considered a white-hat or garrison battalion, and it has tactical responsibilities. There's so little, like I say, police work.

A drunk is a drunk, out on the street, fighting . . . gets picked up, taken back to the station. You do paperwork on the man, turn it in, and by the time you've gotten back out and maybe grabbed a quick bite to eat at the mess hall, you're driving down the street, and there's the same guy, sauntering along the sidewalk. His unit'll come over, they'll pick him up, they'll say "OK, you're confined to your barracks," or whatever. The guy pays no attention to that and heads on out. That's the guy--maybe you had to fight him to get him into the patrol car, you got bruises all over your arm, you may have ruined your uniform, which, you know, a soldier can't afford. A first-termer, especially, can't afford to go out and buy an entire new wardrobe every time he gets a uniform torn off his back. Our clothing allowance is supposed to cover it (laughs). I've never had a uniform torn off of me, but I've had them ripped up a little, buttons torn off. I had an entire pocket ripped off of one. I went ahead and

"deep-sixed" that shirt. I've managed to repair as many of them as I could. I've had all kinds of equipment torn up. We're responsible for the equipment. Regular MP gear, like your night sticks, and stuff like that, if that gets broken, generally you can just go down to supply and say, "Hey, look what happened to this." They'll hand you another night stick, and that's it.

But sometimes they won't. Like, I was at Fort Hood. You'd go down to a pawn shop, off post--they've got a better selection of MP gear than your supply sergeant does. Nobody uses those sorry, those horrible handcuffs! (laughs) I used 'em, about my first two weeks, until I had a guy tear 'em open--literally tear 'em open--and I couldn't believe it! I went out and bought a pair of Smith & Wesson handcuffs that are pretty much indestructible.

I think, the Army overall, there is a lot of room for improvement. And it can be done very easily. But I think there are a lot of hard-liners--a lot of people that have been around for a long time--say, "this has worked for so long; this has always worked for us in the past. Why should we change it now?" The training is horrible, for example; as far as firearms, especially. I've been around firearms all my life, so I had no trouble qualifying with the M-16, 45 auto, like that. I gotta hole in my right leg, from another MP at Fort Hood, who accidentally popped off a round. Luckily it hit a door jamb before it hit my leg. I only caught a piece of the bullet. Half these MP's are seventeen, eighteen, nineteen-year-old kids who have never fired a pistol before in their lives. They're taken out on the range, and they're given a target that I could hit with my eyes closed. If somebody doesn't qualify "expert" on the forty-five auto range, in my opinion they ought not to be allowed to see a pistol, much less carry it. But all they have to do is like put twenty-four holes out of fifty, I think, to qualify. That's not qualifying. They don't know how to use their forty-five; they don't know how to operate it. We should have much more training with all the weapons. The M-16--if we ever had to go to combat. . . . Just yesterday, sir! We got a mailroom clerk--she's a spec four--that had to have an E-2 that's fresh out of basic show her how to break down and clean her M-16. That's ridiculous! Every soldier in the Army should know that M-16, from muzzle to butt. They oughta know everything about it!

I asked one of the instructors in AIT what size projectile the forty-five auto put out, and he just looked at me. He got this astonished look on his face, and said, "Well I don't know." Well I knew it was a 230 grain slug. But this man is supposed to be my instructor, and he didn't have any idea. It's things like that, that you should know about your weapon, if your life is going to depend on it. In my unit, some practical firearms training would be received with . . . they'd throw a party for that commander! They'd love it! Because everybody that I've ever talked to, they want to go out and learn more about that forty-five; they want to go out and fire that sixteen. Basically it's the "John Wayne syndrome," maybe, but they like to go out and shoot. If they're going to learn something in the process, that's great too. The training that they have now, when it does come around, finally, they like going out and doing that. My sixteen at the unit--I don't know where it hits. I've never fired it. And I've been in Germany for six months. If the balloon went up, and Ivan comes across the line, that thing may shoot higher than Ben Franklin's kite! I don't know; I can't hit anything with it! 'Course they took that away from me, and they assigned me an M-60 machinegun. That's a little ridiculous! The M-60 weighs more than I do. (Dave is about a wiry 135 pounds.) That's a problem over here

that I can see. There's not enough space to fire. 'Cause understandably, the German Government doesn't want us shooting at the landscape all over the place. But even back at Fort Hood, it was the same story. I think that I was there a year and a half; I fired my M-16 once. That's ridiculous! . . . I think that it could be the paper drill that they're constantly going through . . . other commitments . . . conferences. . . .

We've got a Detachment Commander. I'm in Headquarters Detachment, of our Battalion. I really don't know what he does (laughs), to be perfectly honest. If nobody's in trouble and nobody's in getting an Article 15, I can't see that he does that much work! In fact, I know for a fact--I've walked by his office; my office is fairly close to his. I've glanced in, and I've seen him back there reading old war novels, paperback war novels (laughs). So he can't be that crutched for work. But I could be wrong. I don't know. I'd hate to make an unjust statement.

I went through basic and AIT, I get to Fort Hood--surprise! They run patrol in jeeps, up there, in fatigues, like I am now, that webbed belt, and that little foolish helmet that you see all the MP's wearing. The jeeps, emergency equipment, have two red lights, one on each side, that shine straight ahead--noting to the sides! And this old siren, that was outdated in 1951 (laughs)--if you're driving along the road with your windows up, you will never hear it! Just ridiculous! How do they expect any kind of policeman to perform any kind of law enforcement job with that kind of equipment? Tactical radios, I guess they were probably about as good as anything they could have given us. But the communications people have no idea how to run any kind of a commo net for law enforcement. So they're running it the military way, and it doesn't work out. They're not compatible. For a combat zone, I'm sure it's great. Try to catch a speeder sometime, that is going along in his Mustang with a three-fifty-one Cleveland engine, in an M151A1 Jeep (laughs)--it doesn't work out! I mean, the guy's going to walk away, and laugh at you while he's doing it! I've been outrun so many times, it's not even funny. And as far as any kind of pursuit--you're taking your life in your hands if you go at any kind of speed in those jeeps.

There was . . . the first night I was on patrol, at Fort Hood . . . two MP's . . . they were two friends; they had joined the Army together, and had asked for an assignment together, to the MP's, and everything. 'Ended up in the same platoon, and here they are working as partners. They tried to chase a guy, and flipped their jeep--four times, end-for-end. Well, they joined the Army together, they went through MP AIT together, they went on patrol together, and they even had a hospital room together. 'Cause that's where they ended up, in the hospital. And there's no reason for stuff like that.

I see every Battalion commander has got these nice big shiney sedans, that they drive around in, with their driver, and they sit in the back seat. Then you see the MP's, out here, running around in these raggedly jeeps that are falling apart. I've seen them burst into flames--and that's the truth! I had a guy out on TCP (traffic control point) one time. His jeep burst into flames. He'd gotten out of it, left the engine running, and stepped out in the street, just to direct traffic for a moment. 'Glanced back . . . whoosh! The entire engine compartment was engulfed in flames! And there was no fire extinguisher on the jeep, because they wouldn't let him take the OVM kit out. He just sit there and watched it, until finally, an Engineer van came by, and they had a fire extinguisher on it, and they put it out.

There was an incident at Fort Hood. I was working for AWOL Apprehension Branch, and we had an AWOL that was turned in something like the fourteenth of the month. On the thirteenth of the month, the incident happened downtown, where a shop owner was shot and killed. Robbed, shot, and then killed. OK? The man who went AWOL fit the description of the man who shot and killed the shop owner. We looked for the guy, maybe two, three weeks, with that in mind. We notified the CID that somebody fitting the description was AWOL. Finally, through contacts, we found out that he had a girlfriend in a neighboring town, Georgetown, and had the sheriff's department go out and check the girlfriend's house. He was there. They picked him up, held him for us. So in essence, we had assisted in the capture of a possible murderer. It felt so good, that I could actually get out there and do something that was beneficial.

Just before I left Fort Hood, I went in, on duty, to grab a bite to eat, to a mess hall--to a consolidated dining facility. Whoever decided the MP's can get along with other branches of the service has never been an MP. He doesn't know anything about what it's like to be the PFC, Spec Four that's gotta go out there and maintain order. All the MP's in this mess hall would sit along one wall, with their backs (laughs) to the wall, if possible. That's just the way. It was not unusual to go in there, you sit down, eat your dinner, and you hear, "Pig! Pig!" You know, "Hey you motherf____," and all this other kind of stuff.

Well I went in to eat by myself one day. And that was the biggest mistake I've made in a long time. I guess I wasn't thinking. There were three guys from the unit next door. One of them was sitting off at a table, and he was yellin' and hollerin' and just making all kinds of noise. The mess sergeant came out, and looked at him, and looked over at me, and then walked back in. I thought, "well, that mess sergeant is going to want me to do something about it, eventually." I didn't do anything right away. Finally the mess sergeant came in and went to the table--you know, where this guy was sitting--and started to say something to him. The black guy turned, you know, "get out of here. F___ you, etc." And obviously, there is a ranking NCO. So they started arguing, back and forth. I went over, you know, "what's the problem here?"--and I already knew what it was. I had been watching it all along. This black guy stands up, looks at me, and says, "Man, this motherf____ is f____ with me, etc., etc." And I said, "Sergeant, what's your side of it?" . . . "Well I came over here and asked this man to quiet down. He wouldn't. I gave him an order to quiet down. He replied "F___ me . . . whatever . . . get out of here." I turned to the guy and I started to say "Hey listen, you know you can't do that. This man's an E-6. You're not going to be able to get away with stuff like that." I was going to give the man a chance to just sit down. Well, he starts coming back on me, and yelling at me. The next thing I know, I was fed up with it. I mean, I come there to eat lunch, and here I get involved in this stuff! So I said, "That's fine. You're under apprehension for disorder. . . ." Boom! I get it right in the face! I had my head up my tail then, because I wasn't watching what the man was doing. I shoulda been watching his hands and payin' more attention to his temper, and stuff like that. Generally you can see it, when a man's going to go "fist city" with you. I don't know whether he was hiding it real well or whether I just wasn't payin' attention. The next thing I knew, I was laying on my back, across the table, on top of his food, and he was sitting on my chest, pounding on me. We rolled off that--two other guys came running over and started kicking me while I was down. I had bruises all across the back of my head, behind my ear, and just all across the forehead, and then, this eye was swollen up,

tremendously. It was lucky that there happened to be, in the parking lot outside, two MP patrols. Somebody ran out and saw them and called them in there.

That's the majority of our calls. If you get called to a unit, it's because, generally, some jerk has confronted an NCO, or the NCO has confronted the jerk, and said, you know, "Hey! You're sluffing off, and not doing your share of the work." And the guy just flat turns around and says, "Hey! F___ you, sarge!" . . . says, "I don't have to take this stuff." You, in effect, are rejecting his authority. And once he's stepped up that far, he's liable to go further and further, and then it goes "fist city." If you've got a staff sergeant that's five foot nine inches, hundred and forty-five pounds, and you got a PFC that's six foot, two-thirty . . . I hate to use this term, because it's overworked by the people that are calling for the draft to come back, but . . . um . . . it's a lower class, generally speaking. A lower class of enlisted people who are in the service. I could be completely wrong. But I would assume that when you're drafting people--just taking them out of the community--you're taking a cross-section. Whereas now I think that the only people that the Army is getting for some of these MOS's, like Infantry, tankers, like that . . . I'm pretty sure they're just a lower class of people . . . a lower educated class, a lower monetary status. An awful lot of them are people who, back in their home towns have gotten into trouble, one time or another, and maybe they're avoiding "Johnny Law" by coming in the service. Maybe they're the kind of people who are constantly in trouble and the judge said, "All right, I'll give you a choice--you can either go to jail or you can go in the Army. I figure that the Army will make a man out of you."

Well, that goes back to the lack of training. Training isn't anywhere near what it was when my grandfather joined the Army, 'cause we compared notes. When I come out of basic and AIT, he said, "Is that how you did it?!" He put twenty years in and retired as a master sergeant. He said, "when you make E-5 sergeant, you're God!" in the old Army. A sergeant was somebody not to be messed with, in any way, shape, or form. Nowadays, a sergeant is just another private, really. I don't know why. . . .

I'm getting out just as fast as my little feet will carry me, sir! What I said, that's part of it. I can't see going back to this kind of a life, the way it is now. We've got, supposedly, private rooms. They're really not private. I don't particularly like my roommate; I don't mind him too much. But his supervisors will come into my room. He's got an E-6--one who is drunk most of the time. I don't feel like anybody should be coming in and trying to act in a supervisory status that has been drinking as much beer as this guy must have been drinking. I've seen him come in and steady himself on the wall lockers. He reeks of alcohol. There's no way that I'm going to reenlist and put myself in a position where I can be . . . you know . . . with him, again. I got nine months left to do. When those nine months are in, I'm gone!

MILITARY POLICEMAN

Terry is a twenty-two-year-old PFC from Mount Union, Pennsylvania. A high school graduate, she worked for one year before joining the Army--first as a dishwasher, then as a cook. Her parents are both high school graduates. Her father works as a truck driver, her mother in a sewing factory. She has been stationed at Fort Meade for twenty-two months. Terry's hobbies are sports, music, and fishing. She is undecided about her reenlistment decision.

At the time, I had been unemployed for approximately a year. I came from a very small town--very small. The industry was really poor. So, when I went to see my recruiter, it was an employment type thing. I needed the job. I was on partial welfare. I had an apartment. I was making it. But I wasn't doing anything. I wasn't being productive at all. I was just, kind of in a dormant state, and I was tired of it. So I went to see my recruiter.

The thing that impressed me most about the whole thing was, I wanted to get into an athletic thing--I've always been athletic. In high school I got letters, all kinds of things. I had heard about the Army program. So I said, "Wow! Maybe I can get into something good, in the meantime, get a job." Making some money, and moving around. So that's basically what got me moving. The Army recruiting station was the closest one to my home town--it was just twelve miles away. That's why I went Army.

The athletic factor is there, but it's not what I thought it would be. From what my recruiter told me, it was supposed to be a glorified thing. They had all these opportunities. But I haven't seen them. I haven't seen them in twenty-two months I've been here. I haven't seen it. I mean, you can do it. But it has to be an extracurricular thing. They don't give you time. PT? Our unit doesn't. It has a regular PT test, but it doesn't have a regular PT program. I've been in two units. The first one did. We would run every day. It doesn't bother me. Sometimes it does--you try to find ways to get out of it. But if you get yourself in the right frame of mind, you can do it. No but's about it. It's just when people say it like this, "If you don't go out, such and such is going to happen." That's when you start feeling like, "Wow! This is ridiculous!"

When I went to see the recruiter, I wanted to be a veterinarian assistant. I wanted to get into the Vet Corps. But in order for me to do that, I had to wait a long time--just too long for me to wait. So, my recruiter said, "Hey! Why don't you be an MP. There's a shortage in the MOS. You can go in two weeks." I thought about it, and my mother had brought it up before--"why don't you go and be a MP. Afterwards, you can get out, maybe go into the Pennsylvania State Police." I was eighteen. I said, "Well, why not." But I didn't actually go in until I was nineteen or twenty--after I got off of work. They gave me station of choice--it came out on the computer. I wanted to get someplace close to home. So they got the immediate area. I could have gone to Virginia, Maryland, or New York. Those were my three choices. So I picked Fort Meade. . . .

I loved basic training, 'cause I got to meet people from the South. I went to basic training in Fort McClellan, Alabama. I loved it down there. I love the way people talk down there--they fascinate me! I just have a thing for people. I really do. I met some really terrific people down there too.

I've met some fantastic people. I've made some very good friends since I've been here. Some really terrific people. And I've met some people that really aren't worth anything to me. I just had an incident, just recently, with one of the people that I don't want to run into again. I had to fill out a report and everything on it. It was a male. I live off post. I'm not authorized, but I live off anyways, because the barracks just doesn't suit me.

I was sitting in my apartment, and the gentleman--an NCO--decided that he was going to come and visit me. He knocks on the door, and I answer the door, and he's drunk. Really out of it. He decides that he thinks that I'm the most fantastic woman in the world, and he wants to take me to bed and all this stuff. So I just chased him out of my apartment. It happened before, with the same guy, so I just reported it. They took care of it for me. I just had to finish it before I came to this interview. I had to write a statement. He is one of the people that make the Army look bad. He was my guard commander where I work, at the stockade. . . .

Right now, there isn't too many things that turn me on. I'm very discouraged with the military. I've been kicked around so many times that the Army just doesn't look good to me any more. When I first came in--in basic training, AIT--I loved the Army. I thought the Army was great! I don't know what it was--it must have been the leaders--I must have had good leaders, I guess. But my boots, uniforms, whole nine yards--I was into it! I was Army! I don't know whether it's just Fort Meade, or what it is, but everything got kinda lax. You know, you look at your fellow soldiers, and they don't care. They don't care any more. It's like there isn't supposed to be a purpose for Fort Meade any more, and we're just here. So nobody cares. I don't think anybody cares! So you kind of get an attitude too. You decide, well, why do I have to polish my boots if Joe, over here, doesn't have to do it. So you don't. So, in essence, nobody does. That's a down for me. People tell me, "What happened to you? When you first came here, you were spit-and-polish. Now, you aren't anymore." Well, the only thing I can say is, "Hey, look at everybody else. What's the use!"

I started out as a ninety-five-B. OK, I was in a field unit. So one month was road duty, regular line duty--MP; then, next month we were in training. Then I moved to another company, in the same battalion. And that was for--they had a shortage of ninety-five-C's, which is a correctional supervisor. I went down and worked in the stockade for three months. I was relieved from there.

Now I work as a company clerk. Because they don't have a slot for me right now. So I'm just kinda in a limbo. It has its ups and downs. Sometimes I can get into it; sometimes I can't. It's a seventy-one-lima job--a regular clerk. And it's an E-6 slot--I'm a PFC. You know, to have people just come in and . . . you know, they just don't have any respect for a PFC, naturally. But you're in the position that you're talking for the Commander, or you're talking for the First Sergeant. It has its bad days. I've had pretty bad days. And it has its advantages, because I work directly with the Commander, and I work with the First Sergeant.

That's how I got this back (PFC rank). I got an Article 15--got busted down to an E-2. I was an E-2 for twelve months. Failure to repair. I didn't go to work for two days. I missed line duty for two days. Which was my fault. So I signed the Article 15, got busted. . . .

We won Post Champions for softball, two years in a row now. That was a highlight. A big highlight! I love playing softball! We're getting ready to start again this year. Hope to take Post Champs again. This is one of the good things. Getting my PFC back was a highlight. (laughs) Moving over here to (present unit) was another one. I was getting a little tired of this going to the field. It didn't accomplish anything. They loaded the jeeps, go out to the ranges, ride around, and come back. It didn't make any sense. When we were actually out there, doing missions, it was alright.

Another thing I remember distinctly, I was TDY to Fort Dix. And we were regular line-duty MP's. I had a blast! It was great! We worked twelve-hour shifts, but it went so fast, because things were happening all the time. Then they actually sent me to the fifth floor of the hospital. They had a guy who was touched, I guess. They couldn't control him. So they called the MP's in there. I was lucky enough--I didn't think they would ever send me there, 'cause the guy was considerably dangerous. He could have threw a fit at any time. And here, on Fort Meade, they would never send a female--they don't send a female to a domestic (domestic disturbance) because they're afraid they'll get hurt. Well, this impressed me the most. They sent me. We talked the guy upstairs to his room, and we had to put the leather restraints on him. I did that! I mean, they actually let me do it! That was terrific. It was the best thing I've done since I've been an MP. It didn't scare me at all. I mean, I had the situation under control. I knew myself. The other guy, my partner, he just stood there. He was there in case I ran into any difficulties. But I didn't. I mean, I told the man to lay down on the bed, I strapped him in the things. There was no big deal about it. It's action like that that I was looking for when I came in as an MP.

I think I'm getting out. I was going to stay. But this Fort has discouraged me so much. People told me, "This is not the Army. Fort Meade is not the Army. You'll have a chance, maybe someplace else. Overseas." I don't want to go overseas. My father has a heart condition. So I'd better stay here in the States, in case anything happens. It would be a lot easier for me to be four hours away than to come across the sea to get back here. You know, he had a heart attack during basic training. They rushed me up there. That's one thing about the Army I like too--the Red Cross, and the emergency type things that they do. They're good at it. You just call, and you're gone.

I've had it happen already (a friend asking about the Army). And at one point, I told them it's a good way to get together. I mean, if you're really pit-low and you're ready to pick yourself up, it's good. Now that you only have to enlist for two years, it's better. Because two years goes by like that (snaps her finger). Like, I'm going over two in May, and it went fast! But now, I have to sit down and actually tell them, from what I've seen, what it's like. And if they still decide they want to go, I'm not going to stop 'em. I'm not going to say "No, you're crazy." But I'll explain to them what I've gone through, and what other people have said to me. And if they still want to go, they can go. But I wouldn't recommend it highly. Not at all. I really would put in more rough than good. Because of what I've been through. . . .

MILITARY POLICEMAN

Mark is a twenty-one year old Specialist Four who has been stationed at Fort Campbell for two and one-half years. He is a high school graduate, and came into the Army immediately upon graduation. His Father, who has two years of college, is a photographic plate-maker for a magazine; his Mother, with a 10th grade education, is a Floor Foreman for Crown, Cork, & Seal. Mark's home town is Chicago. His hobbies are skeet shooting, hiking, and motorcycle riding. He reenlisted two weeks prior to the interview.

My Father, he didn't say much about it, because he was only in for two years. My other relatives were in the Vietnam War. So, they said it would probably be completely different from what the Army is today. The recruiter, the way he put it was, I'd be working five days on, two days off. That was the idea that he would plant into your mind--working forty hours a week. Which, in turn, it really wouldn't come out that way. You would, in different units, put in more hours. But he also stated that during basic and AIT, it was going to be the roughest time in the career. Then, once you got to your duty assignment, everything would change, and it would be just like working a regular job. That was basically the idea that I had.

I was still in high school when I went to him. Primarily, it was to get away from all the family problems back home. My parents got divorced. My Grandfather and Mother stopped talking. You know, they wouldn't even talk to each other. Everything was just coming down--the family just breaking up, and that. So I figured, well, I wanted to get a job, and this was the best way to do it--to get the experience that I need. So I figured I'd come on in.

I did want to get into the career that I'm working in, and I had to be twenty-one to get into that. So I figured I'd come in and get the experience needed to help me out on the job after I got out. The Air Force--they're security guards, primarily. All they do is stand guard planes or guard the airfield. They don't get involved into regular police work, taking cases, bomb threats, possessions, and whatever else. The Navy have the Shore Patrol--that'd be about it. A lot of them would, primarily, guard the boats, the ships, while they were in the harbor, and that. On a post like this one here, it's primarily a "closed post"--we have total jurisdiction here. So we are, in a sense, the civilian police department for the Army. Originally, I just planned on serving three years. They gave me station-of-choice, the MOS, because of myself qualifying for it with my GT score. I just wanted to go to the largest post that was close enough to drive, but far enough to not be worried about somebody droppin' in on ya all the time. It's a seven-hour drive from here to Chicago.

As soon as I got here, they said everything they taught you in school--forget it! Each post has a different way of doing things. Each desk sergeant has a different way that he wants the paperwork to be done. So everything they taught you in AIT, you really had to forget the way they told you how to do it. There was a different way of doing the paperwork here.

While we're working, it's OK. At first, it wasn't. We had to put up with a buncha "home made" rules, as I guess you could put it, from our Battalion Commander--our Provost Marshall. He went back to the "old Army," where you had to have "white walls" at all times. His SOP stated your permanent-press fatigues, your field jacks would all be starched. I really didn't mind it, but we run into a bind, especially when I first came in--I was married. With only being a Private, it hit hard on the budget, having to get the fatigues and that starched all the time. And the same fatigues you wear for line duty, for police work, you also had to wear down in the motor pool.

I'm in the process of getting a divorce now, sir. First, it was hard on the budget, because, when I came in, I believe it was \$419 for an E-deuce. And then, with the cost of living what it is around any Army installation--it's always higher, because of the military being there. For a while, we were working forty-five days straight, before we'd get a day off. It kinda got hard, and it turned a lot of people cranky, because of that one reason. According to my wife, she blamed the majority of it on being in the military, because we had just gotten married at the time. We were engaged, before I went in, in July of Seventy-seven. We got married, after I got out of AIT, November 12th, and then I reported here November 18th. Over Thanksgiving, for the break, I went home and brought her back down here.

I like meeting people. I like to work with people. That's one of the main things--I deal with people every day. To me, just meetin' people every day, that's a high on life for me. All's you're doin', really, you come in contact with everybody in the military, all different races, all different MOS's, also. That's one of the things I enjoy most about it, is meetin' and seeing all the other people's behavior is. How they act and react to different things. . .

Things in the Army that turn me off? Primarily, it's the way people act. A lot of them--Fort Campbell particularly; I believe it's sixty percent black. (At the time of the interview, actual black population at Ft. Campbell was 31.4%) They have no respect at all for the law, to begin with. Then you see 'em walkin' around the streets and that, in half-uniforms. They'll wear their khaki britches, and go down to the clubs, and that, down on the strip outside the post here. I used to go around, just go inside the different clubs to see how it was in there. Now, there's only two places I'll go--it's the Waterhole and the Sportsman's Lodge. They're both Country and Western bars. You have no drug traffic, that I know, going through there. The Waterhole is an older group of mostly retired personnel. And the only other people that go there usually is MP's. The Sportsman's Lodge is a variety of everybody, but they keep it to a low roar. Drugs, that's the biggest problem with the places on the strip.

Nineteen-eighty most likely will be the hardest year, economy-wise, on the outside. One of the main reasons why I refused to reenlist, at first, was because I've been here my whole time. I've been to a couple other posts, TDY up there for three weeks, and that. This place is completely different than the other places--Fort Drum, Fort Bragg, and Fort Jackson. There, you do a job, and that's all you're required to do. But here, you get committed--especially with me being in the Division MP unit--you have to pull your regular line duty, plus, you have to pull garrison duty--the garrison duty and the divisional duty.

We get overcommitted. For a while, we were down to seventy-three percent strength. With all the commitments we had, that's when we were in the bind, working forty-five days straight. You'd go into the field, and then you'd come out, and as soon as you come out of the field, you came in, cleaned all your equipment, and the next day you went on line duty and worked. . .

MILITARY POLICE TRAFFIC ACCIDENT INVESTIGATOR

Dick is not unlike the leading character in the movie, "A Force of One." There is a mysterious energy and maturity beneath a quiet surface. He is a twenty-two year old Specialist Four, stationed in V Corps for two years. He is engaged to a German girl. He grew up in Simi Valley, California. His father, a PhD, is an elementary school principal; his mother, a college graduate, is a dental assistant. Dick has one year of college. Before coming in the Army, he worked for over three years in various occupations--security guard, service station attendant, and lumberjack. His hobbies are hunting, hiking, running, backpacking, camping, and art. He does not plan to reenlist.

My image of the Army--I didn't see too much freedom. But I came in, because I want to be a policeman. I figured, as an MP in the Army, over the Air Force and the Navy, it's the closest to actual police work. So I picked to be an MP for three years, so I could make up my mind. I was attending college at that time. I figured, the best way to find out if it's the work I'm going to do for the rest of my life. Being in the service, it'd kind of help me get on to a police department, which is kind of hard for the one I want, which is L.A.P.D.

It's not as structured as I thought it was, but there's a lot of things that I seen that I didn't think would be here too. When I talked to my recruiter, he showed me everything that I could get. There was just two things that I was interested in, helicopter pilot and military police. He told me how the "New Army," it's like a civilian job--you go in, you put in eight hours, and you're off. Your time is your own. He's trying to sell me something, and I kind of accepted too many things, for the way he said, or his opinion. You got your film, "Military Police in the Army." They've got good equipment, they've got cars. It's just like a civilian police department. They don't show you the ADA, like the big towers, which is a big part here in Germany (a security site for missiles). When you come into the service, you're not told anything about this. It makes everything look nice. I guess if they didn't, it would be a lot harder to get people to come in.

They were telling me, "Oh, other units have the details, they clean the barracks. But the MP's, that's all they do is work the road." So I thought it was quite nice. I came over here, found it was quite different. We've got ADA, we've got details every other week, just cleaning the barracks. Details wouldn't be a bad thing if they had something for us to do all the time. But we've got two hours worth of work, and they put into eight hours, and they supplement with classes, classes that I feel, they're an insult to most people's intelligence.

We've got battalion, gives us a problem, gives us a lot of harrassment. We've got battalion, and then our MP company above us, and we work with an MP station. It's part of Fifth Corps--it belongs to community. So we've got friction between MP Company and Station, and between our Company and Battalion. To impress Battalion, they keep us working all the time. So we do things like,

the Platoon Sergeant says, "the First Sergeant went by . . . doesn't like the . . . the jeeps aren't lined up in the motor pool." So, we go up, we line up the jeeps. Then we find out, later that night, we gotta take 'em all down to the motor pool so the mechanics can check them out. Then we gotta take 'em back up and line 'em up again. Then, later, they tell us, well, we gotta take 'em down to commo. We spend, like, three hours doing something that coulda been done in an hour, so they can, you know, keep us busy all the time. This, I think, affects morale quite a bit. We consider it "being messed with." . . .

On actual police work, I think we've got the best assignment here, in Frankfurt--one of the best, probably, in Europe. We work the road. We have all the Kasernes and housing areas in Frankfurt. We've got set patrol areas where everything's broken down, so if you have one unit, you go out to a certain housing area. You go down, you patrol these areas, you take all cases in that areas--like TA's (traffic accidents), larcenies, fights. This work is interesting; it's what I like. This is what I came into the service for. You've got domestics, you've got your fights, you've got your traffic accidents, larceny reports. It's pretty close to what I believe would happen in civilian life. You got rapes, murders--'had a couple murders here in Frankfurt, too.

Traffic accidents--not too many people like those. But, that's my job, 'cause I'm a traffic accident investigator, and I also work MP when there isn't any traffic accidents goin' on. A traffic accident's easy to do. You can walk down there and, usually, if you just take a look, you can see what's gonna happen. So all you have to do is, you take your statements, talk to the people, question them, make sure they're telling you the truth, and you go over everything they said to you--make sure they can repeat everything the same way again. Then you make your conclusions, draw up your diagrams of the accident, take your measurements, and stuff like this. Then you got your larcenies, which is the easiest to do. A larceny, you go out, and you have sworn statements--twenty-eight twenty-three--you tell them to fill out the last time they seen this item before it was stolen; the time they noticed it stolen, where it was sittin', if the door was locked, and stuff like this. That report is very easy to do.

Your domestic disturbance, it's something that's really hard, to figure out what to do. No two incidents the same. It's very easy to make a wrong decision, whether you think the paperwork should be done. It's up to the MP, whether he's going to do the paperwork. But if there's any injury or damage, then it's quite obvious you have to do the paperwork. If it doesn't look like anybody's been beat on, nobody's been hurt, and nothin's been destroyed, then you can try to work it out between the people. You can make a decision, whether you feel one person should leave for the night, and they should try to work it out later, when they cool off. Or if you can, bring both people to an understanding there. But there's also a lot of danger in that. You don't know if a person has a gun, a person has a knife, or something like this. 'Cause in a domestic disturbance, you're not going to go in and use your right to pat somebody down (search them), because this will intensify the situation. So you don't know what kind of weapons there are, or how you could get hurt. Policemen on the outside have lost their lives just knocking on the door during a domestic.

Then you can go in the situation where you gotta separate them. They're fighting--you can see where one has beat on the other, or both have beat on each other. And you can separate them. Then, one will strike the MP, or you feel like you should take him in for what he's done. You turn around to put the cuffs on him, and the wife will see her husband goin', and she'll jump on the MP. These are the things you gotta be careful about. You gotta keep each person separate. You gotta keep things under control. What we try to do is, a pair; you should always have at least two people, I feel.

When I first came in the service, it was pretty easy to pass it by when we're called "pigs." But as long as I've been here (two years), stuff kinda gets on your nerves after a while. It makes me angry now, but you keep a professional image, as an MP. You know, you can't turn around and yell back, or you can't go over and say, "Give me your ID card, buddy." Stuff like this. I feel the best thing to do is carry on with what you're doin'; if you don't pay the guy any attention, I feel that he looks pretty stupid in the eyes of others. Eventually, somebody's gonna bring that to his attention.

We picked up a person that threatened to kill his wife. The MP's were called. We had several units respond. We cut off the area, 'cause supposedly, he had a forty-five pistol. We come up alongside the building, and saw, from the window, he was holding a high-powered rifle, with a scope on it. So we moved everybody back, even farther. We went up there, we apprehended the individual, we took seven rifles and two pistols out of his house. He still had a nine millimeter, his wife said, that we couldn't find. He was a DA civilian, working for the government, in government housing. So we only had what you call a "temporary custody," we can place a person under. Then we hand him over to the German Police. So the German Police confiscated all the weapons and everything, couldn't find the other pistol.

Three days later, he was released by the German Police. I went down to the bar, and I was sittin' down there, drinkin'. I looked up, at the end of my table, and there's the guy, sitting there, lookin' at me--you know, the one that I'd picked up and did all the paperwork on. It's not a very good feeling for me, 'cause I know he still's got that other gun, and I don't know if it's on him or not, and I'm off duty.

I like to go to the German Clubs. I don't run into too many soldiers. The American Legion--it's a smaller group that goes there, and I don't have anyone sayin' "Hey! You remember me? You know, you stopped me for this, and you did that." I've had that happen in the other clubs--people sayin' "Remember me? You gave me a ticket," and stuff like this.

I wanted to take classes. I've only been able to take one class, since I've been in the service, because we work shift work. It's pretty hard for me to try and take a class . . . I feel I've gained a lot of experience, and I'd still like to learn a lot more.

If you come in the Army, and you don't want somethin' out of it, you're not going to get anything. It's not going to do you any good, and you're not going to do them any good. The recruiter wanted me to tell 'em my experiences--"say all your favorite things!", you know, things that would make the Army look good.

So I'd tell 'em, you know, "I came in for a purpose." I'd talk to 'em, I'd tell 'em, "If you're gonna come in, you're just lookin' for money and stuff, you don't even care what you're gonna be, I feel you're not gonna make it." You're not gonna make it in any job, the way I feel, if you're not gonna apply yourself. . . .

OPERATING ROOM TECHNICIAN--91D

Rebecca, a twenty-five year old Specialist Four, has been stationed at Fort Eustis, across Chesapeake Bay from her hometown of Norfolk, for three and one-half years. She is a high school graduate, married, with a small toddler at home. Her father is deceased; her mother is a retired nurse. Before joining the Army, Rebecca worked for two years as a waitress at a fast food restaurant. Her hobbies are playing cards and entertaining. At the time of the interview, she is clearing post in preparation for getting out of the Army.

I had been trying to get in contact with the recruiter, at the time, right? I was at the stoplight. I saw a recruiter's car come to the red light, and I just honked. He talked to me. I took the tests. He explained to me that it wasn't easy, but that it wasn't hard either. Some of my friends were in the Army, and I had gotten some feedback about the Army. Ever since I was in high school, I wanted to join. But somehow, I just didn't join. So I figured, this was the time I was going to join. . . the travel, the education, and if it was time of war, I'd probably be here anyway. It was just. . . the experience. (When I said I was going to join the Army, my mother said) "good." No negative reactions. See, I was staying by myself when I came in. I felt I had to do something, and this was the time to do it. So I decided to come in then.

When I was in Richmond, the recruiter sergeant asked me, what did I want to take up. I said the medical field. I like to work with people. So he said, OR Technician. I said, "I'll take it!" And so that's how I got in the Army.

It's nice. I've only been stationed at Fort Eustis, but my time here has been nice. You go through your changes. But that's like an everyday job, or anything. You know, the different people you meet, the different attitudes, and stuff like that. But my job at Fort Eustis has been very nice, and I don't have any complaints. You get tired of twenty-four hour duty. . . (laughs). . . but that's a part of the Army.

I work in the operating room--OR Technician, ninety-one D. You have the different doctors. You have to study each doctor, the way they do things, what instruments they use. Each case is different. Here, the Army don't do too many major problems. Like, I haven't seen a baby born. We do gall bladders and hernias, which isn't that serious, but it could be. But I get the experience. The doctors are nice to work with. They're understanding. I really like it. It's pretty good.

I prep the females. And when I'm off, I go and talk to the patients. Sometimes I see myself getting involved, like, too involved. I love all the patients. I sit down and talk to them. And when I do the preps, I talk to them. I knew this one lady, she was sick. I saw her in the hallway, crying-- she was just crying. I had to leave, right quick, so she wouldn't see me getting upset. If I got upset, it would make her. . . My husband had surgery

done to his foot. You know, you have a . . . it's a different feeling; it's still a human being. Like, my daughter, she comes to me. I know it's just a little, small cut--nothing serious. If it was something serious, I probably would panic. . .

There's one thing that happened to me--I was at Fort Sam--and I had a death in the family. I went through depression states. My commander was passing out travel pay. See, I was recycled. The commander was beginning to pass out traveler's pay. I went up to him, before he started passing out the pay and asked him, could I be relieved, since I was being recycled. He said, "Yes." The next day, he called me to the office, and my money--the exact money I was supposed to have got--was missing. He said I had to go talk to CID and stuff like this. I said, "Fine!", cause (laughs) I didn't take it. So I went to the CID, and the CID told me how many years I could get, and all this. I figured, (laughs) "I better get me a lawyer" (laughs) because they were going to try and burn me, one way or the other. So I went and got me a lawyer, and the lawyer explained to me that I didn't have to take any lie-detector test, or anything, because the paper (pay receipt) was not signed. It was bad, because of my depressed state, because of my father's death. . .

Turned me on? The people. A lot of different people. And I hate to leave. I hate to leave the people that I've been working with. The main reason is, I have a daughter, and I'm afraid to go to Germany (laughs). Not really afraid. But I don't think I can afford Germany. Financially. My pay. My husband, he has a nice job here. He's a civilian. Same benefits. And I don't think I could make it over in Germany, because I wouldn't let my family go with me. I want to be with my family right now. That's the thing with me. I want to be with my family. I don't knock the Army at all. For a single person, its fine. . .

PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION SPECIALIST

It is apparent from the way he talks about them that Larry's family--three brothers and five sisters--are a very important part of his life. He is an eighteen year old Private, E-2, from Norfolk. Like both of his parents, he is a high school graduate. His Father works for the City of Norfolk as a truck driver; he works nights for Norfolk Navy Base, loading airplanes. His Mother is a custodian at DePau Hospital. He has been assigned to Fort Belvoir for four months. Basketball, baseball, football, and volleyball are his hobbies. He is undecided about his reenlistment decision.

My parents, I always talked to them about it, and they always asked me was I interested in going to college. And I always said, no, I wasn't too interested in going to college. So they said, what am I going to do. I said, "I think I'm going to join the service for a while and see what it's like; 'get a skill, and maybe come out in a couple years, and see if I can get a job, or somethin'."

I thought the Army was a lot better (than the other services). It is pretty good--I'm having a pretty good time. . .trainin', workin' my job, doin' what I want to do, studying a skill and all. . .A friend of mine--I asked him about the Army--he told me he knew the Recruiter. So he sent him around to my house. He talked to me, and I told him that I was interested in going in. The next day, he showed me a couple films about the Army and what it's like. So I decided I'd go ahead on in, and see what it was going to be like for myself.

I wasn't really too interested in airborne-ranger, Infantry, something like that. I wanted to be something that I could do myself, and look forward to in life. At the beginning, he told me that the only choice I had was being a Military Policeman, or being a Personnel Administration Specialist. So I told him I wasn't too interested in being an MP, because I was young, and didn't know too much about it. He told me I had to go to the Military Academy or something like that. I wasn't really too interested in that. So I said, "I do know a little bit about typing and all." He told me that Personnel Administration was involved in typing, and fillin' out forms, and workin' with others. So I told him I was kinda interested in that and I took that MOS.

I chose Fort Lewis, Washington. What happened was, I asked my recruiter could I be stationed on the eastern shore. So when I went to the AFEEs Station, I asked them about could I be stationed on the eastern coast, over here. He said it was alright. So he put me down for Washington, DC. No. . .he put me down for Washington. . .Washington. I thought he was talking about Washington, DC. I didn't ask him about what part of Washington--was it Washington State or Washington, DC.

When I got my orders, I just knew that Fort Lewis was in Washington, DC. I didn't know where it was at. I was kinda young--I didn't know much when I came in. 'Still kinda young. (laughs) 'Still gotta lot to learn. I found out it was Fort Lewis, Washington, way out there in Washington State. (laughs) I just decided I wasn't going all the way to Fort Lewis, Washington.

I tried the recruiting station, but there wasn't much he coulda' done. Those recruiters are kinda slick and all (laughs) I worked it out--it was kind of difficult--I went to go see Congressman Whitehurst's Aide. She helped me out; she told me she knew something about who I could see about getting it changed, even though I had a contract about going to Fort Lewis, Washington. So she set it up, and I went to Fort Eustis, I went to Fort Story--somewhere--anywhere on the East Coast. Finally, one day, when I was getting ready to leave--getting ready to go to Fort Lewis--the day before I was getting ready to leave, I got a phone call, and she say that she had got it changed. I was going to Fort Belvoir, Virginia. So I told her thank-you and all--I wrote her a letter.

In basic training, the most thing I liked about it was meetin' other friends, gettin' along with other people, and havin' a nice time. Meetin' new people from different parts of the States. I had a pretty nice time in basic training. I hated leaving. You get over there, and it's time to leave, and you gotta leave your friends and all. You have a good time, though. It was nice for me. The training was good; I got in shape. I'm kinda outa shape now, but when I was in basic, I was in shape. It was pretty nice.

Goin' to the field--that turns me off, there. Can't take a shower--I mean you can't come back. Female can come back and take a shower, but you can't come back. That mean, the female can come back and take a shower, but you can't. Stuff like that--it turns me off. And stuff like--you have police call. Alright, when it's snowin' outside, or something, they wants you to do police call. Then, when it's nice and sunny outside, they don't want you to mess with the trash. They say, skip it or forget it.

Mostly I've learned about typing. I've learned a lot about typing while I was here, and at AIT. Learning how to communicate and get along with people. Right now I'm just an assistant Sidpers clerk, right? We got a Sidpers clerk--I'm just cutting the slack. Like, if he wants to go on leave, I take over his job, stuff like that. You process people in; you process 'em out. After they been to CPC they come over here and process into their unit. Usually they ask small questions like, "How many days a week do you have PT? How are the Clubs? How are the women?", stuff like that. "When is formations, in the morning, afternoon?" Small stuff like that. It's really an important job. It depends on you, because you be workin' for the whole company. You mess up, that makes the whole company look bad. One thing I like--when you do good, you get a good Sidpers rate, the colonel, somebody like that--they always congratulating us, give you a three-day pass.

I always talk to a lot of my friends. The recruiter told me to talk to a couple of guys in my neighborhood about tryin' to get them to go in. My brother got a couple guys to come in when he came in. So I decided to get some of them guys off the block--try to get them to come in. I'm still workin' on it. I think I'm gonna get some of them to come on in--because, just walkin' the street, there ain't nothin out there. . .

PERSONNEL RECORDS SPECIALIST

He was born in San Salvadore and came to the United States when he was nine years old. Ernie graduated from high school in New York City, then worked at various jobs for a year before joining the Army. These included a vacuum cleaner bag factory, busboy, and driver for a dry cleaning company. He is a twenty-four year old Specialist Four stationed at Fort Belvoir; he has been in the Army for almost three years. His Father, born in San Salvadore, has no formal education, and works as a dishwasher in a restaurant. His Mother, with a second-grade education, is a housewife. Ernie's hobby is model airplanes. After the interview, off-line, he mentions that he has seen many soldiers of Spanish decent that have language problems in the Army. He states that they will often pretend that they understand English when, in fact, they understand very little. Ernie is undecided about his reenlistment decision.

I was having problems with my fiance. Before I came in, I had some friends coming in. I had this friend, and after he got out of AIT, he told me he was going to be stationed in Hawaii. But he never told me what he had to go through first. He was in Hometown Recruiting. He got picked for my hometown. He said he was going to be stationed in Hawaii and I asked him "How long's the training?" He says, "Well, that's about two months long. Why don't you go and talk to the recruiter and he'll let you know everything else." Like, all I had to do was go to school, that's it. That would be the training. Just go to school. That's the picture I had in my mind, all the way through--when I made the paperwork, when I went through my physical, when I went through everything. Even when I went to Fort Dix. Then, when they started waking us up really early and screaming all around and formations--I didn't know what was going on. From there on it hit me that it was going to be different than what I thought. Actually, in my mind, I had that all I was going to go through, maybe like. . .only going to school. Only going to classes.

I guess one of the reasons (for going to the recruiter) was I like to travel. The other reason was, I wanted to try something different. I always went to the office and looked at the pamphlet--see all the courses they were offering, and I really started liking it. The pay, compared to the outside, was better. That was one of the two main reasons. The other reason was, I had problems with my family. They were looking at me like I was going to be a bum; I wasn't going to do anything. So I had to prove to them. "Forget it, I'm leaving. And maybe I'll come back in a year, and you're going to see a completely different person." That's what happened--they saw a completely different person when I came back. . . at least they knew I was going to do something with myself instead of quitting job every three months, getting a job at restaurant, working nights. They didn't like it. They wanted me to get up higher. Get better job. Make more money. Work at an office. That's where they wanted me to go.

At the beginning, I signed up as a mechanic--wheeled vehicle mechanic. Basic went fast, and I started going through AIT. Then, I went home one time, and-- Snap! I don't know what happened. I really don't know what happened. I went AWOL. (It is said in almost a whisper. He is visibly moved by the recollection of what he is about to tell.) I was halfway through AIT, and I went AWOL. Thirty days. I kept saying to myself, "Maybe you don't care anymore about yourself." I really don't know what I had on my mind. Actually, I really didn't care. . . (thinking). . . maybe I did care, I don't know. . . everything was going. . . every day was something different. But I was AWOL thirty days, then I turned myself in.

It really was bad, because I lied. I lied a lot. I lied to my parents. See, actually they didn't know anything about the Army. Right now they don't know anything--I have to explain to them--what the award on my uniform means, what the rank on my uniform means. So it really wasn't hard to lie to them, and just tell them "Well, my CO gave me three days off, a week, overnight. . ." Go like that, until my CO called my parents. The authorities were looking for me at my house. I was close by.

Somebody kept telling me what's happening at the house, until that day I just decided to go back. I didn't want to run anymore. I was tired looking behind my back, see who was watching me. So I turned myself in, and the CO told me I was going to go to the stockade. I had a summary court martial. See, I plead guilty all the way. After I got my summary court martial, they sentenced me to ninety days hard labor.

You know, at the time I got my summary courts martial, I kept saying to myself, "They don't care about us." . . . Spanish. . . the drill sergeant (from AIT) I still remember that, I always keep it in my mind. When he first saw me, right? And he's a white drill sergeant. He said, "You're going to go to the stockade, boy." Like, he was telling me, "You won't have a chance against me." He was telling me, "I'm going to do everything in my power." I was with him four days--he treated me like dirt. When I went AWOL, I didn't like him. I really didn't. And it wasn't me, to do that. My parents--they didn't bring me up to hate anybody. I know it's impossible not to be prejudiced. I'm not saying that I'm not prejudiced. But they taught me to cope with black, white, red. And I was doing it. But then, I guess he influenced me into saying, "I don't like whites. I hate them." And it made me so I didn't want to see his face anymore. I guess what I thought, the only way to solve that problem was running away, which I did.

I spend at Fort Dix a week. It wasn't bad. I tell you what, I don't want to be there again, but. . . . After that, I went to Fort Riley; it was a Retraining Brigade. You know, it's surprising, because I wasn't scared, I wasn't lonesome. Every day, something different happens. They had drill sergeants down there, and they had guys from all over--you know, every post. Europe--Korea--from every post, they were there. Because they either went AWOL, they either got caught with drugs, or they hit an NCO, or something. Some of them were telling me, "I was an E-4. I was an E-5. Now I'm an E-1." I learned a lot. If I could go back to that training, I would, but not in the situation that I was in at that time. I would go back there, if they had training like that, and it was up to you, like "Hey, you want to go to that training, for two months?" I'd say, "Yeah, I go back." See, there, they treated us like men. They treated us like soldiers.

After that, they dropped me from sixty-three bravo, which is Wheeled Vehicle Mechanic, and they put me in Fort Jackson; seventy-five delta, what I am doing now. When I came in the Army, I didn't know how to type. I didn't know anything about that. Riley didn't teach me that either. I went to Jackson, but they didn't teach me it. They just give you the basics. I learn everything, what I know now, while I was overseas--in Germany. I was in two places.

I like (personnel work), because I learn more about the Army--not about the Army on the outside, but inside--what makes the Army run. What makes it work. I know more about the soldiers. I know what makes them do that, I know what makes them go AWOL--I done it myself--and I know more about why the Army sends you over there. Why they need you over there; why they need crane operators, why they need Infantrymen, why they need that. This field, right here, I feel like I'm inside, near the heart of the Army.

I guess what I really like about the Army, my first duty station. It wasn't really something specific. It was just day to day, what happened at the office--how I got along with the officers. I really liked that, because I really got along with higher ranks--at Graf. I wasn't doing it because I wanted to get rank. It was just me. See, after we got off on work, they didn't see me as a PFC, which I was at that time. They saw me as another. . . as another man. Another co-worker. Another buddy. The NCO's were the same thing. That's what I really like about it. From there on, I started changing my point of view. Against NCO's. Against the officers. Which, when I went overseas, I still had in mind Fort Dix. . . this drill sergeant.

It really hasn't turned me off, but some things. . . like co-workers. They don't really give a damn about what they doing. Or, like, I'm working my butt off while they're shamming around. Like, they talk to me, and say, "I don't like the First Sergeant." I say, "Why not?" They say, "I really hate him. And if he gives me an order, I won't do it. I don't care if he busts me." I wish I could tell them, you know, what. . . what really happened to me. Maybe they could look at it differently. But as far as the one thing that really, really turns me off--I hate to say it--but this place I'm working at now. The office. Because, as far as I see, neither the NCO's or the ones below them give a damn about the job. Right now, that's why I'm having doubts. Because I have a feeling that I be coming back to the same thing like I did before. I keep saying to myself, "If they don't give a damn about me, I don't give a damn about them. I don't give a damn about the job." Which I never did overseas. Overseas we had our ups and downs, and we had a couple arguments there. But when it came time to work, you had to work. I know it's a completely different thing, when you're stationed in the States and when you're stationed overseas. Actually, it's like a complete, different Army! Right now, I wish I was back overseas.

The first thing I got out of it (my Army experience), I met a lot of people. Different people, almost from all over the world. At least I got a trade out of it. I think I do, anyway. I got some schooling out of it, which I never would have done around the outside. And I got a lot of travel, which I never would have done around the outside. I'm not talking about a lot of travel, but I never would have gone to Germany on the outside. But one thing I really got out of it--I know a little bit how the Army functions--the laws of the Army. It's a completely different world from the outside. At least I understand. And that's why I don't regret coming in. . .

PLATOON RTO

Tony--height, broad shoulders, square jaw, moustache, and bushy eyebrows--is the fellow you'd like to have with you when you went down a dark alley. He was a wide receiver on his high school football team; one week after enlisting in the Army, he was offered a four-year football scholarship. Tony is a high school graduate; his father, a retired Marine, has had some college and is now working for a united bulk mail center. His mother is a lamp assembly worker. He is stationed in Berlin. His hobbies are stereo equipment, football, baseball, fishing, and hunting. He plans to get out of the Army in June 1980. He is trying to quit smoking; his gum chewing and staccato conversation attest to this.

Well, when I first came in, I just came out of high school. I had some pressures at home, and, I had to get away from the house. My dad retired from the Marine Corps and I had been in the service all my life. The only place in the world I hadn't been was Europe, and I just came in to see Europe. And just to get away from home, too. I chose the Army to see what it would be like. Infantryman, 11B is what I wanted. That's what I asked for--you're not always doing one thing. I don't like to work behind a desk or anything. I always liked to be out--pretty active myself, and you're always on the move, doing something. Not always doing the same thing all the time.

It's got its ups and downs. Everybody said it was going to be so hard and difficult. It wasn't, really. Pretty easy! All you do is set your mind to it, and you can do it. Training's not really that hard. All you gotta do is set your mind to it, and you can do it. My old man was on me all the time when I was home anyway. . . .

When we go to training, the training is good, but they've got it screwed up some places too. Like, you go and do something, and they want you to hurry up and get there. OK, you get there, and then you wait so long. Hurry up, and wait. I think the best training I've had so far, here in Berlin, was CIC Training--Combat in the City. Combat in the City's a lot different from your guerrilla warfare type exercises, stuff like that. You're not in the woods. You're in the city, fightin'. They just started that recently. I like that a lot better than being out in the woods, because there's a lot more you can do in the city than you can do in the woods. It's just been really interesting, seeing what you can do, and what you can't do, and how hard it is to clear a room. You can trip a booby trap, it's mined--stuff like that. Right here in the city. They have these abandoned apartments, and people've moved out, but most of the furniture's still there. They're going to be tearing the buildings down anyway; they let us train before they tear them down.

I'd say, "hurry up and wait." That's one thing that turns me off. And another thing is, you be out in the field all day, and, um, OK, you get chow in the morning--time--most of the time you get it in the morning. Then you won't get no lunch. One time, we were in the little forest they have over here, waiting for chow. It was lunchtime. They said we was in the high MOP, OK?

We put on our NBC suits, protective masks, and all that stuff. Well we went high MOP, and we stayed in it for six hours, because the people, they forgot to bring C-rations out there. So they put us in high MOP until dinnertime.

Another part is, you gotta get used to different people coming in the Army. The people really ain't that bad. It's just the authorities above you, like the Senior NCO's, coming just from a Drill Sergeants School. You gotta try and break 'em in. But some aren't so easy to break in. I had one that took about seven, eight months before he started breaking in, before you started working for him, OK? Nobody could work for him because he wouldn't trust nobody, or do nothing for nobody, you know? He came in, he said he's not here to make friends, but the more enemies he's got the better he feels. And that's another thing, too, that turns me off, about the Army. You don't have to be like that. Regular permanent party station is a lot different than being trainees. You've already learnt that stuff. There's no reason you gotta go on being treated like one. I don't know if it happens a lot, but I've talked to different people, new people, that's coming in now, and they seen it before.

Duty here in Berlin, people say it's a "get-over." A "get-over." It's not as hard as you'd like, here in the West. We only go to the field in Berlin maybe twice, three times a year, at the most. If you're in the West (West Germany), you're in the field eight months out of the year. Here in Berlin, they got the "green" block, "yellow" block, "blue" block. It's nice! I like it! I like doing it like this (the Berlin Brigade's "block" concept). It breaks it up. It doesn't make it so monotonous, and you get better morale out of that, I think.

(Having the enemy so close) makes you realize that they are there. You gotta face the fact. It's a reality that maybe one day they're going to come over that wall. Who knows? You just gotta be ready. A lot of guys come here--especially new guys. You give them classes, and they say "Yah, OK!" They play, "Yah, OK!" and they don't realize how close they really are, you know? If they do come, you gotta know your stuff. I know mine. I'm ready! (laughs) I think the majority of them do. Then you got your other majority that don't. You know, they just don't give a shit. . . .

I'm a foot soldier. I'm a platoon RTO. I liked it at first, but being it for two years, that's another thing that turned me off about the Army. It don't really thrill me no more, 'cause I'm in a position, I could be a team leader, right? I'm the only one in the platoon that knows the CEOI, and knows how to encode, decode messages, and knows how to give out grid coordinates, "Shackles," and all this good stuff. Everybody else in the platoon, they don't want to learn it, because they don't wanna hump that radio, you know? I'm still stuck with the same old radio, and that turned me off. I wanted to be in a team leader's slot.

I gave it a lot of thought (my decision to get out). I went home in November (1979), and I was home a little over a month. I got married, I found a job, did some work, and got a job waiting for me now when I get out. I'll be working part time, cause I'll be going to school. I want to go to college. I got this friend of mine, he owns this construction company. I'm a pretty good carpenter, and I'll make a few extra bucks, here and there, while I'm going to school. I got this VEAP? I came in, looking at it--I go in for three years, find out what it's like, you know? I planned on getting out. I don't think that any changes that could have been made would have caused me to stay in.

I'd give them (somebody thinking about coming into the Army) as good advice-- I'd tell them what it was like, what to expect, what their feelings might be away from home for the first six months. After that, it's not too bad. I wouldn't bullshit to anybody, or lie to anybody. Just keep squared away, and you'll be alright. I grew up a lot. Most definitely!

PLL CLERK

Tony is a twenty-five year old Specialist Four from Rios Piedras, Puerto Ricc. Both of his parents have some college. His father is retired from the Air Force. His Mother works as a secretary. Tony is married, and his wife is expecting their first child in three months. He has been assigned to a FORSCOM battalion at Fort Eustis for one and one-half years. His hobbies are sports. He is getting out of the Army.

I was in school. I had to quit because I couldn't pay. I was in college, first year of college. So, my idea of the Army was coming in, doing three years. If I like it I will stay; if not, I will get out and I will have money to pay the college.

At the time, my sister's Godfather, he was in the Army--he was a recruiter. So he explained the benefits, the good things and he said, whatever you like, I can get it for you if you enlist. He told me, "Don't let these people fool you; if you think they're not telling you the truth, let me know, and I help you with it." So I went in, and I talked to the recruiter, and I told him what I wanted. I really got what I wanted out of the recruiter, right? Like, some people don't get what they want.

When I came in, I came in for Stock Control Accounting Specialist. I got in that school, then they gave me a choice to go in another school--another MOS, combined with that. I decided to take it. I took Automotive Repair Parts Specialist. That was combined with Stock Control. That's what I be working in ever since. I like it. I like the job, because, in a way, it make you feel important. Nobody else do my job but me. They need me. Without me, the Company can't function. The vehicles can't drive if I don't order no parts.

The only thing I don't like is that sometimes we don't have no unity to work with. You know, people try to work separate. Like, sometimes they tell me they need a part for a vehicle that is deadlined, right? I go to all the trouble to order that part, they turn around and look for the part somewhere else, and my record all messed up. I gotta come back and straighten my records out.

So the time I spend was worthless. I enjoyed when I was overseas. I went to Korea. That's one of the reasons I came in the Army, too--to see, to travel. I enjoyed the time I was there. A lot of people don't like it. But I went over there and look around; I took all the tours I could. And I really like it. Then when I came back, I came back to Fort Hood. I don't like it over there that much. It was rough. They put me in a firing battery. They had me there for a month and a half, two months. I was sitting in the motor pool, in the chair, just doing nothing. I mean, my days was looking like months, and I begun to hate it. I was just sitting there, serving no purpose at all. So I talked to the captain over there, and they finally transferred me to another battery, where I was going to do my job. But it was still rough, you know. We had to go to the field a lot, and all of that.

We got a lot of benefits. But we losing all that. That's one of the reasons I'm getting out. Because I feel like all the benefits we had before, we losing all that. Like, when I came in the service, we had the GI Bill, right? I still got it. I can get out and go to school. That's what I'm planning to do. But the people that came in here now, they don't have nothing. They got to work for it. That's one of the things. Plus, if I stay in the service, I don't use my GI Bill by eighty-nine, I lost it. So they really giving me a choice--either you use it now while you in the service, or you get out and use it, or you lose it. So, you know, it's a lot of things is going on. I think that we losing a lot of benefits. Medical benefits are not the same. The dependents who used to go to the hospital and get service without questions, over here it's a lot of trouble. Over here, we got a lack of doctors in the hospital, but I don't think it's only over here. The Army's changing. The system. I don't think it's working too good.

Something that happened to me in the Army that turned me off) was when I came in here. I decided to try and take some college courses, see if I could make it, you know? When I came in here, I was on the E-5 list for almost two years, and my college score is holding up that. So I decided maybe I take some college courses, see if I can make it. So I went in, sign in for it, and I took one course, and I had a few problems with it and with the Company, but I made it. I signed in for another one, and then more problems came along. After my Company Commander tell me that he going to give me time off to go to school, and work by with the duty roster, and all this--I mean, he tell me that, and he signed that paper, authorizing me to go to school. That's what he telling me--that he going to work it out with me so I can go to school. I sign up for the course, and we have IG's that go on. I know we gotta work, you know, but when you gotta come in, a bunch of people, that you don't even live in the barracks, and you gotta stay in with these people and clean the latrines, and miss your class! I mean, to me, it don't make no sense at all! And I have to go to the field. Myself, in the field, I don't serve no purpose at all.

(If a friend back in Puerto Rico asked me for advice about joining the Army), I think I would tell him to use it as a last choice. I would tell him, if he could get in the Air Force, it would be better. My Father was in the Air Force; he retired from the Air Force. Everywhere I been, the Air Force Base is a lot better than the Army. I mean, the facilities are better, the living facilities is a whole lot better, and all that. Myself, if I was single, I think that I would get out and get in the Air Force.

PLL CLERK

Bob, a member of V Corps, is a twenty-two year old Specialist Four who has been assigned to Germany for two years. His Father has his associate degree and delivers mail in White Plains, New York; his mother, a high school graduate, is a housewife. Bob, also a high school graduate, worked for one year before joining the Army, delivering for a lumber yard and roofing company. His hobbies are fishing and skiing. He has reenlisted for a second term.

Well, my father pretty much told me a lot about the Army. He was a combat engineer. He wasn't a lifer. He stayed for his two-year tour and got out. When I joined the Army, it was a spur-of-the-moment thing. I had been pretty much opposed to the Army prior to my initial enlistment. I was down on the Vietnam War, bunch of different things. I had lost an uncle in Vietnam, and I was just down on the Army altogether. Then, I just decided one day, when I heard that the Bill (GI Bill) was going out. I wanted to go to college, and I didn't have the means of paying it, 'cause my parents aren't overly wealthy--just an average, middle-class family. I wanted to eventually go into politics, and I figured the best way to get my education was to get in with the Bill. And I just came in. I knew I didn't want to go with any combat arms unit--airborne, or combat engineers, or anything. I wanted to get into something that was more administrative.

Well, you know, I sort of always looked up to soldiers, in a way. I thought that they were pretty cool, because they were serving their country. They're getting to do things that I could never do at home, like come to Europe and maybe jumping out of the planes, driving a tank, or something like that. Something exciting to do. Change of pace, instead of falling into a rut back home--getting up each morning, drinking two cups of coffee, going to work, getting off at three, (laughs) going to the bar, having a couple of drinks, coming home.

There've been a lot of different things that set me off, like Germany! That was a dream come true in itself, gettin' to come to Europe. I've seen a lot of different things since I've been over here--a lot of Germany, some of France, 'been to Copenhagen, a few different places. It's pretty cheap, bein' in the Army, 'cause you get all kinds of breaks and stuff, on rates. Plus, you can use the MAC system, to go anyplace in Europe that you want; or, you can go back to the States. . .

Something that really turned me on? I guess, getting my Spec Four--that was something that was an achievement for myself. Maybe I'd like to go a little bit higher. You know, I'd like to be an E-5 eventually. I wouldn't even mind being a sergeant major, but, sometimes when I think about twenty years in the Army, it's a rough row to hoe! It really is! But I don't know, I think that I could probably hang with it. I'll see when I get to my next unit, because I'm gonna be going to the Hundred and First Airborne. (laughs) Just what I didn't come in for!

But I'll see what that type Army's like. Because, as far as I'm concerned, the ASA isn't anything like any part of the Army. It's just different. It's slack--slack troops, really, when you look at it. You're not harrassed as much in this unit, like with barracks. Nobody really gets down on you too much for haircuts. You can pretty much get over in the unit, as far as for haircuts. I can't do it, 'cause I have to go out and deal with other units. 'Cause I'm a PLL clerk. I have to go to Hanau and I deal with hard core units--combat engineers, and direct support units. They're more or less strack units. They're always havin'all kinds of different inspections, so they have to be.

But here in ASA, we don't have that many inspections. We got our IG, once a year, and maybe one or two MET (Maintenance Evaluation Team) inspections a year. And I don't really worry about them either, because my stuff's up tight. I've never failed a MET or an IG. See, I work in a motor pool. It's primarily us that they come out to look at--the trucks, your TAMMS, PLL, commo equipment, signal maintenance, and that's about it.

It's really good, I think! I feel like I'm working a job, most of the times. I have a lot of opportunities right at my fingertips that you wouldn't have, working for a private firm back in the States, or even working for a private firm over here. Like being able to travel; being able to use the AFRC (Armed Forces Recreation Center), Garmisch, and Berchtesgaden, and places like that. I mean, you just couldn't get that, any other place. I just recently went down to Garmisch and skied the Zugspitz--that's the highest mountain in Germany! That was a ultimate for me, 'cause I'm a skier, and I've skied the highest mountain in Germany, not to mention it's a part of the Alps! That's something! That's really a feather in my cap, to go home and tell some of my fellow skiers!

I guess my biggest gripe is, when I do something good, never gettin' any recognition for it. I feel that I'm taken for granted a lot of times, for things that I do. And when I go above and beyond what I'm normally supposed to do, like, go out and get parts and get vehicles off deadline. If I went by the means of the system, a piece of equipment might sit on deadline for, God! Forty-five days! Prior to the IG, pardon the expression, I jumped through my ass for a bunch of parts. We sent in the requisitions, but the requisitions were just getting backordered. Nothin' was in the theater. I went out and got all the parts. And, you know, I didn't even so much as get an "attaboy!" A lot of times, like, I'll bring something back that they need, and instead of them saying, "Hey! That's great! Thanks a lot!", they just automatically look for another part. "Hey! I need this now," you know? It's just a vicious circle--I never get finished. I come back from a parts run--I scrounged up a million parts--and then they want a million more.

The Colonel is more or less shielded from all that, as far as I can see it, lookin' up. I don't see where he sees what goes on in the motor pool. Ya, he sees when there's cigarette butts in front of the motor pool, when he comes out there, or a couple empty cans of oil, sitting on the fender of a truck. But he doesn't see when we're actually workin', and gettin' the parts, and workin' overtime.

This past IG, we had worked nights, all the way from November, and our IG was the end of January. We had worked nights, every night during the week, and weekends, for that long, 'til after the IG, which was really a joke! The IG just let us go through. They didn't even really inspect us like they should. That's a farce in the Army, these IG's. They don't work, really. The night before the IG, we worked until two-thirty in the morning and had to be back again at five o'clock in the morning.

We got one or two days off since then. It's when I never needed it. It was always, you know (changes to a very deep voice) "Well, take tomorrow off!", you know. When I come in and say, "Hey, I've got some papers I need to get notarized, by JAG, and this that and the other," they say, "We can't let you go. I need all these parts," you know? I think my biggest gripe in the Army is IG's, because I think that's a joke, the way I look at it. That's more or less looking and saying, well, this unit is combat ready. This unit is ready to move out. But it's such a farce! Like, before the IG, we gotta paint new lines on the bays--I mean, that's going to save us a war! We gotta sit there and spot paint our vehicles, and all that stuff, and tidy up all the paperwork, and like that. I've worked with a number of different parts clerks, that have been in war, and they tell me that the supply system doesn't even work, the way it works now, in war. It's completely different. You see a truck, pullin' up on the side of the road, you go out there and get all your parts off it.

I told a couple of people to come in the Army, when I was home on leave, last time. I told them to go into ASA or MI, something like that. One listened, one didn't. The one that listened, he's happy--he went into MI, and he's just tickled pink. The other one, he went airborne, ranger, and the whole nine yards, and he's totally disgusted. Matter of fact, he got bounced out on a bad discharge. . . . If someone is lookin' to do something with his life, not just sit home and drink beer and live on unemployment, if he's a worker, and can do something, and wants to do something, I'd advise him to come in the Army. But be choosy in what you're doing, and don't let a recruiter snow ya, which I've seen a lot. A lot of dudes come in the Army, and are thoroughly satisfied. We had a guy, come to our unit, was a fifty-two delta, which is a generator mech. He was under the impression he had enlisted to be a bandsman! And he played the horn! He went through all kinds of pains to get out of the unit and over to the Third AD Army Band over there. He finally got over there. But he's still carrying a primary MOS of fifty-two delta.

(I reenlisted) for one thing. I had gotten married at the time and I wanted to get government quarters for my wife and I. I reenlisted to get command sponsorship. I didn't see any prospects on the outside for me, as far as a decent job. I didn't wanna start college with a brand new bride. That would have been rough as heck, trying to work and go to college. So I just figured I'd start doin' my college at night. Well, I'm no longer married. I'm divorced now. (laughs) We came to a parting of the ways. Now I got different views. I wanna try and be a drill sergeant. That's something I want to do.

REENLISTMENT CLERK

The first time I had seen Julia she was in tears. She had come to me during my Battalion Commander's open door hour. She was pregnant by a black soldier, living off post, and her roommate was leaving, with no notice. The world was caving in on her. She is a single, twenty-five year old, white, Specialist Four, with a two-year-old baby at home. Her father is deceased; her mother is a housewife in Salem, Massachusetts. Although she has a cook's MOS, she is working as Battalion Reenlistment Clerk. After high school, before joining the Army, she worked for five years at various jobs--hostess, bartender, waitress, short order cook. Her hobbies are bike riding, interior decorating, reading, and doing Income Taxes. She plans to reenlist.

My reasons, primarily, for joining the military were the advantages of the educational opportunities, and the fact that I had not been, for many, many years, what I consider physically fit or healthy. I wanted to better myself physically and mentally, and to have the opportunity to travel, get a good, secure job, for three years. At that time, little did I know I was going to reenlist. I had been working as a civilian for five years prior to it, and I just couldn't find the job satisfaction or security. So I decided to take this step, knowing how full a commitment it would be, and knowing everything.

My recruiter--that's Sergeant Staples--he's fantastic! He was very fair with me, he was very explicit as to what would entail basic and permanent party, and told me about duties and guard duty, and all those things. I knew what to expect; I knew what I would have to go through. I knew about the promotion aspects and cutoff scores, and all those type of things. I have relatively good scores--but, based on my scores, there were only two categories, food service and electrician that came on the computer. So I chose what I didn't want to do anyway, which is cooking. But I didn't know anything about electricity.

Why the Army? Well, the Army, to me, has a whole broad concept of different types of people, and it seems that they offer more challenges. My father was a Marine, and I didn't want to become a hard-core type of woman. I know how my dad was, for twenty-five years. The Navy--it didn't tickle me at all to get on a ship. I just thought the Army had the best opportunities. I had considered it for almost six months.

Quite frankly, I'm not cooking. See, when I got out of AIT, I came here. I worked in a mess hall. Then I discovered I was pregnant. I worked in the mess hall until I had my baby, in the office--so I wasn't on the shift. Afterwards, I went back on shift. At the time, the mess sergeant, after about a month or so of that, said, "If you want to be a cook, you're going to have to work cook's hours, from three, four in the morning 'til whatever." I was having kind of a difficult time trying to find someone to watch my son at that time--that early in the morning. So, everyone knew that I could type. People in the PAC, at that time, needed, desperately, some clerks. The mess hall, more or less, let me go, and let me work at PAC. I then acquired my secondary, seventy-one lima, so that I could per se be working in my secondary.

I still have the ninety-four B as a primary. I could, at this point, reenlist and go for a school. But what I'm going to try to do is, when I reenlist, I'm going to try to get reclassified into either the seventy-one lima field or Finance, or, I am seriously considering seventy-nine delta as a secondary. That's Career Counsellor. If you're an E-5, you can acquire that as a secondary, E-6 as your primary. As soon as I make my E-5, which, I've been missing it by about five points lately--then I will request to go to the school, and acquire that as a secondary, and, after I get my OJT into that, switch it around as my primary. That's something I'm very excited about doing, is being a career counsellor, or a reenlistment NCO--something of that sort. I'm going to have to reenlist for present duty assignment--I believe they call it "four dash seventeen, CONUS to CONUS, Station of Choice." I want the twelve month stabilization here so that I can do all that turning around with paperwork, or at least start it. And the chances of staying here, for the entire three years seems to be good, because the rotation period for cooks is not that much. They need them here as well as they need them overseas.

I'm not married. Being in the administrative field is ideal for me, OK? The hours are good and of course the pay, and all that, is the same. But, the hours are very beneficial to finding a sitter, and I have no problem if I have alerts or recalls. I have a dependent-care plan in my 201 file; I have powers-of-attorney; I have all those things. And my sitter's fantastic! She's very dependable. I don't have to think about my son at all during the day. I don't have to question anything that goes on. I can just go to work, and come home. If I need to go back to work, or a recall, there's no problem at all. He's going to be two next month. I remember talking to you--I was out here, somewhere (gestures in front of her stomach, with her hand), and it seemed to be very difficult at the time. I was living off-post. I was an E-3; I was not authorized quarters. I now live in Government quarters. My bills are paid, six months in advance. It's terrific! I wanted desperately for it to work out. When I want something to work out, I strive until I get there! I'm not a quitter.

I still feel there's a bit of that male sexism. It's very predominant, right now, in my job. Many times, I can take it as just joking, that type of thing. Some guys say, "If you want to get this done or that done, just do a little of this . . ." and it just goes "Zoom," over the head. But sometimes, if I'm busy, if I'm very busy in the day, and somebody comes up with some kind of sexist remark, I get . . . you know, it chokes me! Because I don't feel that it's necessary. I don't utilize any of these feminine attributes that they give us when we enlist--everyone is wearing the green uniform. I respect the man for his knowledge just as I would expect him to respect me. It's not necessary, to get a good working relationship! It would seem that some women, depending on how they look, that men would think that that's an automatic thing to do, is to play like that. I resent it. I get very few, very few comments from the officer structure. There are some. But the enlisted, from E-7 down, forget it!

Turn me off? . . . (thinks) . . . See, there's not very much that does turn me off, because I don't let things get to me in that respect. Would tend to turn me off? People who are not consistent, and I have to follow their directions. Inconsistency upsets me. I don't like it. Coming back, saying, "Oh, I didn't mean that." That kind of upsets me. Inconsistency.

Based on the economic situation in civilian life, number one, I just don't want to go out there and have to search for a job. And, two, I have not, as yet, been able to get into my educational aspect of the military--to go to school at night. My son's a little bit older now, I can go to school at night. When I reenlist, I get a car, because I'll have three more years--I can pay for it. Financially, I'm stable. Extremely stable. I want to continue and get into the education and get my Associate's. I want to travel. I may make it a career! It's been good to me. To get what you want, you've gotta work for it, and you've gotta work for it very hard. In the military, there's nothing that's given to you. Trapped? No, not at all. I feel that there are so many opportunities! All you have to do is be eligible for them, and then you can just go get them. I don't care what anybody says, you can get it, if you want it.

REMOVABLE PROSTHETICS SPECIALIST

Bruce is a twenty-one year old Specialist Four, working at the Dental Clinic at Carlisle Barracks, PA. He has been on active duty for over 3½ years, spending all of that time at the same post. He has completed his first year of college, going to night school, and using in-service educational benefits. His father, a second-generation Russian-American, came from a poor family of ten children, and spent twenty-two years in the Navy; he has an associate college degree; his mother is a high school graduate. He grew up in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and has decided to get out of the Army, upon his ETS in August of this year.

I was already accepted at two colleges, and I felt that I wasn't just ready for the school. I felt that I had a lot of playfulness in me that I had to filter out. So I joined the Army, and I made sure that I got a decent job skill that I could always use to fall back on, which I have; I have the skill now. I enlisted in February of '76, which was five months before I actually came in. The Army is a lot bigger, which means that advancements are a lot quicker. That's why I chose the Army.

I am very much into sports, so I was trained -- seven to ten miles a day, lifting weights three times a week. I had the expectation for some very rigorous activity that the Army had planned for me, but I found out when I got there (basic training), I went in in better shape than I came out. I was in high level training to build strength. In the Army we were marching seven miles a day to a range. We had three PT tests, and I was running five-minute miles, with combat boots on, but, I wasn't getting my everyday running in because my time was so planned for me. We rarely had organized PT.

What I felt, in Basic, was complete loneliness. You were in the same boat with a whole bunch of other guys, but it wasn't like you could get intimate with anybody, you know, sort of like a reassurin' I don't know, it might have been childish, but it was very lonely. Very lonely. You knew that no one really cared, because they had as many problems with what was going on as you did. I observed a lot of animalistic type of behavior. You know, people would just do things without any type of rationality. Like, a drill sergeant would come down on somebody, and later on they in turn would flare up on somebody else. Never the source of where the aggression was coming from. The drill sergeant would pound into your head that if some person was to mess up, everybody is going to pay for it, and they in turn felt that everybody is going to get that guy's shit together. It didn't always work that way, because if the drill sergeant wasn't capable of getting that guys feet in the right direction, then rarely we were. So you began to think "My God! Here I am, busting my rear, and I'm still doing pushups. So why is the purpose of even trying to be compatible with them, because you're not getting any payment back for your good deeds!"

Their psychological principles I would disagree with, because of that. It's been proven time and time again in psychology that people learn better if they're rewarded immediately after. Even pigeons learn better if they're rewarded right after they do good. You just don't reward bad behavior. A lot of the things I saw in basic, I began to realize what the Army's purpose really was. I don't know if this was a test if we could take it, but it just didn't seem that it was all necessary.

In the past year I've been working on my own time with a retired General who has had three strokes, and a disease which is very degenerating. I would go over there, and, just physical therapy work, just, you know, take him outside and walk him around, and just companion with him a little bit. He has since died, but I felt that work was my most rewarding, to know that his days were happy, those last few days when I was there. I'd go on my lunch hours, because after work I'd have to run over to go to school. So I'd use my lunch-hours to go over to his house and work out with him.

The most frustrating experience, I would say, was Basic. My father and mother always gave me the room I needed to grow, with guidance available if I needed it. But they basically let me develop on my own, which I have. I've gotten very used to doing things myself. In Basic, everything was thought for me. I didn't have to do a thing, except for what I was told. I never had to think about anything, except what they wanted me to think about. It was very hard for me to structure myself into thinking that way, and I still haven't. I guess it is proved that their system really doesn't work, because the instant I was out of Basic, I was back to my old ways again. I mean, their modification techniques were totally ineffective. From that point on I've been sort of set against the Army for reasons of that sort.

I would say that my duty days are fairly unique. I work with one colonel who's a dentist, and three young dentists -- all through college and the only reason they come in the military is the aid they got when going to dental school. You know, it's quite a financial burden. They're very down to earth, and they don't set themselves on altars as far as a lot of officers would. The double rank structure really has a lot to do with incompatibility between enlisted and officers. Some people just won't let themselves associate, while the doctors do associate with me, very intimately. They taught me a lot, and they've guided me a lot, and I've learned just tons of stuff. That's why I want to go to dental school. I've got such a good solid foundation that I can go on, that they never even had before they got to dental school. I'll be miles ahead.

The typical duty day would be go to work at seven-thirty. You can expect certain types of work -- repairing of dentures, broken dentures. They usually come in in the morning because we have walk-in clinic hours at that time. I prepare dentures, and then, after I get those all set up and out of the way, I continue with the work that I have -- repair work, crown, bridges. Just work. I don't mind the job at all. Matter of fact, I really like the work. It's just that, after you done the duty day, you're not done, as far as the Army's concerned. They've still got things, that they've got for you to do.

I'm not a fool! I know this post is extremely unique, as far as duty is concerned. I figure if I can't adjust to military life, there's no way I can enjoy any other military post, because this is one of the better. I've gotten over, I mean, I'm not going to lie about it. I've gotten over just about anything you can think about in the Army. I mean, uniforms, haircuts, inspections--very, very slack. It doesn't affect my job capabilities at all, because obviously I'm performing with perfection. Dentists are perfectionists; they have to have everything just right, and obviously I perform within those limits. My military bearing has nothing to do with my job capabilities. I mean, I respect those guys a lot more than I would a lot of other officers. I'd do anything for any of those dentists, if they asked me. The use of kindness works out very well.

The military idea of how to deal with people is sort of off the wall, it seems to me. You know, intimidation. (nods towards the front of his company commander's desk). That square on his carpet right there. That's his program. You got this whole program--that's where you stand, when you render a salute. He enjoys it, very much. It should be more equalized, and then you could get people who could work together. It's just too tense. You just can't enjoy it.

What I like is what I've learned. I've got a skill--an education--I mean all I had to do is put in four years. It was very good. And I've grown up a lot. The educational benefits I'm going to receive after, it's hard to imagine their worth now. But once I'm collecting that GI Bill every month, I'm going to go to school essentially for free. That is a benefit that a lot of them don't realize. That's really the reason I came in the Army, is for the benefits.

ROUGH TERRAIN FORKLIFT OPERATOR

Ricky is a twenty-year-old Specialist Four who has been stationed at Fort Eustis for two and one-half years. His home town is Alpena, Michigan. His mother works as a waitress in a restaurant. Ricky has a ninth grade education. His hobbies are pool, models, and swimming. He has reenlisted.

Originally I was going to come in on the buddy system, but my friend couldn't come in, because he had too big of a record. Working in a grocery store--it don't seem like a job to me. Not like the Army would be. I was going to school. I quit school in tenth. Grades. I just couldn't get the grades up. So I quit school and joined the Army. I wanted to meet people, more people. People back there, they weren't the kind of people I wanted to hang around with. . . .

When I first came in, I talked to my dad about the Army--stuff like that--talked to other people. The way they said, it would be like a job. When I come in, got to Fort Jackson, it started off being a job. I was there about a week, while they gathered up people to go to basic. I enjoyed it. It was kinda fun. After I got through basic, I came right here to Fort Eustis--E-Company, I think it was--AIT for fifty-seven hotel (stevedore). I started doing that. Then I got up on the land ship (a mock ocean-going cargo vessel where stevedore-trainees learn to operate the gear)--I didn't like that in any way.

After I got out of AIT, they sent me to (my present unit). I wasn't even working in my MOS. They put me in the shore platoon, dropped me on a RT Forklift. To me, that's fun, getting out. On the land ship, all ya do is use the boom--lift up cargo and put down cargo. I'd rather operate a forklift than be doin' that. That's what I been doin' ever since.

I'm not working in my MOS. Right now, I'm working as a sixty-two foxtrot--that's a heavy equipment operator. Just operate a forklift, loadin' up trucks, loadin' up boats, and unloadin' em--just around Fort Eustis, unless they got a commitment going off post. Just load the forklift onto the five tons, take it over there, do the commitment, come back.

Average day? (laughs) Sittin' around. Last week . . . I liked last week, 'cause we had lots to do last week. Had about nine forklifts in the motor pool, every day. Some exercise--they got some name for it . . . (thinks) . . . "Operation Boomerang." They used every forklift, and I loved it! Workin' around the motor pool, movin' dummy cargo from one spot to another one. I like being busy. I don't like sitting around. It gets too boring. I start going to sleep.

(Something that really turns me off is) sittin' around. Going on commitments. . . . Like, they send you down at eight o'clock in the morning--they don't use us until ten or eleven o'clock. Like, this morning, I got there about quarter to eight. It was down at Third Port, the land ship. I went down there, and there's nobody to report to. That's the problem they have--they send you someplace, but they don't tell us who we're supposed to be reporting to. This

morning, I had a jeep escort me down to the land ship. I was supposed to work with the land ship, but they didn't tell me no names. I had a E-5 that was in the jeep, with the Company, to find out who I was supposed to work for. 'Cause I wasn't going to do nothin' 'til I found out who I was supposed to work for. He went down to the Company, and he came back, about twenty-five minutes later, and told me who I was supposed to work for. . . .

At the time I was in basic, I didn't like it. But now that I know what's going on, I wouldn't mind goin' back there. The runnin'--it kept me in shape. Right now, I don't even think I could run a mile. Our Company hasn't run through the whole winter. September, last year, they stopped running. Basic is a good place to be. I don't like the singing. I just like the runnin'.

There ain't nothin' to do on Fort Eustis. You gotta go off post to do somethin'. A lot of times I just take my car and go off post and drive around, it's so boring around this place. There's a couple bars off post you can go to--drink a couple beers. I don't even go to bars anymore. All I do now is drive off post--go to Yorktown, places like that--just get away from Fort Eustis. I was down to Yorktown yesterday; that place was packed with girls. . . .

I ain't stickin' around here. The eleventh of November I'm going to school. I reenlisted for sixty-two foxtrot, and I'll be going to school the eleventh of November, at Fort Leavenworth. The Reenlistment NCO done told me I won't see this place again. That's why I reenlisted. I talked to my mom, back home. And everybody's getting laid off. So I didn't want to take my chances on gettin' out, going there, not gettin' a job, and then coming back here, and lose my rank. Why should I do that? Just stay in, keep my E-4. I hope to get overseas--Korea. 'Cause I heard a lot about Korea, and I want to experience that. If a friend asked me about the Army? First, I'd tell them try not to get this post. This ain't the post to be if you want to work. . . .

SCOUT DRIVER

Ray, a Specialist Four, has been in the Army for two years; he has one more year to go on his three-year contract, and he plans to get out when it expires. He has been a member of the Scout Platoon, 3rd Infantry, Old Guard, for twenty months. He grew up in nearby Wheaton, Maryland, where his father works as a telephone lineman and his mother as a secretary; both are high school graduates, as is Ray. His hobbies are bowling, sunbathing, camping, sports. He is twenty years old.

To me, it was an escape, really. Originally. I got out of high school, and I went to college. And I actively went to college for about two weeks. Mentally, I wasn't mature enough to handle that, at the time. I just quit the books, eventually just quit goin' to college. My folks said, "OK, you don't want to go to school right now; you got two choices: you can get a job or go in the service."

I got a job. I was moving furniture. It was OK. I was making money; I had money to go out with friends, and clothes, and what-not. But I saw I was getting nowhere fast. With time in that company I mighta progressed to an OK job but, too much time, not enough money. My dad, he found out--I told him I wasn't really happy where I was working. He said "OK. Go talk to a recruiter." I said, "OK. I will."

About a week went by. I had yet to go to a recruiter. Finally, he said, "You will go to a recruiter!" So, I was just going to talk to him to appease my father, and, on the way there, there was about this much snow on the ground (gestures with hands to indicate about eight inches), and I had a real bald tire on the left front. I wrecked my car. I had just gotten the car back from a year and a half without driving, 'cause I had wrecked one previously and just couldn't afford to replace it. I didn't want to go back to my parents and say, "Here we go again! I wrecked another car. What happens now?" I went to the recruiter, and I was sitting in the office, and they had this picture of airborne ranger on the wall, and I said, "Wow! I'd like to do that!" I went up to him and he didn't have to give me any hard sell at all. I said, "I want to join the Army." And that's all there is to it. I didn't have any responsibility, any kind of responsibility at that time. I figured I could get responsibility. I could become more mature out of it. That's what I was looking for.

Really, I didn't know what to expect at all. You know I had friends that were in. One of 'em's here now. They come home and they'll tell you about it, but, like I tell all my friends at home, I didn't understand what he was saying. Unless you experienced it, you can talk for two days, something about the military, and they still won't understand. So I was basically going into it sorta blind, but not really carin', 'cause I figure whatever happens, happens. I knew I could go back to my parents that night, and instead of discussing the car, which I knew would be a big hassle, I could say "I'm going in the Army, and we can make these last two weeks as pleasant as you like."

'Got down to Fort Benning. I guess I missed home. I'm from Wheaton, Maryland, which is about thirty minutes from here. The (Old Guard) recruiters came to my battalion in AIT, and I went there. When I was in elementary school, we came here, to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, on a field trip. I saw the guys walkin', one foot in front of the other, like this (demonstrates with his feet). I imitated that for about two months. Since then I been bow-legged from walking like that when I was twelve (laughs). But, I thought it would be interesting. I really dug this snappy marching and all. I talked to the guy. I knew it was close to home, and a good place to be. You know, I could be with my friends, again, back here. I like the area. I figured, "Why not?!" . . .

I'm happy as can be. Nah, I'm not happy as can be, but I'm enjoying it. It's what I expected, basically. Except things are different with my friends at home. I've gotten a chance to travel. Our platoon has done a lot of traveling. They're (old neighborhood friends) into college; some of them are working, full time. As far as maturity levels go--I still got a long ways to go--but I feel that I've experienced more, in having to relate to other people, than these people have. You know, they go to their job, and it's basically the same people all the time. Where I have to work with a lot of different people. These guys back home will just automatically turn someone off, whereas I'll give him a chance. I think my patience has gotten a lot greater since I joined the service.

I'm in the Scout Platoon. Basically, our mission's tactical. A small percentage have come from ceremonial units. It's a volunteer basis. If they don't like it, they can say "Hey! Send me back to a blues company." (Referring to the dress blues worn in the ceremonial units of the Old Guard). We've had two guys go back to a blues company. I'd enjoy doing ceremonies, but not constantly. I enjoy the field work we do. It's basic missions of a scout platoon.

We've been to the Air Assault School; we've been to the Amphibious Warfare School at Little Creek, been to Panama, missions in the Shenandoahs. It's really been a good experience! You know, it's cold out there, it's raining, but you get a charge out of it. I think we have a much tighter friendship within our platoon, because we're outcasts, we're odd-balls, within the battalion. We don't do the ceremonies. So, there's a good amount of friendship. It's close, you know? I mean, the Army has a big thing for security--lock your wall locker when you're not in the room. But I won't hesitate to just leave it open, 'cause I got that much faith in my roommate. There's just a lot of trust down there. I'd like to try going somewhere else. I'd like to go to Colorado, just to go. But the closeness, and the way we work together up here, you know? I might not find that somewhere else. . .

I guess the biggest kick I got out of the Army was going to a wedding in my blues. It was a big thing to them back there. It was a big thing to me. And I really enjoyed this Air Assault School. You know, we were basically the only people that weren't with the 101st, and it was "show them you're motivated." We cracked down there! But the whole thing's been pretty much enjoyable to me. The trip to Panama was a big deal.

I realize that I'm to show respect to my superiors, and that's fine. But superiors that take that respect you gotta show them, but don't show you the same respect. . . I mean, it just seems that people abuse. . . I mean, you gotta guy, he may not be too smart; and instead of stopping, helping him with his problem. . . I guess "chide" is the word. No matter what a man wears on his collar, he's still a human being. At some time, you're going to have to look at that man as a human being. . . we're all human. Help the man with his human-type problems, and then you can help him with his military problems.

(If a friend came up to ask my advice about joining the Army), I'd say, "What would you like to do?" And if he knew, I'd say, "Well, go to the Army, and find out what they have for you in that field." "Where would you like to go?", you know, I'd ask him "Can you get that?". . . and then I'd tell him, "take advantage of what the Army has to offer you as far as educational benefits."

SECRETARY

Mary used to be the Secretary to the Group Commander when I commanded my Battalion. It is a pleasant surprise to run into her in VII Corps, where she has been assigned for several months. She is most recently from Union City, New Jersey, where her mother, who has a tenth grade education, is a bank teller. Mary has two years of college. For two years, prior to joining the Army, she worked for the City of Miami. She is candid in asserting that she joined the Army to get away from a husband that she married at sixteen; he followed her into the Army, but they have since been divorced. She is now remarried. She is twenty-one years old, a Specialist Five. Her hobbies are music, singing, bowling, and reading. She reenlisted just prior to coming to Germany.

I was married and I was living in Florida. I was Secretary for the Mayor of Miami, and I was makin' good money. But I had personal problems at home that just made me want to get away. My husband wasn't really up to par, and it was more or less my escape out, my escape from the life I was living. I was really excited about it. My mother talked to me about Army, constantly, and I guess it was hereditary. Believe it or not, every step my mother's taken in her life, I've followed, right over it. And now, the Army also. She said it is a good experience, and she really enjoyed it. So I figured, maybe the adventure, and the travelling, and the new people. Maybe I would really like it. I love people, and I don't mind working hard. It's different-- different from anything I've ever done in my life. You grow up! You really grow up! I joined the Army when I was seventeen. I didn't come in until I was eighteen, and now, I've just turned twenty-one. And I've grown up a lot, since I've come in, and I've learned a lot of things. Out in the world, it's every man for himself. In the Army you see how people have to help each other. If you don't work together, you just don't make it. And I really enjoy it!

It was a lot easier than what I expected, 'cause I come from a military family myself. My mother was an E-7. She was a drill sergeant. My father was an ex-Marine, and then an Army sergeant. So I more or less grew up in the military. And I've been to all these places already (laughs), once before. I was kind of frightened, because my mother was in the Army in the forties, and things were a lot different. She used to tell me a lot of things that would frighten me about how people got along with each other, and stuff. If I live in the billets, being approached by another female, and things like that. It was things I wasn't really sure if I could handle.

When I came in, I had done two years of medical college, and I graduated. But I wasn't too into the medical. I had asked to be either a clerk or a X-ray technician. They said, "If you want to be either of those things, you have to wait even more time." I really didn't want to wait, so I say, "Well, what can I be?" He says, "Well, how about a fifty-seven hotel?" I look at him, and I say, "Well, you're talking Chinese. Tell me what a fifty-seven hotel is." He says,

"A terminal operations coordinator!" I said, "Fine! Tell me what a terminal operations coordinator is." "I don't know!" I says, "Well, I don't know either; but I guess the only way I'm going to find out is if I go." All through basic, nobody knew what a fifty-seven hotel was. I didn't know what a fifty-seven hotel was until they stood me out in front of a boat and says, "That's what you're gonna be doin'!" I said, "No! I'm not gonna be doin' that!" But I did it. I did it for two months. Workin' on a boat. I just couldn't take it anymore.

Basic was hard, for me, it was. I been disciplined a lot, through my life, but coming down to the nitty-gritty . . . I mean, they even told you how you fold your underwear. I wasn't used to it. Emotionally, it was hard on me. But I made it through, with a lot of help from the girls that were there. They were all super people. If you had a problem, they were the type, they'd sit down and they'd help you. If you didn't know how to shine your shoes the way they wanted them shined, they'd shine them for you, and show you how to do it. It wasn't, like, "Well, here's your shoes, you know what you got to do. I got my own work." I never found any of that. What we used to do, whatever you did best, for the girls that were in your room--if ironing happened to be what you do better, you ironed everybody's uniform, somebody else shined your shoes, somebody else takes care of all the brass, somebody else does the laundry. It was taking turns, like that. It wasn't "every man for himself." It was "we'll help each other, and we'll all make it together."

When I got out of basic, I was promised a permanent duty station at Fort Lee. 'Cause after I joined the Army, my husband had joined to follow me. We was supposed to be stationed together. Much against my wishes! But, thank God, when I came out of AIT, I had a breach of contract! They told me they couldn't send me to Fort Lee, 'cause I was a fifty-seven hotel at the time--stevedore (laughs). They said, "we took all the stevedores out of Fort Lee, so you can't go." They gave me the choice to get out or stay in. I hadn't even been in the Army for three months. I wasn't ready to give up yet! (laughs)

When they approached me with a breach of contract, I said, "I want to stay here, but I'm not working on any boat." So they gave me an interview, and they gave me a job, just like that! My typing speed is almost ninety words a minute, and they didn't want to pass it up! I became the Colonel's Secretary. I enjoyed it. I did a lot of work! I carried the load for everybody, 'cause I typed for the Colonel, the DCO, the Sergeant Major, and Adjutant, the S-1, Reenlistment, Race Relations, everything. I did the work for all of them.

I don't know if you remember reprimanding me one day (laughs). I was walkin' to the mess hall, and you was comin', and I was goin' this way, and you stopped me, why I didn't salute you (laughs). It kind of made me angry (laughs). I think you were in a bad mood (laughs). I went back and I was all huffy the rest of the day. They said, "What's the matter? What's the matter?!" I said, "I ran into that darn Colonel Powers! He hassled me! I couldn't believe it!" (laughs) I was upset. I used to get a lot of stuff on my shoulders over there, and I used to fly off the handle. My first EER was a disaster area (laughs). I copped an attitude, you know, "I do everybody's work, but nobody cares about me." But I got my rewards, and they were plentiful. I got time off, when I wanted it, when I needed it. When field problems came out, if I really had a lot of work and stuff, I didn't have to go.

I worked hard. Sometimes I worked on my days off, after CQ, just to get the job done. Because when I didn't work, nobody worked. Like, I would to on leave and come back and find two weeks of work in my box, never touched. Then they'd tell me, "We need it tomorrow! We need it tomorrow!" I got two weeks of work sittin' there, plus work I'm starting today, and they're telling me they want it tomorrow--you know, like nobody else in there could type (laughs). I took a lot. But I enjoyed it! It disciplined me terribly! (laughs)

Germany isn't the place I wanted to be (laughs), but I came here to be with my husband, because I didn't want to be separated. At Fort Eustis, he was in the Twenty-fourth Battalion. We went to high school together, but we didn't know each other (laughs). And then we met, and found out all this stuff. It was really good. I was having a good time in Virginia before I met him, but there's a time to settle down. You get tired of running around, after a while. I was married when I came in, and I came in to get rid of one. I had no intentions of finding another one, but, as fate will have it, things don't always go the way you want. When I got divorced, the last thing I was looking for was another husband. But, all my friends started leaving, and stuff, and I wasn't going anywhere anymore. Everybody got shipped somewhere else. All of the sudden, no more friends! You started being alone after a while. And so, you start to go out and meet people, and that's just how I met my husband. Nothing planned. As a matter of fact, when I first started going with him, he told me he was immune to marriage (laughs). I said, "We'll see." (laughs) Six months later, we were married. Just like that!

The thing that really bothers me is the way people come out and they express their feelings toward the Army. All negative! They can't find anything positive, at all, about the Army! I just look at them, and I tell them, "The Army's what you make it!" If you make it hard on yourself, you're going to have a hard time, all the way through. It's going to be like a cross that you're bearing; when you came in the Army, it wasn't to carry a cross. So you might just as well make your way through it. They give you a little Code of Conduct thing, and they tell you things that's expected of you, in war, and things like that, and you accepted it. Otherwise, you would have tried to get out, which, apparently, you didn't do." Some people, they try to get out when they're close to their ETS, but they try the wrong way. They'll stay in the Army two years, and decide they're bored with it, and then they'll go and they mess up. A good soldier turns sour, just overnight. I can't see it. It's not good. People gotta learn to accept things.

When I get down to ETS, I'm going to try a new branch of service; I'm going into the Air Force. It depends on how bad they need you, whether or not they'll take a stripe away from you. If they need you bad enough, sometimes they'll give you a stripe for a stripe. I have a lot of friends in the Air Force. I think, personally, they take a lot better care. They don't have a lot of the commotion, and stuff, and things that we have--like field problems, and TA-fifty inspections, and things like that. The way I understand it from my friends, they just care a lot more. Maybe it's leniency, and maybe it's just understanding--I don't know. But I think I'd like to find out. And if I find out that I don't like the Air Force, I'll come back in the Army. . . .

SENIOR MILITARY POLICE INVESTIGATOR

Carl is a married, twenty-six year old Staff Sergeant--a first-termer with prior service. He has two years of college; his parents both have graduate degrees. His father is a State Investigator--the Chief of Computer Crimes--for the State of California; his mother is an Education Specialist who works with gifted children. Prior to originally joining the Army, Carl worked for one year at several jobs--foreman of a woodworking shop; collecting butterflies for the Department of Agriculture, State of California; as a Curator in a museum; and as Business Partner of a pinball and pool house. His hobbies are remote-control aircraft, firearms, tropical fish, and sport diving. He has been stationed at Fort Campbell for over two years and is not reenlisting.

Order. Discipline. Structure. That's probably it right there. I was looking for rules and conformity--things that were standard. Not sometimes this way, and maybe next week . . . I think, for security--to become a member of a unit for security. I was really kind of tired of--well, not civilian life, because I had never really been anything else--but I was not satisfied with the routine that I was involved in. College seemed so liberal; where I worked it was very loosely-knit. I wanted to become more regimented . . . more, I guess, discipline. That's about it.

Without going into great detail, I wanted to be a policeman. I was eighteen years old. I had six months of junior college under my belt. I was the manager and part-owner of a pinball and pool house. At the same time, I was working narcotics for the local police department. "Working," I have to clarify that--I was a non-paid informant. I would go out, and, on my own, find drugs, and then talk to several detectives that I knew. If they had the time, they would work the case. It was exciting--something I wanted to do. I liked the police, and I liked the way that they were orderly, and structured, and they did things, more or less, by rules. It wasn't just a guessing game. So, I got into some cases that I really liked, and they thought I was doing good. They said, "Look, keep going to junior college. When you get out and you turn twenty-one, you can go to work as a patrolman, do one year there, and then we'll have a hook--we'll pull you in. And, as long as you keep producing. . . ."

I just got tired. I couldn't wait that long. So I went down and talked to the recruiter about what opportunities there were in Law Enforcement, and he said, "Here. Take this test. If you get a minimum score, I think we can get you a school date and enlist you into the Army." It looked profitable, and I liked it. I saw some films--video tapes--and I liked it. My dad had been in the Army--had been in the MP's, and then into CID, in the War. And then, other members of my family had been. So it was something--we didn't look down upon it--the service was something that you do.

One day I decided that that was what I was going to do. I told my partner that I was leaving. I explained to my parents that I was taking off. I had always been kind of the black sheep in the family--nothing was really remarkable with me. One time I had left and moved to Nevada, and worked on my own there, supported myself and went to school, and came back. So they said, "OK. You think that's really what you want to do, go ahead. Just write, and let us know where you're at"--stuff like that. They liked the idea--my dad really liked the idea--he was sad that I was leaving college, but he liked the idea that I was going into the Army. He thought that it would do a lot for me. He just hoped that I wouldn't stay too long.

Basic training was beautiful! I really enjoyed it. I went in fat and confident, and I came out thin. 'Did really well on my PT test. I guess that's only a measure--a temperature--of your total condition, but I really felt good. I came out from there, and from then on, it just went downhill. AIT was slack. I didn't learn a whole lot. I wasn't really thrilled with the instructors I had there. Then, after AIT, permanent party--that's what we were really looking for. Everybody said, "When you get to permanent party it will be a lot easier." It just went downhill.

I was assigned to the 15th MP Brigade, in Germany, assigned to B Company of the 94th MP Battalion. From there I went to the 29th MP Detachment, and from there I was attached to, I think it's, Third Region, CID. I went in, automatically, into the MP Company, and I got picked to do undercover work with CID. So, I left operational control of the regular company and fell under CID. I did that work for about three months. I went back as a regular MP--I was a PFC--worked patrol for a year, went up through the ranks, became an acting sergeant, became a patrol sergeant, patrol supervisor; made sergeant, went to the Investigators Academy, completed that, and went back to start working investigations.

From there, I again transferred over to CID and worked for them, until about 1976, when I ETS'd. I ETS'd to the Reserves, to 418th MI, in California. I worked as a policeman in California during those three months. I left Germany, I had been a drug investigator, and I was used of wearing civilian clothes, and I was used to working in drug trafficking, and interviewing people--it was kind of a really good position to be in--it would be a detectives division, back home. I went home, and I was free for four days--I didn't do any work or anything, and on the fourth day I got a job. The Captain I met was a former Army captain. He looked over my record, and he asked whether I had any military papers, like my EER's, or anything that I could substantiate my interview. I did. And I showed him my packet. He was impressed, and he hired me right there. I went before a board, and I got on.

I was so junior in rank--if you want to say it--that I got a foot patrol. Three miles and a mall. I could hear other guys, in cars, doin' good work, exciting work. I got kinda bored with it. So--it was the seventeenth of August, or the eighteenth--and I heard there was a problem in Korea (tree-cutting incident). So I got off of work that night, in uniform, went down to the Federal Building, talked to a recruiter. I said, "Can you get me back in the Army? And can I go to Korea? I understand there's going to be some problems there." He said, "Sure. What's your MOS?" On the next day, I was at Fort Bliss--got a new issue of uniforms, some shots and stuff, and I was back in. Sergeant--same pay grade.

First-line supervisors, I found, are really incompetent. It's not what I expected sergeants to be. And, then, the officers were really pretty pompous. I'm not going to say that about all of them. I guess that sounds like a pretty general statement. But many of them, I found, were very pompous, and they were a select group. Their choir was the other company-grade officers, and they sang that, and they kept that caste system--very unique. Not that they should associate with other . . . with lower than their own peer structure. But . . . there were very few who operated and really led by example. I mean, really led--and you could look up to them. But they were always the outstanding individuals, and they were recognized among other officers as being a really good officer, a really good leader. But the rest were really . . . I wasn't impressed with them, at all. We tried, most of the time, to avoid their authority--to avoid their command--any way we could, to get around it, and not deal with them, and just make the decisions ourselves, and hold ourselves responsible.

Even now, it's the same. I've just seen the Army go down so fast. Whereas before, I guess--and this is just kind of an idea--maybe there was a lot of Vietnam veterans that were coming back into the Army, to the peacetime Army, or they had left from overseas tours. They were really pretty on the ball. They could show you that they knew a lot. They didn't hesitate to guide you and lead you and help you. I really found it easy to be subordinate to those guys--and some officers there too. As it went on, more and more the veterans left, or the quality just kinda disappeared, and you wouldn't run into them that often. I just found it really hard being subordinate to someone who was less competent than I.

Right now, a present example is that I really resent any authority my Company Commander holds over me, and my First Sergeant. I have a hard time feeling subordinate to them. That's probably one of the real reasons I'm getting out. I have an Associate in Police Science--that's really a drop in the bucket--I'm very competent in my position; my rater is a lieutenant colonel, my endorser is a lieutenant colonel; my last EER was 125. Both of them tell me, "Carl, you do a really good job; we're really happy with the work you do." But still, every Monday, I have to show up down at a structured unit--my Company--for a formation. I don't mind the structure. I don't mind the organization. I really mind the waste of time.

I'm a Staff Sergeant. By position, I'm an investigator, but by paper, I'm a Staff Sergeant. So I'm still accountable by that Company, as a Staff Sergeant. Every Monday. Non-performance-oriented training. You know, the SQT? The SQT Test? I don't know if you're familiar with the MP Corps. MP Corps-wide, it was a real bomb. Very few people qualified. And even fewer verified. You get sixty percent, and that's verification. You have to have eighty percent or better to qualify for promotion. Not very many of them did it. Well, I scored a ninety-four on my SQT. So I really don't feel that I have to go down here and listen to a guy, one who's junior in rank, or less competent in training than I am, and hear what he wants to teach me so that I can pass my next SQT test. That's something I felt I should do on my own. It's my career, and it's my progression. So if I don't study, and I don't make a good test, well, then I just get whatever I deserve.

My Commander right now--the Commander of the Law Enforcement Command--he has a very understanding ear, and he understands, and he's doing the best he can to remedy those things. He agrees, in a way, that maybe I should get out. He hates to see me go. He has talked to me, many times, about going in for a commission. But even then, I couldn't see it. I don't think I'd really be competitive as a twenty-seven year old lieutenant. If I completed my degree and went for a direct commission--that's still a year and a half away--so I'd still be twenty-seven. If I went to OCS, I'd still have the age group--I'm talking about guys that get out of school with a BA that are twenty-three, twenty-four years old--whereas, I'd be twenty-seven, twenty-eight.

(As a result of my Army experience) I think I've matured a lot. I've gotten a hell of a lot smarter. I listen more now than I talk. There's so much out there that I really know nothing about--not that I feel inadequate. But I feel that I really want to go out there and learn about a lot of those things that interest me. Whereas before, I would easily have volunteered to be sacrificed. I would take extra duty; I would go out on route recons, and stuff like that--at the drop of a hat. I was really spirited, I wanted to go, and I wanted to see our Company really do well in those things. That's what I mean by "sacrifice"--extra hours, take extra duties, stuff like that. I'm not so willing to do that anymore--only because I believe that I've learned that . . . (thinks) . . . that whereas somebody can get something done for the good of the unit, or their evaluation, or the rating that they got, others will use you for their own progression. That goes from squad leader on up to the top. If they know you'll get the job done, and you'll always put that extra effort, they won't just use you when they need you, to get that good rating--they'll use you over and over for their own benefit, for their own progression. I'm not so willing to do that anymore. I'm not so willing to sacrifice myself so other people can personally profit. Overall, for the unit, I'm still willing to give.

Before, in 1972 to 74, I still saw a lot of guys that came in, that, after their training, they were undisciplined. They didn't have very high standards or morals, and they ended up being problems--in trouble. I think I could say, accurately, now, that I've seen a fall of the standards of the guys that come in, and that there's more and more of that--that type. It just seems that the guys that they're getting now--even the MP's, the young MP's that we're getting--they're not as good as the ones before. They're a lot younger, they're not as mature, and they're not willing to put out as much. I don't know if that's because they've dropped the recruiting standards, what the prerequisites have become. But geographically, the station has a lot to do with it.

In Korea, in the village, every night there was a major disturbance. GI's would get drunk, and there would be a big bar fight, and the village patrol would have to go down there, the patrol "supe." That type of thing calls for an investigator's response, because one of them's going to claim "brutality," or the assault case has to be investigated, 'cause there's so many of them. And it turns out to be a major investigation. So there I was . . . Boy! There was an awful lot of it! There was Infantry units and combat support units--but it just seemed like it was much, much more than what I'd seen earlier. In Germany, from 72 to 75, we had a lot of bar fights and stuff like that, but not in the same proportion. Usually you could kind of identify guys.

You could see, well, there's four or five guys from, let's say, a maintenance unit, who, every month--the last Friday--they'll go down to a certain bar, get drunk, raise cane, and break up the place. And they're kind of "the usual guys." Whereas, now, it's not so easy to identify. More people are doing it. More people are involved.

(How would I respond if, four years from now, my daughter asked about joining the Army?) For her personal growth and development, the Army is an excellent training vehicle, because it can isolate you from the environment that you grew up in. It lets you go somewhere else totally different in customs and cultures, than what you're used to. And it's good. It's good to be exposed to things like that. Personally, for my daughter, I'd say no. I don't think it's a good idea. Because she's very . . . she's very mild, she can be taken advantage of really easily. For others, I'd say sure! Go out and see the world. You'll learn a lot. You'll grow a lot. You'll mature a lot. You'll see things that you probably won't see outside, in civilian life, in five or six years of time. You know, this might sound foolish because nowadays, to be patriotic is foolish. I don't mind serving and doing the job that I did, and doing a good job. Because I always liked that. I regret that, for Carl, I wasted seven years of time, where I could have been going to college, and by now, I would be in middle management, or upper management, in my field, in law enforcement. In Sacramento, I could probably be a sergeant right now, or a captain, in the police department. Definitely in investigations, doing investigations. But I don't regret it, in that I did a good job, and I sorta like doing a good job. There's gotta be someone in the Army. You know, someone's gotta take out the trash. And I liked being in, and being able to take out the trash, and doing what I was supposed to do, and do a good job at it. . . .

SENIOR PATHFINDER

Ernie is a twenty-two year old Sergeant from Denver, who has been stationed at Fort Campbell for one year. He is married and has one child. His Mother is a college graduate and his Father has some college. His Mother works as the Manager of a Denver Housing Project; his Father is a disabled Systems Analyst. Ernie has one year of college. His hobbies are reloading ammunition, guns, running, motorcycles, woodworking, and metalworking. He is getting out of the Army.

I didn't have much of a picture of the overall Army. I had a picture of the field that I wanted to get into, which was Special Forces. I had read the mercenary magazines, and it kinda looked like an attractive package. I found out I could enlist directly for that option. So I enlisted directly for that. I had considered the Marines, but I was thinking in terms of elites. I considered them somewhat elite, but not as elite as Special Forces. I've always had a thing for the proverbial "Green Berets," I guess ever since I was small. Maybe when the movie came out, or what not. There was always something in my mind that made me think of them as the best. Given this chance to become one of them, there was no choice.

My Father, he liked the idea I was coming in--being a paratrooper and that--but he didn't like the idea that I was quitting school, that I was stopping going to college. At the time he would prefer that I stayed in school. But it was good, because I couldn't last there. I mean, I didn't possess the necessary discipline to achieve in school. I was a civilian, and I never had to do anything. If I wanted to do it, I did it. If I didn't, well so what?

I went through AIT, then jump school, then I went to Fort Bragg, and I found out that it was a bad move, going directly into Special Forces, without having any previous military training. At the time, I was an E-1 and didn't have too much knowledge of the Army, and the pace was a little bit too much for me. They've got some very sharp people. They're sharp, military people; they know their stuff--they've been doing it for a number of years. You'd be going through with maybe an E-5 and E-7. You'd be required to do the same things they did. For an E-1, that can be rather difficult. I failed the swim test, so I got thrown out of there.

Then I went to Panama--I went to an Airborne, Infantry unit, which, incidentally, was the only airborne company down there. Which was good, as far as this elite business, because I maintained that same status, which was what I desired, and which was part of what attracted me to coming in. I spent two years down there, and then I came to the 101st. I jump, but I'm one of the few people that does. They've got one tactical unit, which is the 101st Pathfinders, which I'm a member of. And then they've got, possibly, twenty riggers. Our platoon consists of forty-three to forty-five personnel. So that's the total force of paratroopers on this base, out of the entire Division.

They were designed in World War II, when they first started this airborne idea. They were making jumps, and people were getting widely scattered, very disorganized. They tried the concept on D-Day, as a matter of fact. The 101st Pathfinders were the first people to jump into Normandy. They set up the way for all the other gliders and paratroopers who came into Normandy for the invasion. The concept is still basically the same, except that now it's changed to combat air assault techniques, which means, instead of going in there to set up drop zones--since we don't have any other people that jump--we've got to be able to jump in there and set up landing zones and helicopter refueling areas. We're dealing with helicopters as opposed to paratroopers. But doing the same, basic thing.

I was a bit disillusioned, but then, again, I learned to look at things a bit more realistically. The kind of glory and adventure I had imagined really doesn't exist in the real world. There's the bullshit that goes along with it, there's the responsibility, and there's a lot of work. It's not just glamour and glory. There's different aspects. But if you can look at it this way and accept it, then, I would say, it's been very satisfying. The fact that I'm getting out has nothing to do with my like or dislike of the Army, because I happen to like the Army. I don't like some of the things. Sometimes I get very indignant about being told what to do. But I can accept it.

That's changed since I came in the Army--what turns me on and turns me off. For my first, approximately, two years, I wanted out of the Army bad. Couldn't stand it. I was your typical bitcher, moaner--kind of your typical private, I guess. Maybe a little bit more arrogant than typical. I really didn't like it. I didn't like being told what to do. I didn't like having to get up. I didn't like going to the field all the time. But then, once I accepted it--once I tried different things--I found that it wasn't that bad. Once I got put into a place where I had been under--in other words, once I got put above myself, so to speak, you know, as a leader, and had to deal with other people who were in my previous position, I was able to see some of the things that I was taking for granted, and bitching about, that really weren't people's fault. You know, a lot of times privates get the idea that the Army is screwing them--their own particular leader--intentionally. And a lot of times, it's not so. For example, let's say I'm a captain--I'm a company commander, or something. And the brigade commander calls down for some kind of shitty detail. I don't know if it would go through those channels, but it does come downhill. Now I've got to delegate that responsibility, whether I like it or not, to my subordinates. Well, at certain levels, they might view it that I'm doing this purposely to them, to get back at them or to harass them, or what not. As you rise, you realize the system a little bit, and you can understand it. But when you're in the lower ranks, it's really difficult to understand, except that someone's putting a lot of stuff on ya, for no reason.

What kind of things tend to turn me off? Well, the company I'm in, basically, does. Because having been a paratrooper and more or less elite all these years, you get rather high standards. There's only one platoon of Pathfinders--a platoon is not a unit--so we have to be with some unit. So they put us with HHC of the entire Aviation Group. What that means is, we're in with clerks, firefighters, you know, pencilpushers, and things of that nature. Naturally, their standards aren't going to be as high, because they don't have to do the same type of stuff. And there seems to be a lack of motivation, lack of discipline, just a whole lack of standards.

I've liked jumpin' out of airplanes. I probably never would have done that, in the civilian world. You know, I thought of it a lot. It looked kind of neat. I'd be terrified to do it. I was definitely scared, but once you overcome it, it gives you something. You know, it feels like you overcame something not everybody can do. That's something that stays with you, even if you're not on jump status at the time--you feel above the other people who we refer to as "legs." A "leg" is one who is not airborne qualified. You always feel like you're above the "legs." One of the bad things about that is, if you stay in the Army for any length of time, there's going to be certain positions or assignments where you're not going to get to be on jump status--'cause there's only so many of them. You're going to have to become a "leg," even though you still got your wings. You'll be holding a "leg" position. That tends to be kind of demoralizing. But the longer you have been in uniform, the more you're able to accept that that's just one of the things that comes along with the Army.

I was pretty naive when I came in the Army. I had never been around much or been out on the streets. And since being in the Army, especially as a private--you know, the privates through spec four, they're out on the streets, roaming around, getting drunk, raisin' hell. You know, go to the bars, parties, and the whole nine yards. Now I'm not as naive, and also much more resourceful. I had a very bad lack of self-confidence when I first came in the Army. Now I've got more of an attitude that I can do anything I want to do, if I put my mind to it. One of the reasons for that, which I don't know if they intentionally do it or not, is, from the time you step into basic, you're faced with obstacles. Maybe not physical, but obstacles none the less. You're not always given a way to solve these obstacles. It's up to you to solve them. And after doing this for so long, you just become very adept at handling obstacles. When I get out of the Army, I can handle anything.

The way things turned out, it's better that I get out--go to school and use my GI Bill while I got it. I might possibly come back in. Possibly I'll go to ROTC, maybe come back in as an officer. The way things work out, it will be a lot better on my family life if I'm a little more stable. That's one of the things the Army will give you that has good and bad points. They'll give you an opportunity to travel to a lot of different places that you never would have gotten to go to. But this can also have a bad side, if you have to more or less settle down. . .

STEVEDORE

He is a citizen of Mexico, where his wife and two small children are living. When stationed in Texas, his Stepfather married his Mother; they are now stationed in Minnesota. Enrique is a twenty-four year old PFC who has been assigned to a FORSCOM unit at Fort Eustis for two years. In Mexico, he attended school through the fifth grade; he has received no further formal education. Prior to joining the Army, he worked at several jobs, including tailor, canning factory, and print plant. His hobbies are bicycling and boxing. He is getting out of the Army. He says he plans to study English intensively for six months, then come back into the service -- the Marines.

Why the Army? I was in Minnesota -- I jump from Mexico all the way to Minnesota. I thought it would force me to learn English. So I go to the office of the recruiting station. This man, he says, "Come here and show me yourself..." My Stepfather is in the Army twenty-three years now, but I never really care about joining the Army. But I saw the films. Then I went to the Marine station, saw the films there too. I saw the Army a little bit easy than the rest, and I decided just to join the Army. I get out of the Army and try another branch, once I have the English. And this exactly what I do. Just join the Army. They send me from Minnesota all the way down to Texas. . .actually right in my home.

I enlisted in Chapparral Crewman -- that's in missiles. But I was going to basic training, AIT at the time, and three weeks after I start AIT training, they told me I cannot keep up with that MOS, because I wasn't resident, and only citizens could have that job. I'm still Mexican Citizen. I tried, couple years ago, to get citizen, but I have problems.

In basic training I didn't know nothing in English. I pass basic training because mostly was just common sense. But to say that I did understand the sergeants or everybody else -- I didn't. So I was just trying to see what we supposed to be doing, or the thing that supposed to be done. I was just going like that, just listening to the people.

I try to fail basic training in order to get some type of school -- when they fail the basic training, they send them for six week more. And I try to fail in physical and I try to fail in tests. They say I didn't need to fail in order to go to school, that once I finish basic, they can send me to a school where I can learn English. So they didn't put me back to school that I applied for. They send me to Fort Jackson, to be a clerk.

In Jackson, I asked them so many times, I say, "I'm trying to learn English, you know. I cannot be a clerk-typist if I don't even know how to speak it yet." "You'll do all right," they say, so . . . was fine with me. But the sixth day, after I was in the course, because I was too slow, listening to the teacher and stuff like that. So they sent me over here (Fort Eustis).

By the time I came here, I could understand a few words, and I don't know how, but I just graduate from this MOS that I got. So really, it's a job--but not a profession. That's a fifty-seven H -- I call it just common sense things that we do. Everybody can do this job; and that's why I believe that they send me over here. You don't need no English to learn that; you need just to see and do. We transfer cargo from the ships to the port, from the ports to the ship, and just unload and load, and that sort of stuff.

When I got in my units, they had a GED programs for people that like to join. So I try to get that, on duty. But I never could get. So I did try to go in another school at night time. But we were there, about forty students; and me, and somebody else didn't know no English at all. I just quit, because I didn't really feel like holding the rest of the people for me, you know? These people was getting mad because I was talking to the teacher so many times. I just quit, and got a book here and got a tape recorder and started talking and figuring, maybe with that, I just try to learn the rules for the English. I did that for months. . . four, five months. . . I didn't understand what I was reading, but now I can read and I can write, a little better than some people do it. I understand English, but I still think I got a long way to. . . . Sometimes people tell something, and I say "Ya, OK." I just get the idea, not exactly understand, I just. . . say you talking about subject that I think I know something. And you keep talking, and I don't understand all of what you said; just the basics that you gave me. . . the details. You give it to me, but I didn't get all of it. When I first came here, the Army was just my unit. Now, I can see the way to jobs from this post, to different one. A transfer -- I know which way to go to get that.

I'm getting out. I just came to the Army to get the basics of English, and, in the books, it's different to learn any language. The way I came here, was to learn the English with the people then. Because the people is the one that has the language. One people look at it this way, somebody else that way, but I put it together. And I got a better understanding than just going to school.

My plans are something like this. I plan to get out of this place. Next Friday -- I'm getting out the next Friday. . . . I'm going to take a vacation. And from this -- I think I be out about six months, just training myself and going to one school that is just intensive English. From there, I'm going to try and get in the Marines.

It's not the Army. Just the place where I am. . . is just a. . . I don't know. . . I see a ignorant people there. The people that you call leaders, and the people

that I see every day, I don't see no leaders from that. It's just jokers and "getting-over" people. Like, people call "getting over." I talk sometimes, with the lieutenant, with the captain, I say, "If we go to war, I'm not go with people who live in our stairs. These people don't know nothing about the Army." They just make formations and go to sleep; make formations and go to sleep. We work, let's say, three weeks out of a year. That's the job that we do. And like, we practice, let's say, three days out of a month. See, I don't have nothing to do. It's just stand there. The way I see it, we just a detail Battalion.

I believe in something more productive. I told the lieutenant about going to the Marines, and he say, "The Marines is hard." And I say, "What is here is hard, too, right?" He say, "No, here is not hard. It's easy." And I say, "Well I no want to make my life so easy. I want make it hard--learn more." You got people here that is spend sixty years in the Army in the same place. Just doin' police call, every day....I know that peace, you don't have a job, really. But I know that you can use the manpower doing something now, if they just picking up papers in the street. So I told the lieutenant that I was going to look for something where I can develop my mind and my body at the same time. . . .

STEVEDORE

Ronnie is a twenty-two year old, married, Specialist Four. He has two children, aged three years and eight months. He grew up in Hampton, Virginia, and has been stationed with a FORSCOM battalion at Fort Eustis for eight months. His father works as a truck repairman, and his mother as a cook. He is a high school graduate. Before joining the Army, he worked for seven months in the Newport News Shipyard, doing tacking. His hobbies are tennis and fixing things (handyman). He reenlisted the month before this interview for MOS 31T, Field Equipment Repairman.

Well, when I first come in, I was told a lot of different things. What type of job I would be doing. I was told I would be doing the MOS. Going to the AFEES building, everything was alright--well, up through basic training, really, until about the end. Then you start to wondering about what you're going to do now, now that you done all that--whether you're going to go work in your MOS, or will you go somewhere, be tied down just pulling details.

I didn't really know what I wanted to do. I had just graduated from school. I was working in the shipyard, and I didn't like the shipyard. I don't know, it was just, really, just happened. At the time, I didn't know exactly what I wanted to do. I knew I didn't want to stay in the shipyard, so I say, "Let's go in the service." I just decided the Army. I know about longshoremen, and I figured that this MOS here, it had a lot to do with that. If I spent three years there, I could get out and get on with the longshoremen. I could start off a lot better, instead of going direct and trying to get into the longshoremen. I figured, after the school I would get a lot of training. But it didn't happen that way.

Came to Fort Eustis--that was two months after basic training--and that's when I reported to the One-five-five. I thought that I would be doing the MOS, but that wasn't the way it was. We was supposed to a been a Stevedore Company, and we was supposed to a spend a lot of time at the ships, stuff like that. But we didn't do that. We did a lot of other things--details, cutting grass, or shoveling snow, or painting, or riding patrol, or guard duty, or at the cargo yard. It's wasn't enough to where I could say that I did three years in the Army, that I could go out there and have my papers to show them, that I was a veteran, so I could've gotten a good job. It wouldn't work that way, because I didn't get enough training.

It's not what you call "really enjoying," but I've done some things that I've had some fun with. Like, even, sometimes, going to the field. You could get out to the field and you could have a good time. Or some detail that you went on, you might even had a good time. Sometimes we would, like, go on down to the landship (mock ocean-going vessel, where stevedores learn hands-on skills). We had a lot of good days, you know, go down to the landship, everybody work with winches and stuff like that. You might do that once, maybe two times out of the month. I guess it goes by people in charge. They want to do too many things. They have one company doing too many things.

I always told myself that I wasn't going to reenlist, but then, once I got married, you know. . . .

STOCK CONTROL CLERK

Don is a twenty-five year old Specialist Four. He has been assigned to a combat service support battalion in VII Corps for six months. Both his Father and his Mother are deceased. His Father was in the Army and received a dishonorable discharge. His hometown is Philadelphia. Don's hobbies are basketball, photography, walking, and music. He states that he may reenlist.

It was more or less, at the time, an escape from my private life. I was livin' in a nice house, I didn't have to work. . . (laughs). . . you know, I was eatin' good, sleepin' good. Well, I was livin' with a lady-friend of mine. In a sense, she was takin' care of me; I lived with her for a year and three months. She worked for civil service, making good money. I lucked up and met her right before I got out of the Navy. That's where I stayed after I got out. I couldn't see myself stayin' in the position that I was in. You know, I would lay up all day, watch TV, eat, sleep. . . I kept the house clean, I painted, I cut the grass, I kept the car in condition. We had a swimming pool in the back yard; I cleaned the swimming pool and all that. We had dogs; I'd get out there and clean the dog pen. I was more or less like a live-in gardner. (laughs) She didn't have any kids; she had step-kids, but they weren't that much help to her. So I lived like that for a year and three months. I couldn't see myself doing it for the rest of my life! I wanted to go in the Air Force. Seems like the Air Force people, from where I could see, they take good care of their people.

I really didn't have the desire to come in the Army. I checked with the Air Force, and they told me, at the time, that they weren't taking prior service people. So that's when I decided to go in the Army. Two weeks before I went in the Army, I got some mail in Philly--which is my home--I was living in Jersey at the time. I had, like two addresses. I got a letter saying that they wanted me to start as a WGA electrician worker. I didn't receive the letter until after I got in the Army. I was in AIT. I almost broke down and cried because I had an opportunity to have a nice position and to go to school. So I was stuck.

Well, he guaranteed me one year duty station at Arlington Hall Station in Virginia, which is a few blocks from Fort Myer. And I was somewhat fascinated with that area. So I jumped that, and that's what I got. I stayed there, roughly, fifteen months, and then last October, I came down on levy for Germany. I been here six months now.

The idea of being in the Arlington area (turned me on), I would say. There's so many things to do there, in the DC area. I used to walk by the White House almost every day, like it wasn't nothin'. That was sort of fascinatin'-- actually walk past the White House, or, say, past Capitol Hill, or the Washington Monument. You know, every day! The social life there, it turns me on. I would go in' to work in the morning because I'd think what my nights would be. I would say I was really happy. 'People I worked for was good people. I was stressed, or anything like that. The place that I was at was a

small, intelligence communications post. We had more civilian people there than military. It wasn't a military atmosphere and everybody was more relaxed. Everybody was more understanding there than some of the people in this area. Just, altogether, it was just a nice place to be.

Today I came down to see the IG. I'm faced with an Article Fifteen. I know I was in the right. I got a cousin; he's in the Air Force. He was stationed down in Athens, Greece--somewhere in that area. They shipped him from there to the hospital up in Weisbaden. I got the message from my First Sergeant. I was trying to find a way to get up there, because I'm not too familiar with the area. The trains are somewhat difficult if you do not know how to talk with the people. I was talking with the First Sergeant, and he said, "See if you can find some people who are going up in that area; they might be able to give you a ride." The Captain, I went to him with my problem, and he told me that the best way I could get up there was to either walk, or hitchhike, or just come out of my pocket and pay. Well, I told him, "Sir, I'm not too familiar with the area up there. I wouldn't know how to get up there." He just laughed it off, and that was it. I remembered the Top told me that if I could get somebody that's going up in that area, to see if I could catch a ride with them. Wednesday night, one of the guys told me he was going to take this E-6 up to the airport in Frankfurt. So I say, "Hey! Frankfurt is right across the way from Weisbaden. I'll see if I can get you to take me up to the hospital while you're up that way."

I talked to this E-7, 'cause I was on duty at the time--I had CQ--I talked to this E-7, Sergeant R_____, and he told me that it would be OK with him, as long as I check out with everybody else and let everybody know where I'm goin'. So, the next morning I checked out with Sergeant C_____; first of all, I talked to Sergeant R_____, and he said that whatever Sergeant C_____ say would be alright with him. So, Sergeant C_____ say it was alright with him, as long as my squad leader knew where I was at. My squad leader told me, the day before, that if I could get transportation goin' up there, she would give me the day off. So I told Sergeant C_____ what she had told me that day before. He say, "Well, it's OK with me. You can go up there." I checked out with Top before I left, and let him know that I was goin' up there, and that I had the permission from the people that I was supposed to check out with.

So we go up there. First we went to Frankfurt, and we drop this E-6 off at the airport, and we stopped off and had some breakfast. Then we was on our way to Weisbaden. We wasn't familiar on how to gettin' up there. We got lost four or five times, and we finally got there. When we was leavin', we had trouble getting back on the Autobahn comin' back down to Stuttgart, so we didn't get back in until about seven-thirty that evening. I was going to work the next morning, and I was told that I was written up for AWOL and misappropriation of government property. I said, "For what!?" They say, "You know, nobody told you you could go to Weisbaden." I said, "Well, I checked out with everybody before I left, and everybody gave me the OK that I could go, so I went. I was under the impression that it was OK for me to go." Now they got me, today, going up in front of the Major for Article Fifteen.

I've thought about stayin' in the military another three years. I've thought about it. I feel, though, that if I should decide to stay in, the military would have to meet my terms. Because this is three years of my life that I would be givin' to them again. And my terms are to get either a three-year stabilized tour at my last unit, or a three-year stabilized tour at the Pentagon. . .

STOCK CONTROL AND ACCOUNTING SPECIALIST

Terry is a twenty year old Specialist Four who has been stationed at Fort Belvoir for one and one-half years. She is from Owensboro, Kentucky, and has had some college. Her Father, who has an eighth grade education, works as a machinist; her Mother, with a seventh grade education, works as a factory shop custodian. Prior to joining the Army, she worked for two months in a greenhouse and helped her Father on the farm that the family works. Her hobbies are horseback riding, swimming, basketball, and jogging. She is extremely mature, and has a folksy, Kentucky manner about her. She is undecided about her reenlistment status.

Adventure. Travel. I wanted to meet different people. I don't know, I wanted to be independent, something I hadn't been. I wanted to be independent away from my family. My family said, "How come you don't come home and visit us?" I say, "Well, because there's nothin' there for me." You know, jobs--there's none as high paying as there would be in other areas. I felt that I had better opportunities away from home than I would be near home. . . My Dad, he was proud of me. He said, you don't have to go in if you don't want to. I said, "I want to do this. I want to go in the service. I want to see where my future will lead me if I do. If I stay at home, I know where it's going to lead me. So I want to see." My Mother, she was all for it. Yeah, she felt like it was a dream that she wanted to do, but she never got the chance to do. . . .

I was in ROTC before I came in the service. I was in AFJROTC (Air Force Junior ROTC) in my school. So I had a margin on how to march, salute, and things like that. So, what I thought about the service was, you stay there for this amount of time. But you got to go where you wanted to--that's the only thing that really shook me up. I was kinda thinking that when you wanted to change jobs, you could do it whenever you wanted to. Kind of a liberal service.

I worked for a greenhouse before I came in the service, and worked for a greenhouse in school, so I was kinda looking forward to being a horticulturist, when I came in the service. But I kinda got my plans all shifted in every way. I tried to get a better job in Owensboro; I didn't want to get a job at my Dad's plant. My Mom and my Dad, and my uncles, and all them--they worked there--I didn't want to work at another tobacco place. It seemed like all that was in Kentucky was just tobacco places. So I didn't want to work there. I wanted to travel, before I settled down. So I decided to go in the service.

What led me to the Army was. . . OK, I had been in the Air Force "rotcy" and, I don't know, it seems like the only thing they taught me about when I was going to school was airplanes. Airplanes this, airplanes that! And I was scared to death of airplanes. I didn't want the Marine Corps. I didn't want the Navy--I don't like boats. So, I said, "I guess I'll go in the Army."

I went in for seventy-six papa, Stock Control and Accounting Specialist. When I went to the AFEES station in Louisville, Kentucky, the guy said that by my scores, the only thing he could get me into was a cook or something like that; and a truck driver. I told him I didn't want to be a truck driver, and I didn't want to be a cook. So he looked at my high school transcript, and he noticed that

my scores in math and my scores in accounting was high--and I did well on my tests in math and accounting. So, he told me that that would be a good job for me to get into. I thought it was a good idea, because I wanted to further my education when I came in the service, in business administration. . . .

I been in two years and seven months. . . I went to Fort McClellan, Alabama for basic--that wasn't bad. Then I went to Fort Lee, Virginia--that wasn't bad. Then I went to Korea--Second Infantry Division--that was all right. But, somehow, it seemed like everybody was out to get everybody, but that didn't bother me that much. You see somebody doin' somethin' wrong--they been a good soldier, and everything--and they come up and they make one mistake. Like, this one guy I know, he went to the village and he got in a fight with an MP. And the CO said, "OK, I'm not going to burn you. I'm going to just give you a little extra duty, because I think you're a good soldier." On the other hand, another guy goes in there, and he's just the same as he is, and he does something wrong, and he burns him all the way down. You know, that's the kinda stuff that went on.

We had road marches there, which we don't have here. We would march out twelve miles--that was a Division requirement--one twelve mile road march a month. They would leave the company around six-thirty in the morning--they'd be back before ten-thirty. That wasn't a road march--that was a speed march! (laughs) And we did three miles of PT every morning, except on Saturdays and Sundays. If we didn't make the three miles in the morning, we had remedial PT in the afternoon. I enjoyed it. Whenever the women would make it, you know, the CO seemed to recognize that, and he'd say, "Keep up the good work." You know, there was some women--they would just fall out. Like, one of my friends (laughs)--she would fall out the same place every day. But it was fun. . . .

I been here for over a year. I work with civilians here. Civilians outnumber us, say, fifty to ten. They hound ya (laughs). OK, I'll be doin' somethin', you know--working--tryin' to do a good job. And sometimes you just make a mistake--you just can't help it. Sometimes you just overlook somethin'. And she'll make a big deal out of it. . . .

Harassment. That's a big thing. OK, you can go to the mess hall--which, I don't go to the mess hall any more. Whenever I used to go, you could sit down, and be eatin' your lunch, and a guy'd walk over and sit down at the table. And you get up to leave--you don't want to carry on a conversation--you finished your food. You go to the mess hall to eat. You don't go there to talk to people--and he'll get mad. Just because you go and leave. I mean, harassment's a big problem here. Because, guys--they seem to think they're it. (laughs)

But, at work, you know, I get along with everybody. Everybody asks me if something's wrong when there's nothing wrong with me. You know. It's things like that. They want to know how I'm doin'. . . Most the people I met in the Army, I would take home to meet my family. Most of them been pretty nice.

What really turned me on was whenever they would say, "I want you to work this job, even though I know that you won't get no rank for it. You won't get no recommendation for it. I still want you to do it." You know, they respect you for what you can do. And you're showin' them that you can learn. Now that's something that I like.

But something that turns me off is when they put you all out, and make you do something that you have never done before, and they say, "Well, you're going to do it, or you're going to show us a reason why you don't want to do it." That's not what I came in the service for. . .some people do that to you. They say, "You are going to do it, unless you give us a reason. . ."

I would like to reenlist, but. . .(thinks). . .but I'm still undecided. . .(if one of my friends asked me about the Army), I'd tell 'em it's a good idea. I mean, for two years, three years. There's a lot of childish people--a lot of my friends are childish. I'd say, "Hey, if you want to grow up fast, you go in the service." Because they start looking at you as an adult right away. None of this childish stuff. I was very irresponsible before I came in, but I think I got a little bit more responsible since I been in. . . .

TOW INFANTRY SQUAD LEADER

Brad is the one they would select to pose for Army Recruiting advertisements. Every fabric of him is professional. The expert marksmanship badge on his chest has three bars hanging from it. Above this is the EIB. I had conducted all the interviews wearing civilian clothes, because the pilot interviews disclosed that this created a more open and candid atmosphere. Despite this informal atmosphere, at the conclusion of the interview, he rises, renders a crisp salute, does an about face, and departs. He is a twenty-one year old Sergeant from Klamath Falls, Oregon. He has one-half year of college. His parents are both high school graduates; his father works as a mill worker and his mother as a hardware store sales clerk. He has been assigned to a division in VII Corps for two years. Brad's hobbies are art, astronomy, and reading scientific journals. He is getting out of the service.

For me, my first image of the Army came from my father, because he served in the Korean War, from forty-nine to fifty one. He enlisted for two years, when he was seventeen years old, but they involuntarily extended him for one year, nine months, and fifteen days, because of the duration of the Korean War. His opinion of the Army was a negative one; he always told me he didn't like it. When he got out, after almost four years, he got out as a E-2. He had made PFC--he never made corporal--because he was always vocal. He always told people how he felt. But he always did his job--he was a good soldier--and he told me he liked it, pretty much. He liked Korea, and he went to a lot of places in Japan.

He said soldier's life is pretty nice. You were fairly busy, but when you had your free time, you usually lived it up. I had a couple small conceptions of that. Also, I guess it was Audie Murphy movies and John Wayne movies. I was wanting to go in the service because of that. Television was somewhat of an influence in my life. But the main reason was, uh. . .no reason. I came in just for the experience in itself. I didn't receive a scholarship or anything, because of my grade-point average--it was below that to apply to any schools for scholarships. Therefore, I would have been on the open job market, had I gone to work out of high school. But I decided, in the very first part of my senior year, to join the service.

I was in the delayed-entry program for almost nine months. So during my whole senior year I knew I was going in the service. I was quite optimistic about it; I was really positive! Everybody knew, "Hey, Brad's going into the Army." A lot of people kidding me, but I didn't take too much backlash from that. I was really gung-ho when I first came into the Army. Basic and AIT was a challenge to me, and I always put forth my best. And out of AIT, I got an accelerated promotion because of my willingness and my cooperation, my dedication. I've always had a really good attitude about the service.

My first duty station was at Fort Lewis, Washington. The Ninth Infantry Division. I went to a straight-leg Infantry battalion. I really enjoyed that.

I worked with TOW Weapon Systems. I think the TOW Weapon System is one of our best defensive weapons against enemy armor. That's about my favorite place to be, if I stayed in the service. I came over here to Germany in approximately May, 1978, and I leave here on May fourth--I'm getting out of the service.

My GT score was one twenty-three--I qualified for every job in the Army, but I decided to go in the Infantry just for the challenge. See, I qualified for lab technician, anything you name I qualified for. But I wanted to come in the Infantry because of the challenge involved. I wanted to be in the outdoors--and the Infantry, for me, was a chance to be outdoors. Infantry, for me, has been satisfying and fulfilling. The people I have to work with aren't always as exuberant about their duty as I am. When I see other people that don't even put forth that extra effort, it's disheartening, working with people like that! They don't even take any pride in what they do. They do it, and they do a job, and they get it done, but they don't take on pride in their work, a lot of people.

Some do. When I get a soldier like that, if he was in my Squad, I take forth that special time to work with him, and make sure he doesn't lose his attitude, make sure he doesn't lose his bearing. Because I think he'll have a hundred percent going for him if he maintains that attitude.

As far as the officers go, and the senior enlisteds--they don't place as much confidence in their juniors as they should. They don't give them more of a free rein; they're held tighter, as if they lacked the responsibility to get the job done. In my case, that's affected me greatly, because I'm a very intelligent person. I know what I have to do, and I can get the job done. And when I'm held under tight reins, it makes me feel like a child. That feeling I do not like at all.

I've maintained that attitude since I've been in, but I'm getting out now. I have less than fifty days left in the service. I'm gonna think about going to college. I would stay in the Army, and I would stay in the Infantry, if it was any different. But it's not. I say to myself, "Sure, if I stay in, I can change it, if I get with everybody else, but. . ." My opinion, it's turned to the apathetic, 'cause I sit back and I say, "What's the use?! Why should I stay in? It's not going to change." Even if I say something, there's about ten thousand E-5's, same as me, that aren't even doing anything. How would it be possible for us to just get together and start changing things? I know it's not going to happen.

I believe in the standard of excellence. I believe in doing a good job, but I've also lost my faith in the Army. I've lost my faith in my fellow-workers, I've lost my faith in my officers. Because a lot of officers don't know what they're doin'. I'll be honest with you. Some company commanders that I've had know their job--they're squared away and they'll treat you right. But a lot of them, I don't even think they should have been commissioned, some of them. I won't name any names, but I'm speaking honestly.

I believe in American defense. I'm not going to give them (friends back home) a negative attitude. I will not do that to nobody, because I think that's Communistic in itself. So I'll tell them, "Hey! Great! If you want to

go in the service. . ." I'll tell them some of the benefits, but I'll try not to lay too much negative stuff on them, because I don't believe in it. I believe our country should have a strong defense. And if you want my attitude about this Iranian stuff and this Afganistan stuff. If I was the President, I'd have gone in there. I'd have done something, with physical force, a long time ago. It may have got those people killed, but then again, it would show other countries that we're not a country to be pushed around. As far as our foreign policy's concerned, it's going all to hell. We made a mistake on that vote on that land in Israel, we made a mistake there. And we let them capture hostages--they've been in there for five months now, almost. And Russia goes around, kicks Afganistan. They're just sitting back and watching them.

I don't want to be part of a military, or a unit that is part of that government, that just stands around and lets these things happen. If we took some kind of a stand, in the world today, I'd stay in the service. And I would go fight. Because I am an American, and I'm proud to be an American. I'm still patriotic. But I can't stay in the service, the way it is. No matter what job.

As far as drug abuse--over here, it's terrible. They don't know it, you know, because they're not in the barracks. I am. In my platoon I know of over twenty-five, in one platoon, twenty-five people that use drugs. Hash. I know a couple people that smoke Skag, and I told them, "You're crazy." But, you know, I'm not going to narc on them. It's their own life. But I already told them, if they ever try to turn any of the new guys onto it, or anything, I'll break their arm. Which I will. I don't believe in that shit! I've never done that, never smoked Skag. I tried hash once or twice; I didn't get into it--I didn't like it. Besides being against the law, it also wasn't appealing to me. I don't like drugs. I stay away from drugs, and I wish other people would too, but I'm not going to turn these guys in for it, because it's their own lives. As far as getting busted for it, they deserve it. If they get caught, they deserve it. They're taking the chance. But drug-abuse in Europe is very bad. In fact, a lot of posts I've gone to, it's been bad. You just gotta be with the right group, and you can see how it is. I'm "cool" to them, you know? The expression, "I'm cool"--"Hey, Sergeant S_____, he's cool." But still, I don't believe in it. I don't know if the Army drives these people to it or not. I think most of the ones I've seen do it because everybody else is doing it. They want to be part of the clique. They want to be part of the group. If you could take twenty people that didn't use drugs, and put them in one platoon, I don't think anybody'd ever start using drugs in that platoon. It's just the way it is--you get into an area where a couple of them are doing it--maybe, before you know it, all of them are doing it. But it's bad. And a lot of the things in the Army. . .because a lot of these guys you can't work with because their minds are messed up half the time. They get high during lunch! In their rooms!

I put my time in. I put my four years in. I'm proud. I think it was necessary. It's also taught me a lot. 'Taught me about living with other people, and. . .and as far as prejudism goes in the service. . .It still exists, but it's just concealed very well. But I will tell you one thing, sir, uh. . . there's a lot of prejudism in the service--a lot! It just doesn't show, because it would be bad for promotion, and things like that. But off-duty, everybody has

their little clique--the blacks go together, the whites stay together--the blacks go to the EM Club, the whites go to the redneck bars, and everything. There's still a lot of prejudism in the service. You're never going to change anybody's mind; you're just going to tell them what they can and cannot do when they're in the uniform. But I think there should be more type of interaction among the races. RREO should be revamped to an extent, to where a lots of people could talk more often, where lots of people could get their differences in the air, and find out why they feel the way they do. The policy's sorta lacking.

One of the reasons I'm getting out of the service--the big reason--is, the Army lacks professionalism anymore. Since I've been in, there's a lot of trouble in the ranks. There's a lot of disrespect from the lower ranks toward sergeants. In my particular unit, a sergeant, he's looked down upon. The EM's look at you like, "Wow! He's an authoritarian figure! The only reason we're going to do what he says, 'cause if we don't, we'll get in trouble." They don't do it willingly. They work for you because they know if they don't, they're going to get in trouble.

I'm going to take bio-chemistry and genetics, probably even get my degree in medicine, and then branch into bio-chemistry and genetics. Because I have the aptitude for it, I'm interested, and I keep reading up on it. But I could be a career soldier. I know I could. I know I'd do a good job, if it was different. If I worked with professionals, if I was in a better place.

TOW GUNNER

Bill is a twenty-year old Specialist Four who grew up in Fayetteville, North Carolina. He is a high school graduate whose parents are both college graduates. His Father works for a tire company and runs a barber shop; his Mother is a supervisor in a tire company. Bill's hobbies are basketball and swimming. He has been assigned to VII Corps for two and one-half years. He has reenlisted for his second term.

I went down there and I started looking at these tape machines they have sittin' in the recruiter's office. Something struck in there, you know? Just, somehow, they interested me. Plus, I had my cousin over here. He had talked to me too, a little before, just enough that I wanted to do it, I guess, riding around in the tanks, and combat MOS.

Basic, I took it in Missouri. It was rough, a little, here and there, but it didn't really bother me. It didn't change my attitude or nothin' like that. Except fur, I didn't get a chance to ride in the tanks, and stuff like that. AIT, we did. AIT I really liked, because it brought me closer back to where was home, and I just felt more relaxed there, in Georgia. I took about fourteen, seventeen days leave, and then I was shipped to Germany.

I don't care too much about Germany, over here, but now'n that I got a brother over here, it seems it's all right. I just don't like the harassment they be puttin' down in the companies, NCO's doin' this here, and gettin' away with it. Like, last weekend, Platoon Sergeant gave most of 'em days off fur stuff they had did in the field, like duty like what we be pullin'. Like, they go downtown and pull P-patrol, and we be goin' out to the ammo pad at the same time, loadin' up ammo on trucks. I felt we shoulda got the time off, 'cause liftin' ammo is harder job than just walkin' around in the streets, in the clubs, and stuff. To me, it's nothin' but a bunch of harassment.

All we do is take a lot of classes that I be takin' seem like ever since I been in the service. 'Cause you git the new guys that just get here, we have to sit up in the class and listen to it over, and over, and over again. It just really bores me. That's why I just switched my MOS and got out of the Infantry. I just reenlisted for Operating Room Specialist. I don't know what all areas it covers, you know, but I just felt I wanted to get out of the Infantry. I had worked in a hospital before, and I just figure I might just go on back to doin' that.

It's a good question (Why'd you reenlist, given all this harassment?) I don't know. I guess it's not really the Army that I reenlisted fur. I guess I was tryin' to, before I get out, to try to pick up a trade, a little something that where I could learn somethin'. So, in case I decide to get out after these three years, at least I know some kinda trade in which I could start off in . . .

The weather over here in Germany. I don't like cold weather. Just turns me off completely. At first I thought it was going to psyche me, because it was going to be somethin' different. But then, once I got over here and found out, I didn't like it. I was over here for about a year, and then I had a brother come over, be stationed in Kaiserslautern. Most the time I take the train and go up and see him. I be feelin' more relaxed when I'm up there than when I'm in my own company. It's a whole lot pleasanter atmosphere. They don't catch that much harassment up there. See, like, our NCO's, they just ride us all the time. This dude, this squad leader who has just left, who was in charge of me, they didn't send him to no schools, or nothin'. And they promoted him. So now I try to be promoted, and I haven't been to the schools where it seem like I shoulda been. I asked them about it, and they didn't say nothin'. So they took the other dude, that was below me in time and rank and service, and gave him the leadership position. I couldn't get promoted. Ever since then, I said, "to heck with it!" But see, what I said, I wouldn't let it bother me. I always keep my motivation up. . .

TRUCK DRIVER

Alvin is a twenty-one year old PFC who has been assigned to Fort Belvoir for one and one-half years. His hometown is Akron, Ohio where his Mother works as a nurse's aide; she is a high school graduate, as is her son. His Father is deceased. Prior to joining the Army, Alvin worked for seven months on the assembly line at a refrigeration company. He is married, but has no children. His hobbies are roller skating, basketball, gambling (cards). He is undecided about his reenlistment decision.

I had that seventy-seven Oldsmobile out there. See, my parents, they was helping me pay for it, more or less. I had made some money, but I had never learned to check it out. I was young--no kids, no nothin'. So I thought it would be the best chance to really go somewhere, do somethin'--and then for the trade too. One option was Infantry, and the other was sixty-four charlie, military transport operator. That's what I signed up under. Infantry, you get a big bonus; but then, you come to think of it, that's hard work. Me, myself, personally, I didn't want to get into nothin' too heavy right away, comin' in the Armed Forces, and it bein' new to me and all. . . .

When I came in the Army, the picture was. . . I thought it was going to be travel, and I already had it in my mind that it was going to be uniform; that there was going to be rules and regulations. What really, more or less forces me in the Army was financial. And then, relatives--I had some cousins in the Marines--and I just wanted to, more or less, to serve the Country. In case, in time, a war did come, if I had my time in now, there was no chance of calling on me. . .

This recruiting station, it was set up, like, in four sections. I had went to the Navy, Air Force, and Marines--there was people there that I knew. We was just talking. They, more or less, I think, got me away from the idea of their forces; so I chose the Army. The Marines--they're very nasty and cruel. You know, they have a more vicious training. So me, I was thinkin', I didn't think I was ready for that.

As far as heavy equipment, and trucks, I'm pretty knowledgeable in that. And then, the other things that come with the Army, like FTX--Field Training Exercises--there's some things that you really wouldn't know. But, by being in the Army, you really know certain things. Like being out in the bushes at night for weeks! Like I've stayed out there for fourteen days straight! And that's really a creepy feelin'. . . .It's a good experience, at the time you did it, once or twice. 'Cause the newer people go out there from the unit--who just came in--they be kinda worried, 'cause they ain't used to it. On that point, I say it's a good experience for you, 'cause you can assist them, talk to them, and they don't get too, you know, weary at night. I've did it.

Sometimes I say, "Some of my best training's been in the field." Because there's a lot you get to work with, not just the enlisted personnel, like myself, but like lieutenants. Rank-wise, they rate over us, but we train 'em on the EBOC (Engineer Basic Officer Course). . . I've did that several times. That's pretty nice. You take lieutenants out; they just come into the Army. And you take them out, just

on the things that we do, like build bridges, that sort, and take them to the firing ranges. We just really an assistant, we just support. . . We just drive the lieutenants, and they got the people, "Agressors" what they call 'em, who, the night seasons, they attack the lieutenants; they throw CS. . .

I'm gonna depart on travel in June. . . Germany. . . I got some pretty negative feelings. But then, positive on the other side too. The reason why I say negative, 'cause, like my automobile, like, insurance and all that--eleven hundred dollars for it. I pay all the insurance in advance. Of course, the insurance company, they don't give no money back for that. She (wife) don't like the idea at all. But, you see, I was supposed to get out of the Army in Eighty-one--July. I haven't really pressed the issue--maybe it's possible I could go to a place, it's called "Travel Levy" to just see. 'Cause you actually supposed to have twelve months or less, or they give you the options to Re-up, extend, or sign a bar to reenlistment. My wife, I can take her, but I can't take her for a year only--command-sponsored.

'Really turned me on? Yes--marchin' in drill--drill and ceremony. This was in Fort Dix, New Jersey--that was basic training. My basic training, I really enjoyed that. At first, like, we really had some hard trainin'. You know how they talk about people, and call 'em names--that's just discipline. I guess, just tryin' to see if you can take it. Some couldn't take it, and some could. Just, that drill and ceremony, PT--we used to be really wore down, time night come. There's only one thing to do, but go to sleep. But there still be those people who are up--who's not supposed to be up, outa bed--they still be up. But they be gettin' in trouble. That was tough, but I liked it. Those senior drill sergeants, they would talk to you, privately, by yourself. More or less, they understood what was goin' on. But it was their job to train you. In basic I didn't have no racial type of thing. It really wasn't a racial type of thing. Because I had black drill sergeants, white drill sergeants.

A lot of people. . . police call, more or less, just picking up trash, debris, you know, just clearin'. That turns a lot of people off. But me, myself, I just accept it, 'cause it really don't bother me, pickin' up trash. And then, like, there be other details, like "white sheets" as they call them--that's where you go and drive for somebody else--and a "white sheet" may consist of anything. It may be concrete--layin', it may be anything. And that really be gettin' to a lot of people, 'cause they be wantin' to work in their MOS. . . .

UNIT/ORGANIZATIONAL SUPPLYMAN

Rich is a twenty-two year old, Specialist Four. When he enlisted in Detroit in November 1976, he was a high school dropout, with a 10th grade education. He now has his high school GED. He recently reenlisted in Hawaii. He is now stationed at Carlisle Barracks.

When I joined the Army, I wasn't employed. I had quit two months prior to joining, and I had been looking for another job. The morning that I first went in and talked to the Army Recruiter, I had went out and checked with three different places. The first one was an auto parts store. I had the job, delivering auto parts, driving a pickup, and the last question he asked me was "Do you have any tickets?" I had four at the time, and he said, "Well, I'm sorry, we can't hire you, because with that, our insurance company wouldn't pay." Kitty-corner from that, there was a Farmer Jack's. I walked over there, and I was gonna get a job as a bagger there, or stockperson. The only requirement was that I had to cut my hair. I had fairly long hair--probably about a foot and a half long--(smiles) and I decided that I didn't want to do that.

About half-mile down the road from Farmer Jack's was Square Deal Filing Company. I went in there, and could have had the job if I had some experience with sheet metal. 'Never had no experience working with sheet metal. I didn't get that job. I walked out the door, and right across the street was the Army Recruiter. I walked in and talked with him--Staff Sergeant James Baldwin was his name. We discussed different MOS's, and I told him that my main thing was I wanted to be a store manager when I finally went back in civilian life. And I just ended up in 76Y, unit and organization supplyman.

So I went home--that was a Friday--and I told my mother and father I had joined the Army, and they said, "Ohhhh!" (laughs)--freaked out on it! I left Monday morning. I went to Fort Jackson--went through the basic training there. It was kind of a mixed up basic training. I was there for three weeks, then they closed down for 2½ weeks, and so they sent me home. I came back for three more weeks, and then I went to AIT. AIT, I was there a week, and I come down with Hong Kong flu, and some kind of measles or something. I had red splotches and red dots all over me . . . ended up in the hospital for 2½ weeks. I came out of there, and I graduated, probably in the top ten of my class. From there, I went straight to Hawaii--I didn't take any leave. I was over there until November thirteenth of '79. Then I went home for a month and a half's leave . . . arrived here on the 9th of January. So far, this place is all right (laughs).

I didn't cut my hair when I went down there. Everyone was saying "Oh, you should cut it, you should cut it! They're going to be prejudiced against you because of the long hair!" When I got to the recruiting terminal, the AFES Station in Detroit, I was about the only one who had long hair who hadn't cut it off. There was no prejudice or nothin' about it. We got on the plane and flew down to South Carolina, and I got on the bus. We arrived out at Fort Jackson probably about eleven at night. They had this guy who was being put out of the Army--he had joined under false pretenses--they had him in command of us. He was marching us around, and we was freezin' out there, and he was having all kinds

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fun with us. Well, they finally got us in to bed--about one-thirty, two o'clock. About four-thirty the next morning, the drill sergeant came through with a metal pipe about two feet long. He beat on every bed in that whole bay area--everyone was awake after the second bed, and we was up--but he hit every bed, about four times anyway. It was four days before I got my first haircut. They left maybe an inch and a half, two inches on my head when they cut it off. Then Drill Sergeant Wong, he called us in. He talked to everybody in the bay area. He was going to be our Drill Sergeant. He says "I can see everyone's gonna need another haircut." He marched us over to the barber shop there and everybody got a second haircut that they had to pay a dollar-seventy-five for. That one was a skin-top--nothing there.

I really thought it (basic training) was going to be a lot harder than it was. While I was going through the things that we did there, I was kind of griping and moanin'--it seemed hard--but after it was all done, I could laugh about it. It seemed like everybody was that way--we could laugh about what we had went through together. Probably the hardest part was the marches--they went so fast. We was like an accordion--we'd string out, then catch up, then string back out, then run and catch up. That was probably the hardest part for me.

There was a lot of trouble sleeping at night. Nobody wanted to go to bed. Everyone wanted to sit up and talk. Or argue with somebody else. So I always wore my ear plugs to bed for about the first hour and a half. That way I wouldn't hear none of the noise and I could get to sleep. There ended up being a lot of racial trouble in my bay. Any time anybody mentioned the word "nigger," "black" or anything, it was just a whole bunch of people--they'd get all bent out of shape about it. The first two weeks we was there, there was at least three fights a day, in the company. It was getting pretty bad there for a while. Then they cracked down really hard on us. They started instituting fire guard, and hall guard, and all this stuff. It quieted down the third week, and then they released us to go home for two and a half weeks of Christmas vacation. Then everyone came back, and it was the same thing all over again for two weeks. Then it finally quieted down for the last week and a half. The training we went through was mostly marksmanship training. We hardly did any calisthenics at all. We'd get up in the morning and do maybe ten pushups, maybe ten situps, then we'd go across the bars, once or twice, down and back, then we'd go line up for breakfast. No one talked in breakfast--(laughs) they tried, but they found out it wasn't too useful. You'd shovel the food down--they'd give us about fifteen minutes to eat. We'd get out and get our gear on, then we'd march out to the range. And that's mostly what we did, the whole time we was there. We went through the confidence course; I'd say, in the period of six and a half weeks, we went through it maybe once a week. I thought we all could of used just a little bit more. There was only three, four guys who could get through it really fast.

When I was in basic, I thought I was doing very well, in performing the deeds that they put upon us. When it come down to the graduation time from basic, I was one of the people that wasn't put up for E-2 or E-3, and I thought I deserved it. I guess the only reason I didn't get it was because I didn't have a high school diploma, at the time. The other seven or eight people who got the promotions to E-2 and E-3, in my mind they didn't do half as good as I did. A couple of them were pretty good, but the other five or six, they were mostly ass-kissers. They didn't really do anything; they just kept their drill sergeant happy, by doin' little things for him, here and there, or squealing on

someone for goin' out and smokin' a joint during basic, or something like that, or drinkin' beer, or takin' off post in the middle of the night. When I found out I wasn't one of the ones being promoted, I went and confronted my Drill Sergeant, and I asked him why. He said, "You'll have your turn." Meaning, when I get to my duty assignment, or in AIT, maybe then I'll get it. I told him I thought I had deserved it then. I had worked hard for it. They didn't see it my way (laughs). That was very disappointing. I sat down on the steps and cried (laughs). It really disappointed me. But that's over with now.

When I first arrived there (Hawaii), it was nothing like I thought it was. I mean, I figured it was going to be an island tropical paradise, and I get off the plane, and I see I'm in the middle of a huge city. We had to wait an hour and a half for the bus, 'cause they had forgotten we were comin' in. Got to the reception center--the AG Replacement Center at Schofield--and I sat there for four days, until the thirtieth of March, before they finally figured out where they was going to send me. I was assigned to the First Battalion, Fourteenth Infantry. When I first arrived there, there was a Samoan guy, a huge Samoan guy--he came out and met me. He was going to be my working partner for the next two and a half years. He worked in the S-4 shop.

They really had a strenuous PT Program going on over there. They had a thing called the "Tropic Lightning Mile" where they ran three miles every morning, after doing about forty minutes of calisthenics. And that got me in shape very fast. Then our CO, he was getting short to go to Germany or back to the States, and PT laxed off, and we ended up having it twice, maybe three times, a week, if they felt like having it. Well, I liked that, personally, myself, but I could tell I was missing the PT when we come up to the PT test. I couldn't do my normal situps and stuff like that, I couldn't run the two miles in the time that I had allotted for myself--here I was, running two miles in over nineteen minutes! It seemed like everybody cheated on the PT test. If you couldn't do it in the time allotted, or you couldn't do the amount of things that was required, the guy would say, "Well, forget it," you know, "I'll say you did this and this." That's the way it was (laughs). That's the way they always did that.

I was in Headquarters Company a week, and we went out to the field. We was out there for three and a half days, and it did nothing but rain! We was in mud up to our knees (laughs). It was a mess! (laughs) I was thinkin' to myself, "Oh! I'm gonna regret this." Goin' to the field was about the only thing I regretted, because they weren't never satisfied with the way the tents or the camouflage nets were put up--constantly telling us, "Oh, we gotta move here, move there, do this, or do that." That was really getting on my nerves. They could of got it right the first time.

The billets life isn't satisfactory. Right now I'm in a room with three people, and it wasn't built for three people. It's crowded. A lot of the other people in the barracks have no consideration for their fellow people in the barracks. They play their music too loud, or, stuff like that. (In Hawaii) it was terrible! The rooms were twice as bad in Hawaii as they are here. A comparison would be to say these rooms are like palaces compared to what they were like in Hawaii--very small. The walls were maybe a half-inch thick. You could hear somebody's music four or five rooms away. They wouldn't even have to be playing it loud. It seemed like everybody was trying to compete on how loud

they could play their stereos there, who could buy the biggest stereos and have the most power. It was funny to see them go for it on Friday and Saturday nights, or nights when we'd come out of the field. It would be two in the morning, and people would be just blaring away with their stereos. We'd have some complaints, and they'd take a guy's stereo away from him for a week--two weeks--and then give it back to him. That particular person, whoever it was, things would be cool for a month. Then it seemed like after a month, bang! There it went again!

The most satisfying (experience in the Army) has been to know I could do this. It seemed that, before I come in the Army, I was a quitter. I never seemed to finish anything that I started. It's really pleased me to know that I've gone through a first term. I felt that it was doing enough good for me that I reenlisted for a second term. I haven't started enjoying the educational benefits of the Army yet. I plan on doing that when I get out. If I try going to college, while I'm in, I think it will interfere with my on-the-job performance. I won't be fully alert. I won't be able to perform to my maximum ability.

Except for late in the afternoon, I'm pretty much busy, all day long. I like staying busy. It keeps me happy. When I sit around doin' nothing, then I start getting discouraged and wantin' out, or something like that. If I can keep busy, then I'm happy. It makes the days go by fast (laughs).

I'd like to say something about the men themselves in the Army, the enlisted personnel. I think they're a rotten lot. And I think we somehow need to get better quality GI's in the Army. I'm not the best. I know that. But, most of the GI's I've met, they're a pretty shabby lot. You can ask them a question on their MOS, and they couldn't even answer you. They'd have to go get a book or they'd have to go ask their supervisor. I try to satisfy a person, when they come into my supply room. I try to satisfy them myself--not go around looking for somebody. The man is going to lose confidence in me if I can't give him an answer. He's going to see me running around trying to find an answer--he's not going to trust me on the battlefield (laughs). He's going to be afraid I don't know what to do.

This will probably be my last term, this three. It's a settling-down period for me. I'm gainin' experience on how to deal with people; I'm gainin' experience on how to manage supplies--stuff like that. A stereo store is my goal. When I get out, I'd like to start a stereo store. I have a friend in the Air Force, down in Little Rock. He's a whiz at fixin' anything electronic. Me and him are plannin' on starting our stereo store. He's going to be the repair man, and I'll be the manager-owner. Well, we'll both be owners.

UNIT SUPPLY TECHNICIAN

Eddie is a twenty year old Private, E-2, from Wilson, North Carolina. A high school graduate, his hobbies are basketball and karate. He is the oldest of a family of five, and he helps his mother financially. She has an eleventh grade education, and earns money at housecleaning. Eddie is very proud of his family, and of his role of surrogate father. He has been stationed at Fort Meade for four months, and states that he may reenlist.

I was back home. I just saw how things was--hard to get a job, you know, for some people. So I was thinking about the Army. It could help me. By helping me, I could help my family, and all that too. I just didn't want to stay around home, just work this, do that. I just wanted to get out and experience life, travel, meet new people. Just see how it was. I just wanted excitement. I was still in school when I was thinking about it. I was about sixteen or seventeen when I got onto it. I was thinking about it, and I always wanted to do it. So I went up there, you know, he showed me strips and books and paper, however it is. What my MOS was. And I took a little quiz. So that area that I had my highest average in, that's why I chose that MOS. I probably knew more about that, so I just chose that.

I knew that there were going to be some parts going to be hard, but I knew that I could make it--just don't think about its hardness. Some of it's fun, and it just helped me out a lot, to better myself as a person. Air Force, I had thoughts about that; Navy, bein' on the sea. I just choose the Army. I wanted, you know, to be stationed close to home, like Fort Bragg. They run it through the computer, and they didn't have no openings for that area at that time. They had this. So I chose this. I wanted, you know, to be stationed out in California, but they didn't have that. So I just took this, right here. Be close to home, or go out there where it's sunny and more warmer--just meet different people.

I'm a unit supply specialist, plus the unit armorer. Take care of the weapons, and all that. We just got an office with a lot of TA-50, clothes, pants that go over your other pants in case of cold weather, parkas, field jackets, boots. They come in with a torn field jacket, we can turn that one in and get another one back. There's fillin' out forms, document register, and all that. If I decide to get out, I'll be used to a job like this, and maybe I can get a job like this on the outside. Since this has been my MOS in the service, I'll, you know, get promoted faster. I'll know the job better.

(The armorer) is something I just picked up. You take care of the weapons, like, say, the people gotta go out to the range. I go down there, open up the arms room, give them their weapon, take their pass, sign out on the roster, close the arms room back up, take the weapons, clean 'em, break 'em down, clean all the parts up, put 'em back together, make sure they functioning all right. The keys are in the safe, and I can get the keys any time I want to. I'm the only one who can get them. We had an inspection one time, and they was all clean, standin' tall, and I was just proud that I did it. That weren't my MOS, and I just did it, to help the unit out. I just felt proud that I could help out. I just kept 'em clean, and all that.

Things that turn me on was, like, during basic. Like, they told me how basic trainin' was rough, hard, and all that. I said I hoped that I could make it. Some people that didn't make it, they got out. But I just said I want to make it, so my family be proud of me, and everybody be proud of me. It was hard, so I just stuck with it and went on by. Then we got into school. School was alright. We just fill out a lot of forms. And I just graduated from that. So, I said, "I'm movin' on up. I done got through basic and AIT." Now here. I supposed to be in for promotion--PFC--soon. So I say, I'm just bein' proud of myself.

I do something, they say, like, I'm doin' a good job, and all that. They proud of me. Like, you go to the field in April, and I'll be the only supply man out there and the only armorer. My First Sergeant, he already know that--he say I'm goin' to be up and down, won't get much sleep. He know about that. But he say everybody help out with everything. I know I'll be sleepin' now and then, have to get up, do this. Like, they come in for a typewriter ribbon; I have to get up and give that out. It's just trainin' that I really need to help me out.

(If a freind of mine was thinking about joining the Army), I'd tell the truth. Some people don't know nothin' about it--they just say how it was to their opinion. I done been in and through it--I can tell 'em how it was. It's just a thing that he should do. Back home, you probably have a job, keep that for about a month, 'til you get laid off. 'Can't work nowhere else--'say they'll call 'em back when they want to. But here, you got a steady job. I just like my work. Regular hours, like everybody else's work, get off when everybody else get off. If I have to work overtime, I'll do it, just to finish things up. I'll tell him--he should do it. It will help him and everybody else. It will make a better person of him, make him feel proud of himself that he doin' somethin'. He'll physically and mentally improve himself. . . .

WHEELED VEHICLE MECHANIC

Craig is a twenty-one year old sergeant from Fremont, California. He is a high school graduate who worked for four years before joining the Army, as a ranch hand and as a sales clerk. Both of his parents have some college; his Father is a draftsman, his Mother is a secretary. His hobbies are skiing, backpacking, and climbing. He is not reenlisting.

I was tired of school and tired of doin' menial jobs I was doin', and stuff. The GI Bill was a big thing. I want to get out as soon as possible, to go to school. I just figured it would mature me a lot, and a lot of my relatives and a lot of my friends were in it. They said there was a lot of travel involved and stuff. The Air Force and the Navy, the schools were better, I was told. But the Army, you could travel a bit more. Not being stuck in one place. I thought it would be kind of an adventure--something different every day. The main reason I came in was for the education. That, and I thought that I could go to school during duty hours, and things like that. I took it for granted it would happen, and I didn't get it in writing. I got sent to Europe, and it never happened.

Basic was what I was expecting. It was all right. AIT was just eight weeks of. . . I don't know. . . I didn't learn nothin'. All they did was teach us how to read a TM. It was just, more or less, a waste for me. I thought I was going to get some kind of technical training. It was really poor, in my opinion. It was something I wanted to learn, and I figured this would be a good way to do it.

Then I went to Germany for almost three years. Border unit. It was an armor unit, and I was a wheeled mechanic, and I was kinda pissed off at first, 'cause here I went to school for one thing, and they sent me to another unit. If I wanted to be an armor mechanic, I coulda come in for three years instead of four. I was kinda upset about that for a while. I gave my best there--learned you know. I figured, a mechanic's a mechanic--it was just the principle that made me mad. I did good there, and I came to the States this past April. Duty was good; I really enjoyed it. It's got duty here beat--travel, and it's more realistic, I guess. You get out, you can train, and you really do things a lot more--it's not as restricted. The field and the border--so we were out of garrison quite a bit. I'm single, so it wasn't bad. It made time go a lot faster, and you didn't have all the inspections, and "mache nichts" things to do--the barracks. It was just, more or less, do your job. They left you alone.

The biggest thing (that turned me on)? Seein' Europe. I had my own apartment over there--livin' with different people, stuff like that. The travel. It's just given me a broader outlook. Different idea, different way of thinking. I think it will help me quite a bit when I get out. I can see it already in dealing with people. The travel--that's the biggest thing, I guess, that I've gotten out of the service. That, and dealing with people--the biggest things.

I'm just turned off right now, altogether. But one thing, it's getting really lazy. I can see, like, I do my job and do it well. I'm expected to keep on. Whereas, I've seen people that--quite a few times--they'll do a minimal job or don't do it at all. And they've gotten the benefits. I've had experiences where I was supposed to go to hometown recruiting duty, and I was considered too valuable. Whereas this guy, he had had several different jobs in the unit, and he couldn't handle any of them, so they sent him to this recruiting--just to get him out of the way. That hit me, personally. And I've had a lot of good friends--similar instances--things like that. That's the biggest thing, and I guess you're going to have that all over.

(If a friend was thinking about joining, and asked me for advice) I guess my first reaction would be "You fool!" But, I'd probably tend to sway him toward the Air Force or the Navy--just for overall benefits. In my opinion, it's more of a job--you can make a little bit more of yourself. The Army, I think they got just one thing in mind, and you gotta be very lucky to branch out, to get any kind of education, or anything. But, I'd tell him what I thought--that it'd done me good, and it just depends on the individual.

(If I had it to do over again), I may not come in the Army. I'd probably go in the Air Force, just for the way of life, the educational opportunities that are there. But, I think I'd do it all over. I'm not sorry I came in. I just wish I'da known then what I know now. I'd get guarantees. You don't learn until you get burned, sometimes, and I've had to get burned.

I live in the barracks. The Air Force barracks that I've seen, and our barracks, they're just like day and night. The barracks I lived in over in Germany for a while--the Air Force lived in the same barracks. Same, identical thing--and they got extra money! I think they called it "substandard" or something like that. The barracks weren't up to Air Force standards. And here we were, livin' in the same barracks, with more guys per room than they were, and they were getting extra money. Families--the attitude toward families. Like, the Army--a lot of my friends have problems--a lot of their wives don't have licenses, or something. They just don't consider the family a lot. From the people I've talked to, the Air Force does. And the quarters seem to be a lot better. The overall attitude seems to be a lot different--more like a job, whereas the Army, you gotta be harrassed. It's part of the deal, just harrassment.

What's it mean (harrassment)? . . . (thinks) . . . That's a hard one--I use that word a lot. I guess just something that doesn't appeal to me at the time--I can't think of anything right now. Somethin' that strikes me wrong, or kinda off the wall, foolish. But that's like civilian life before I came in. You always got people that have other ways of doin' things, that you don't agree with. But, it just seems a lot more common in the Army that I've seen. . .

I'm ready to get out. I joined the Army and I had goals--the Army was a stepping stone toward the goals. Now this step is almost over with, I'm anxious to get out and continue on. It'll be school, and workin' part time. I've changed my mind several times about what I want to do but. . . Be a success, have a family one day, but. . . just to get out. Get myself established. I feel like, right now, I'm kinda playing games or spinnin' my wheels. I don't see any overall benefit in what I'm doin' now.

SQUAD LEADER/WHEELED VEHICLE MECHANIC

Dick is a twenty-two year old Sergeant from Mahopac, New York. His Father is an electrician, his Mother, a registered nurse; both have some college. Dick is a high school graduate and has been stationed at Fort Meade for ten months. His hobbies are skiing and sports. If he can get recruiting duty, he plans to reenlist.

I thought it would be a lot harder than it was, really. I didn't know anything about the Army; I didn't even know there was an Army Reserve. When I came in, I was just, "un-Army." I thought it would be a lot harder. When I got through basic, I was more scared than anything. I was eighteen. I got out of high school. I wanted to get away, is what it was. I wanted to be on my own. I coulda went to college, but it would have been a lot harder. A lot more working--moneywise, financially. I don't think I coulda made it through college. So that's why I decided the Army. I just wanted to be on my own, you know? Eighteen. 'Just wanted to get out from under the parent's wings. They weren't aware that I was signin' up, and I came back and I told them, "Hey, listen, I'm going in the Army next week!" My Father, he was in the Army, but he never talked about it at all. And my Mother, she just, like, "What'd you do that for!?"--asked me questions. She says, "If that's what you want to do, go ahead."

(I chose the Army), I guess, on account of my friend--he had already signed on a delayed enlistment, and he was talking to me about it, and stuff, and he took me down there for the tests. Then I went to the recruiters, and they talked to me. That's the only people I talked to, was the Army. I wanted to be a mechanic. I was taking some of the mechanic courses when I was going through school, and I wanted to be a mechanic. So I decided, why not be a mechanic in the Army? I wanted to get away from home. Not so much getting far away from home--I liked being around home. But I wanted to be on my own, not dependent on my parents.

You got a lot more decisions to make, a lot more responsible (in the Army). The Army, even though it is structured--they're not always lookin' at you, tellin' you this, tellin' you that. They're tellin you certain things, and if you just go ahead and do it, then they won't bother you.

I learned a lot (about being a mechanic). It was a lot different than I thought. I thought I was going to come in and be a mechanic on cars, civilian vehicles, and the training I went to was more jeeps, heavy trucks, heavy equipment. I definitely learned. I definitely learned more about engines--overseas, especially. I was in Europe--Hanau, Germany. Artillery unit. I was scared when I was goin' over there--I didn't know anything about it. It was a lot different than here. It was more like the real Army. I went to the field an awful lot, with Field Artillery. It was more "play soldier"--work out in the field. I guess you kinda get used to it. But I didn't like it at first, goin' to the field all the time, not havin' as much free time as I wanted. Since I was in Europe, I wanted to travel. I did do a lot of travelling over there. But I still didn't get as much free time as I wanted, like on weekends and Easter Sunday--you know, things like that. You'd be out in the field, and stuff, and you'd think about it.

I'm at the organizational (maintenance) level now. The support level is across the street. Over here, in this unit, we've been doin' mostly services and brake jobs, bearings, ball joints--really minor things, like that. Whereas overseas, if you're in the field and stuff, it's just like, you don't have the time to prepare this vehicle to go to third shop (direct-support maintenance) for support. You know, it's easier to do it right there--or wait for three days out in the field. So you have to do it yourself--like, change an engine, or head on an engine, or somethin' like that.

I been in for over three years. I got five months left on this enlistment. I hate doin' things that make no sense. Like, movin' a wood pile. The bigger part of the wood pile's here, the smaller part's there. Instead of movin' the smaller part over, they wantcha to move the bigger part over. Which is just senseless to me. It's just minor stuff. Doin' senseless things--you have a better idea, you try to tell them your idea and it just doesn't work. It's done this way, and that's it. Period. They say, "This is the book. This is it. This is the reg. You do it this way. That's it. Period."

I just like, when you're workin' late at night, or somethin'. . . A lot of times, you work late at night, and that's it. You go home, and it kind of depresses you. But, then, you be workin' late at night. . . One time, up at Fort Drum, just a little while ago, we were workin' late at night. We were workin' for this major--we had to load his airplane up, and all this kinda stuff. It was freezin'--it was really cold out there--and he just stood outside of that plane, and shook everybody's hand that was workin' for him. As they left, you know, "Thanks a lot for helping me with this," stuff like that. It's just small things like that. Saying thanks. It makes you feel a lot better.

Right now, if I can get a good enough offer, I'll stay in. Right now, I'm in the process--I'm getting boarded for recruiting duty--to go to Fort Ben Harrison. I'm a little leary about it. 'Cause they want, what is it, a two year commitment? There's so many things--if you mess up, if you don't make your quota, if you don't do this--then you go right back, into the old humdrum. That's one thing I definitely don't want, is this old, same thing I'm doin' now. . .

I don't think I've really changed (after three years in the Army). I think I've grown up a lot--got a lot more responsibility. 'Learned how to do a lot of things on my own. I've traveled a lot, which I never would have a chance to see. I've seen most of Europe. If a friend of mine was thinkin' about goin' into the Army or something? I'd tell him exactly what it was--exactly what it was about--how many jobs you can get. You can get good jobs, and you can get the bad jobs. If he still wanted, I'd go down there with him. Talk with the recruiter with him, since I know now. I'd sit there, right with him, and I'd probably, more or less, tell the recruiter, "this is what he wants," and then the recruiter would come back to me. You know, he couldn't say anything, couldn't bend the truth or anything. He'd have to tell me exactly what it was. So, he would probably get a pretty good deal, if I was around there. If I could to it again, knowing what I do now, I'd go for automotive mechanic. My recruiter, I asked him, would I be workin' on cars. And he says, "Does a car have wheels?" You know, kinda makin' me feel pretty stupid for askin' the question. Then I went right to the school--wheeled vehicle mechanic. If I went to automotive school, I could be workin' on cars. . . .

APPENDIX 1

JOINING

SUBJECT/THEME CROSS-REFERENCE

<u>THEME</u>	<u>INTERVIEW NUMBER</u>
Adventure/Excitement	10, 13, 14, 16, 31, 38, 46, 50, 53, 57, 58, 59, 62, 63
Challenge	6, 17, 19, 20, 36
Change of Pace	4, 6, 10, 11, 15, 19, 24, 26, 34, 43
Close to Home	16, 18, 38, 39, 42, 50, 62
Discipline	2, 14, 23, 27, 52
Economy	5, 7, 22, 38, 56, 61, 62
Escape	2, 15, 16, 19, 20, 31, 39, 43, 44, 49, 51, 55, 56, 63, 64
GI Bill/Education	1, 7, 18, 20, 21, 22, 26, 32, 37, 39, 40, 41, 42, 45, 46, 47, 48, 52, 54, 55, 60, 61, 63, 64
Meeting People	3, 12, 15, 21, 49, 54, 57, 62
Opinion of Friends/Relatives	4, 7, 8, 10, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21, 29, 30, 33, 34, 41, 42, 43, 46, 49, 50, 51, 58, 59, 64
Parental Reaction	1, 2, 4, 9, 10, 16, 17, 19, 20, 24, 26, 31, 32, 34, 41, 43, 50, 52, 61, 64
Patriotism	11, 20, 29
Perception of Other Services	2, 4, 5, 8, 18, 20, 22, 32, 35, 39, 40, 47, 53, 56, 57, 60, 62, 63
Perception of Recruiter	2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 13, 15, 20, 26, 39, 40, 45, 46, 47, 51
Tradition	4, 9, 18, 52
Travel	3, 12, 13, 19, 21, 23, 35, 38, 41, 43, 44, 47, 51, 57, 63

ARMY EXPERIENCE

SUBJECT/THEME CROSS-REFERENCE

<u>THEME</u>	<u>INTERVIEW NUMBER</u>
Army Marriage	1, 13, 14, 22, 39, 51
Barracks	5, 10, 21, 25, 32, 37, 61, 63
Boredom	5, 7, 8, 9, 16, 24, 25, 30, 31, 36, 45, 49, 54, 55, 59
Caring	7, 8, 9, 15, 20, 23, 26, 29, 36, 38, 43, 48, 50, 56, 57, 63
Communication	3, 11, 23, 28, 31
Consequence of Good Work	3, 44, 63
Details	10, 12, 15, 25, 40, 42, 55, 60
Discipline/Standards	4, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 23, 33, 34, 36, 37, 39, 44, 46, 48, 51, 58, 61, 63, 64
Disorganization	6, 24, 28, 31, 32, 40, 44, 45, 47, 49
Drugs	22, 39, 58
Fairness	12, 13, 15, 18, 57, 59
Female Experiences	1, 3, 5, 15, 17, 19, 26, 32, 34, 38, 47, 57
Hispanic Language Problem	11, 43, 54
IG	10, 12, 20, 46
Job Satisfaction	2, 4, 6, 7, 10, 13, 14, 16, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 26, 28, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 42, 43, 45, 46, 48, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 62
Meeting/Dealing With People	4, 12, 15, 18, 20, 26, 38, 39, 41, 42, 50, 63
NCO/Officer Perceptions	2, 14, 20, 22, 23, 31, 37, 38, 44, 46, 48, 52, 58
Peer Perception	15, 19, 20, 21, 26, 27, 37, 39, 51, 54, 57, 61
Perception of Overseas Duty	2, 9, 12, 26, 34, 43, 45, 60, 63, 64

<u>THEME</u>	<u>INTERVIEW NUMBER</u>
Racial Perceptions	11, 15, 19, 22, 34, 43, 58, 61
Recognition	2, 10, 14, 18, 27, 34, 36, 42, 46, 57, 62, 64
Self-Confidence	4, 8, 11, 26, 33, 34, 53, 60, 61
Training	13, 15, 16, 18, 20, 22, 32, 37, 39, 40, 44, 52, 55, 59, 60, 63
Unit Pride	1, 6, 21, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 36, 43, 50, 53
US Foreign Policy	16, 18, 58
Working Out of MOS/MOS Misinfor- mation	1, 13, 18, 22, 42, 47, 49, 64

REENLISTMENT DECISION

SUBJECT/THEME CROSS-REFERENCE

<u>THEME</u>	<u>INTERVIEW NUMBER</u>
Air Force Perception	12, 45, 51, 63
Economy	2, 4, 7, 11, 17, 19, 22, 24, 25, 33, 35, 39, 44, 47, 49, 62
GI Bill/Education	1, 6, 15, 28, 34, 40, 44, 45, 47, 48, 53, 58, 59, 61, 63
Marital Status	1, 7, 11, 14, 17, 44, 45, 46, 53, 55
New MOS	16, 32, 59
New Post	16, 39, 49
Security/Benefits	2, 4, 9, 19, 35, 41, 47, 62
Self-Satisfaction/Meaningful Work	2, 6, 8, 9, 20, 24, 25, 38, 48, 54
Travel	3, 20, 47, 49

APPENDIX 2
DEMOGRAPHIC DATA

C

Interview Number	SEX	GRADE	AGE	ETHNIC CODE ¹	MARITAL STATUS ²	HOME TOWN
1	F	SP4	22	C	M	Seattle, WA
2	M	SGT	27	C	S	Shelton, CT
3	F	SP5	33	C	S	San Jose, CA
4	M	SP4	21	C	M	Highland, NY
5	F	PFC	23	B	S	Morristown, NJ
6	M	SP4	23	C	S	Asheboro, NC
7	F	PFC	21	C	S	Montclair, NJ
8	M	SP4	20	C	S	Beaver, PA
9	M	SP4	27	C	S	Downey, CA
10	F	SP4	30	C	C	Welda, KS
11	M	SGT	23	C	M	Monroe, PR
12	M	SGT	28	C	S	Fall River, MA
13	M	SGT	22	C	M	Franklinville, NY
14	F	SP4	21	C	M	Buckhannon, WV
15	F	SP4	20	B	S	Framingham, MA
16	M	SP4	18	C	S	Carlinville, IL
17	F	SGT	21	C	M	Chicago Ridge, IL
18	M	PVT	19	C	S	Mount Dora, FL
19	F	SP4	21	C	S	Pittsburgh, PA
20	M	SGT	21	C	S	Minnetonka, MN
21	F	SP4	24	B	X	Chester, SC
22	M	SP4	21	C	M	Kansas City, MO
23	M	SP4	21	B	S	Houston, TX
24	M	SP4	25	B	X	Bradenton, FL

1. Ethnic Codes: B=black; C=caucasian; S=hispanic
2. Marital status: M=married; S=single or divorced

Demographic Data, Cont.

25	M	SP4	23	B	M	Bronx, NY
26	F	SGT	25	C	M	Brooklyn, NY
27	M	SP4	23	C	M	Indianapolis, IN
28	M	SP4	19	B	X	Crystal River, FL
29	M	PFC	26	B	S	New York, NY
30	M	PVT	19	C	S	Mt. Airy, MD
31	M	PFC	21	C	M	Tucson, AZ
32	F	SP4	19	B	S	New York, NY
33	M	SP5	22	B	S	Ardmore, PA
34	F	SP4	22	B	S	Chicago, IL
35	M	SP4	19	C	S	Schofield, WI
36	M	SP4	22	C	S	Fayetteville, NC
37	M	PFC	22	C	S	San Marcus, TX
38	F	PFC	22	C	S	Mt. Union, PA
39	M	SP4	21	C	S	Chicago, IL
40	M	SP4	22	C	S	Simi Valley, CA
41	F	SP4	25	B	M	Norfolk, VA
42	M	PVT	18	B	S	Norfolk, VA
43	M	SP4	24	S	S	New York, NY
44	M	SP4	21	C	M	San Pablo, CA
45	M	SP4	25	S	M	Rio Piedras, PR
46	M	SP4	22	C	S	White Plains, NY
47	F	SP4	25	C	S	Salem, MA
48	M	SP4	21	C	S	Bethlehem, PA
49	M	SP4	20	C	S	Alpena, MI
50	M	SP4	20	C	S	Wheaton, MD
51	F	SP5	21	C	M	Union City, NJ
52	M	SSG	26	S	M	Sacramento, CA
53	M	SGT	22	C	M	Denver, CO

Demographic Data, Cont.

54	M	PFC	24	S	M	Mexico
55	M	SP4	22	B	M	Hampton, VA
56	M	SP4	23	B	S	Philadelphia, PA
57	F	SP4	20	C	S	Owensboro, KY
58	M	SGT	21	C	S	Hamath Falls, OR
59	M	SP4	20	B	S	Fayetteville, NC
60	M	PFC	21	B	M	Akron, OH
61	M	SP4	22	C	S	Detroit, MI
62	M	PVT	20	B	S	Wilson, NC
63	M	SGT	21	C	S	Fremont, CA
64	M	SGT	22	C	S	Mahopac, NY



D

ASSESSMENT OF QUALITY OF LIFE PROGRAMS



PREPARED BY
OFFICE OF
THE DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF FOR PERSONNEL
HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

F O R E W O R D

This is a confidential survey designed to determine what programs are most important to you and your family (if you are married) and how satisfied you feel with these programs. This is your chance to have a "say" in those high-level decisions that affect you and your family. Your participation in this effort is strictly voluntary; however, the Army does need your assistance. Your opinion will reach the top and will help the Army determine which programs receive money and which do not.

SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS TO RESPONDENTS

1. Please answer ALL the questions.
2. Read each question and all responses carefully and completely before selecting your answer.
3. Indicate your answer on the separate answer sheet by blackening the appropriate circle. Be sure the circle is completely blackened.
4. Use only a #2 pencil provided you to mark the answers. Do not mark in the question booklet. If you erase, be sure you erase completely.
5. Do not take too much time over each question. Your first impression is generally closer to your true feelings.
6. If no answer exactly expresses your thoughts, use the best answer available. Be sure to mark only one answer for each question.
7. Be sure to follow the answer sheet carefully, matching the numbers on the answer sheet with the number of each question.
8. This questionnaire is divided into four sections. Please read the instructions for Sections A and B very carefully. STOP after completing Sections A and B. Do not continue until told to do so.
9. Before you begin, please remember to answer ALL questions. If you have any questions, my assistant and I will be available to help you.
10. Please begin.

Section A

This section contains a variety of questions about you. Your answers to these questions will help us in organizing the information you provide us in Sections B and C of this questionnaire to enable us to invest money and manpower for those items that are most important to you. Please provide your best possible answer to each question by blackening the appropriate response on items 1 through 18 of your answer sheet. Do not write your name and social security number anywhere on the answer sheet or questionnaire.

1. What is your sex?

- A. Male
- B. Female

2. What is your highest level of education?

- A. Non-high school graduate
- B. GED
- C. High school graduate
- D. Some college
- E. Bachelor degree or higher

3. What is your grade?

- A. E1 - E4
- B. E5 - E6
- C. E7 - E9
- D. WO1 - CW4
- E. O1 - O3

4. How long have you been in the Army?

- A. Less than 6 months
- B. At least 6 months, but less than 2 years
- C. At least 2, but less than 6 years
- D. At least 6, but less than 10 years
- E. 10 years or more

5. How long have you been at this post?

- A. Less than 6 months
- B. At least 6 months, but less than 1 year
- C. At least 1 year, but less than 2 years
- D. 2 years or more

6. How many dependents do you have for whom you provide over half of their support (not counting yourself)?

- A. 0
- B. 1
- C. 2
- D. 3
- E. 4 or more

7. How many overseas tours of duty have you had? (Includes Vietnam, Korea, Germany, Alaska, Hawaii.)

- A. 0
- B. 1
- C. 2
- D. 3
- E. 4 or more

8. What is your marital status?

- A. Single, never married
- B. Married
- C. Legally separated
- D. Divorced (annulled), not remarried
- E. Widow or widower, not remarried

9. If married, is your family with you?

- A. Yes, my spouse is active duty military
- B. Yes, my spouse is civilian
- C. No, my spouse is active duty military
- D. No, my spouse is civilian
- E. I am not married

10. What is your racial/ethnic group?

- A. Black
- B. White
- C. A race other than Black or White

11. What type of unit are you in?

- A. Combat (Infantry, Armor, Artillery, Air Defense Artillery)
- B. Combat Support (Engineer, Military Intelligence, Military Police, Chemical, Aviation, etc.)
- C. Combat Service Support (Administration, Aviation Maintenance, Mechanical Maintenance, Medical, Transportation, Adjutant General, Quartermaster, etc.)
- D. Other

12. Are you now working in your primary or secondary MOS/Specialty?

- A. Yes
- B. No

13. What percentage of your time in the Army have you worked in your primary or secondary MOS/Specialty?

- A. 0 - 20%
- B. 21 - 40%
- C. 41 - 60%
- D. 61 - 80%
- E. 81 - 100%

14. Is this your first enlistment or obligated tour of service?

- A. Yes
- B. No

15. Where do you live?

- A. On post in housing for unaccompanied personnel (BEQ, BOQ, barracks)
- B. On post in government family housing
- C. Off post in government-leased family housing
- D. Off post (other)

16. Which of the following best describes your career intentions at the present time?

- A. I plan to stay in the Army until retirement
- B. I plan to stay in the Army beyond my present obligation but am undecided about staying until retirement
- C. I am undecided whether or not I will stay in the Army
- D. I will probably leave the Army upon completion of my present obligation
- E. I will definitely leave the Army upon completion of my present obligation

17. If I could get out of the Army right now . . .

- A. I definitely would not
- B. I probably would not
- C. I am undecided
- D. I probably would
- E. I definitely would

18. If you are thinking about leaving the Army, what is the most important reason why you would leave?

- A. My duty environment (job satisfaction, working conditions, supervisor, duties)
- B. Living environment (BOQ, BEQ, barracks, family housing)
- C. Post services (medical, dental, PX, commissary)
- D. Compensation (pay, retirement, etc.)
- E. I am not thinking about leaving the Army at this time

Section B

On the following items, please indicate your agreement or disagreement with each statement by marking the response closest to your own feelings. The possible responses are shown below. Please mark your responses on the answer sheet.

ITEM

RESPONSES

- A. Strongly disagree
- B. Disagree
- C. No opinion
- D. Agree
- E. Strongly agree

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 19. I would try to get out of being deployed to a combat zone if ordered to do so. | (19) A B C D E |
| 20. I don't care how well I do in the Army. | (20) A B C D E |
| 21. I am willing to do more than what is expected of me to get the job done. | (21) A B C D E |
| 22. I care about what happens <u>to</u> the Army. | (22) A B C D E |
| 23. It annoys me to work after normal duty hours. | (23) A B C D E |
| 24. I "talk up" the Army to my friends as a great organization to belong to. | (24) A B C D E |
| 25. Accomplishing the mission is more important to me than my personal comfort. | (25) A B C D E |
| 26. I would rather work in the Army than anywhere else. | (26) A B C D E |
| 27. If a relative or friend of mine were thinking about joining the Army, I would <u>discourage</u> him or her. | (27) A B C D E |
| 28. I take a lot of pride in doing my job well. | (28) A B C D E |
| 29. I am glad that I decided to join the Army. | (29) A B C D E |
| 30. I feel little loyalty toward the Army. | (30) A B C D E |
| 31. I am proud to tell others I am in the Army. | (31) A B C D E |
| 32. I am satisfied with my job in the Army. | (32) A B C D E |

ITEM

RESPONSES

- A. Strongly disagree
- B. Disagree
- C. No opinion
- D. Agree
- E. Strongly agree

- 33. I have enough freedom to do my job the way I think it should be done. (33) A B C D E
- 34. My job in the Army is very important. (34) A B C D E
- 35. My superiors praise me when I do a good job. (35) A B C D E
- 36. My superiors respect me as a person. (36) A B C D E

Please answer questions 37 and 38 only if you are married:

- 37. My spouse is satisfied with the military environment. (37) A B C D E
- 38. My spouse's attitude toward the Army will influence my decision to stay in the military. (38) A B C D E

S T O P

PLEASE DO NOT CONTINUE UNTIL TOLD TO DO SO

Section C

Each year, the Army spends a lot of money on programs and services designed to improve the conditions under which you and your family live and work. It is important that the Army spend this money on things that you really need. In this section, we need to find out what programs and services you feel are important in terms of influencing your decision to stay in the Army and how satisfied you are with these programs and services. If married, please consider your spouse's feelings when answering the questions below.

Please read each item carefully. Respond to each item in terms of where you are now stationed in the Army. IT IS POSSIBLE, THAT SOME OF THESE PROGRAMS OR SERVICES MAY NOT EXIST WHERE YOU ARE STATIONED. EVEN IF THEY DON'T EXIST, IT IS STILL IMPORTANT THAT YOU RATE EACH ITEM IN TERMS OF ITS IMPORTANCE TO YOU.

IT IS ALSO POSSIBLE THAT SOME OF THE ITEMS IN THIS SECTION MAY NOT APPLY TO YOU AT THIS TIME BECAUSE THEY CONCERN A SERVICE DEPENDENTS RECEIVE. EVEN IF YOU HAVE NO DEPENDENTS, PLEASE ANSWER THE QUESTIONS IN TERMS OF HOW IMPORTANT THIS ITEM WOULD BE IF YOU HAD DEPENDENTS.

Answer the following two questions about each item using the scale that's shown for each question.

FIRST QUESTION: HOW IMPORTANT is this program or service to you and your family in terms of influencing your decision to stay in the Army?

- A. No opinion/Don't know about this item
- B. Definitely not important
- C. Probably not important
- D. Probably important
- E. Definitely important

NOTE: Apply the scale of importance to the "ODD NUMBERED" items on your answer sheet and blacken the numbered circle that most accurately reflects your feelings.

SECOND QUESTION: HOW SATISFIED are you and your spouse (if you have one) with the program you use or service you receive?

- A. Does not apply
- B. Highly dissatisfied
- C. Somewhat dissatisfied
- D. Somewhat satisfied
- E. Highly satisfied

NOTE: Apply the scale of satisfaction to the "EVEN NUMBERED" items on your answer sheet and blacken the numbered circle that most accurately reflects your feelings.

RESPONSES

ITEM

HOW IMPORTANT is this in
terms of influencing me
to stay in the Army?
(ODD NUMBERED ITEMS)

HOW SATISFIED am I with the
services I use?
(EVEN NUMBERED ITEMS)

- A. No opinion/Don't know about this item
- B. Definitely not important
- C. Probably not important
- D. Probably important
- E. Definitely important

- A. Does not apply
- B. Highly dissatisfied
- C. Somewhat dissatisfied
- D. Somewhat satisfied
- E. Highly satisfied

PAY/ALLOWANCES/ENTITLEMENTS

The amount of money I'm paid each month.

(39) A B C D E

(40) A B C D E

Being allowed to take my dependents overseas at no cost to me.

(41) A B C D E

(42) A B C D E

The reenlistment bonus I'm eligible for (enlisted only).

(43) A B C D E

(44) A B C D E

HEALTH CARE

On-post medical facilities (hospital, clinics).

(45) A B C D E

(46) A B C D E

On-post medical services I receive.

(47) A B C D E

(48) A B C D E

On-post dental facilities (clinics).

(49) A B C D E

(50) A B C D E

On-post dental services I receive.

(51) A B C D E

(52) A B C D E

The on-post medical services my dependents receive.

(53) A B C D E

(54) A B C D E

The on-post dental services my dependents receive.

(55) A B C D E

(56) A B C D E

The amount of money my dependents and I receive to help pay for the cost of health care under CHAMPUS.

(57) A B C D E

(58) A B C D E

RESPONSES

ITEM	<u>HOW IMPORTANT is this in</u> <u>terms of influencing me</u> <u>to stay in the Army?</u> <u>(ODD NUMBERED ITEMS)</u>	<u>HOW SATISFIED am I with the</u> <u>services I use?</u> <u>(EVEN NUMBERED ITEMS)</u>
	A. No opinion/Don't know about this item B. Definitely not important C. Probably not important D. Probably important E. Definitely important	A. Does not apply B. Highly dissatisfied C. Somewhat dissatisfied D. Somewhat satisfied E. Highly satisfied

FAMILY HOUSING

The services provided by the Housing Referral Office.	(59) A B C D E	(60) A B C D E
On-post government housing provided me.	(61) A B C D E	(62) A B C D E
Maintenance/condition of on- post government housing.	(63) A B C D E	(64) A B C D E
Off-post leased housing.	(65) A B C D E	(66) A B C D E
Quartermaster furniture for government or leased housing.	(67) A B C D E	(68) A B C D E

TROOP HOUSING

On-post quarters for un- accompanied personnel (BOQ, BEQ, barracks).	(69) A B C D E	(70) A B C D E
Maintenance/condition of my BOQ/BEQ/barracks.	(71) A B C D E	(72) A B C D E
The privacy I have in my barracks.	(73) A B C D E	(74) A B C D E
Physical security for my belongings.	(75) A B C D E	(76) A B C D E
Furniture in the BOQs, BEQs, barracks.	(77) A B C D E	(78) A B C D E

POST SERVICES/COMMUNITY SUPPORT ACTIVITIES

On-post personal financial planning services.	(79) A B C D E	(80) A B C D E
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RESPONSES

ITEM

HOW IMPORTANT is this in
terms of influencing me
to stay in the Army?
(ODD NUMBERED ITEMS)

HOW SATISFIED am I with the
services I use?
(EVEN NUMBERED ITEMS)

- A. No opinion/Don't know about this item
- B. Definitely not important
- C. Probably not important
- D. Probably important
- E. Definitely important

- A. Does not apply
- B. Highly dissatisfied
- C. Somewhat dissatisfied
- D. Somewhat satisfied
- E. Highly satisfied

POST SERVICES/COMMUNITY SUPPORT ACTIVITIES

Services I receive from
Army Community Services (ACS)

(81) A B C D E

(82) A B C D E

Hours of operation for
the child care center
on-post.

(83) A B C D E

(84) A B C D E

The fees I pay for use
of the child care center
on-post.

(85) A B C D E

(86) A B C D E

The on-post child care
center (day care nursery).

(87) A B C D E

(88) A B C D E

On-post services for handi-
capped dependents.

(89) A B C D E

(90) A B C D E

The on-post library(s).

(91) A B C D E

(92) A B C D E

The on-post gymnasiums/
physical fitness centers.

(93) A B C D E

(94) A B C D E

On-post Department of
Defense dependent education
for children.

(95) A B C D E

(96) A B C D E

The on-post arts and crafts
shop facilities (auto craft
shops, photo, ceramic,
woodworking, etc.).

(97) A B C D E

(98) A B C D E

On-post arts and crafts
services (auto craft shops,
photo, ceramic, woodworking,
etc.).

(99) A B C D E

(100) A B C D E

RESPONSES

ITEM	HOW IMPORTANT is this in terms of influencing me to stay in the Army? (ODD NUMBERED ITEMS)	HOW SATISFIED am I with the services I use? (EVEN NUMBERED ITEMS)
	A. No opinion/Don't know about this item B. Definitely not important C. Probably not important D. Probably important E. Definitely important	A. Does not apply B. Highly dissatisfied C. Somewhat dissatisfied D. Somewhat satisfied E. Highly satisfied

POST SERVICES/COMMUNITY SUPPORT ACTIVITIES

The on-post bowling alleys.	(101) A B C D E	(102) A B C D E
The outdoor military recreation facilities (swim- ming pools, tennis courts, football, and ball fields, etc.).	(103) A B C D E	(104) A B C D E
Club services (NCO, Officer, junior enlisted).	(105) A B C D E	(106) A B C D E
Equipment for dependent youth activities (balls, bats, football gear, uniforms, etc.).	(107) A B C D E	(108) A B C D E
Facilities for dependent youth activities (DYA) (DYA center, ball fields, swimming pools, etc.).	(109) A B C D E	(110) A B C D E
On and off post military transportation services.	(111) A B C D E	(112) A B C D E
Transportation for my dependents to take them to and from military facilities (PX, commissary, etc.).	(113) A B C D E	(114) A B C D E
Commissary services.	(115) A B C D E	(116) A B C D E
PX services.	(117) A B C D E	(118) A B C D E

RESPONSES

ITEM	HOW IMPORTANT is this in terms of influencing me to stay in the Army? (ODD NUMBERED ITEMS)	HOW SATISFIED am I with the services I use? (EVEN NUMBERED ITEMS)
	A. No opinion/Don't know about this item B. Definitely not important C. Probably not important D. Probably important E. Definitely important	A. Does not apply B. Highly dissatisfied C. Somewhat dissatisfied D. Somewhat satisfied E. Highly satisfied

POST SERVICES/COMMUNITY SUPPORT ACTIVITIES

On-post legal services.	(119) A B C D E	(120) A B C D E
On-post banking services.	(121) A B C D E	(122) A B C D E
On-post Credit Union services.	(123) A B C D E	(124) A B C D E
On-post postal services (includes APO overseas).	(125) A B C D E	(126) A B C D E
On-post religious programs.	(127) A B C D E	(128) A B C D E
On-post alcohol abuse services.	(129) A B C D E	(130) A B C D E
On-post drug abuse program.	(131) A B C D E	(132) A B C D E
On-post child abuse services.	(133) A B C D E	(134) A B C D E
On-post equal opportunity.	(135) A B C D E	(136) A B C D E

EDUCATION

Tuition assistance for high school and college courses.	(137) A B C D E	(138) A B C D E
Education center services (counselling, course of- ferings, etc.).	(139) A B C D E	(140) A B C D E
The Veterans' Educational Assistance Program (VEAP) (you get \$2 for every \$1 you save).	(141) A B C D E	(142) A B C D E

RESPONSES

ITEM

HOW IMPORTANT is this in
terms of influencing me
to stay in the Army?
(ODD NUMBERED ITEMS)

HOW SATISFIED am I with the
services I use?
(EVEN NUMBERED ITEMS)

- A. No opinion/Don't know about this item
- B. Definitely not important
- C. Probably not important
- D. Probably important
- E. Definitely important

- A. Does not apply
- B. Highly dissatisfied
- C. Somewhat dissatisfied
- D. Somewhat satisfied
- E. Highly satisfied

EDUCATION

The off-duty high school completion program.

(143) A B C D E

(144) A B C D E

The Basic Skills Education Program (BSEP II).

(145) A B C D E

(146) A B C D E

Fully funded education benefits (GI Bill).

(147) A B C D E

(148) A B C D E

DUTY ENVIRONMENT

MOS/Specialty training to help me do my job.

(149) A B C D E

(150) A B C D E

Equipment to help me do my job.

(151) A B C D E

(152) A B C D E

My working conditions.

(153) A B C D E

(154) A B C D E

Unit field training I participate in.

(155) A B C D E

(156) A B C D E

Safety in my work environment.

(157) A B C D E

(158) A B C D E

The assistance provided by my unit's personnel administration center (PAC).

(159) A B C D E

(160) A B C D E

The assistance provided by my unit's supply administration center (SAC).

(161) A B C D E

(162) A B C D E

RESPONSES

ITEM	HOW IMPORTANT is this in terms of influencing me to stay in the Army? (ODD NUMBERED ITEMS)	HOW SATISFIED am I with the services I use? (EVEN NUMBERED ITEMS)
	A. No opinion/Don't know about this item B. Definitely not important C. Probably not important D. Probably important E. Definitely important	A. Does not apply B. Highly dissatisfied C. Somewhat dissatisfied D. Somewhat satisfied E. Highly satisfied

DUTY ENVIRONMENT

Military Finance Services.	(163) A B C D E	(164) A B C D E
The civilian KP program.	(165) A B C D E	(166) A B C D E
The use of civilians in- stead of soldiers in details/duties such as grass cutting, maintenance of grounds and buildings, and security guard.	(167) A B C D E	(168) A B C D E
The leadership/supervision I receive.	(169) A B C D E	(170) A B C D E
My job satisfaction.	(171) A B C D E	(172) A B C D E

RETIREMENT BENEFITS

Retirement pay.	(173) A B C D E	(174) A B C D E
Retirement benefits other than pay (medical services, PX, commissary).	(175) A B C D E	(176) A B C D E

Section D

The questions in this section are designed to give you the chance to tell us what you think about items that may or may not have been covered adequately in Sections A-C of this questionnaire. Please write your answers to these questions on the answer sheet provided with this questionnaire.

QUESTIONS

1. What are the three things I like best about the Army?

2. What are the three things I like least about the Army?

APPENDIX 4

QUALITY-OF-LIFE SURVEY DATA SUMMARY

 RESPONSES OF FIRST TERM ENLISTED SOLDIERS *** ARMY-WIDE BY MACOM

PERCENT OF RESPONDENTS WHO STATED THAT THE PROGRAM IS IMPORTANT AND THEY ARE										SATISFIED OR VERY SATISFIED			ORDERED BY MACOM		
PROGRAM TITLE	QUESTIONS	ARMY-WIDE	USARJ	EUSA	WESTCOM	TRADOC	USACC	MDW	INSCOM						
PX SERVICE	117 118	55.9	38.1	47.0	61.8	56.5	51.2	49.0	37.2	51.2	51.2	49.0	37.2		
LIBRARY	91 92	55.3	54.3	59.1	58.3	55.3	63.7	51.5	54.1	63.7	63.7	51.5	54.1		
ARM SAFETY	157 158	55.2	66.6	52.8	49.7	60.1	62.3	58.4	56.3	62.3	62.3	58.4	56.3		
GYMNASIUMS	93 94	54.8	42.9	51.9	49.4	60.3	67.1	37.8	38.3	67.1	67.1	37.8	38.3		
DENTAL FACILITY	43 50	54.7	57.2	49.8	57.6	63.2	64.5	61.8	53.6	64.5	64.5	61.8	53.6		
POSTAL SERVICE	125 126	53.5	53.5	58.4	53.8	56.3	67.6	57.8	58.2	67.6	67.6	57.8	58.2		
COMMISSARY SERVICE	115 116	53.1	44.9	25.5	56.0	58.1	55.6	54.9	51.5	55.6	55.6	54.9	51.5		
DENTAL SERVICE	51 52	51.7	53.4	47.6	57.2	60.6	61.3	61.7	58.6	61.3	61.3	61.7	58.6		
OUTDR REC FACILITY	103 104	49.3	45.1	47.8	60.0	58.0	64.8	52.4	51.2	64.8	64.8	52.4	51.2		
ART-CRAFT FACILITY	97 98	47.6	44.8	46.1	52.0	51.7	65.9	54.9	46.1	65.9	65.9	54.9	46.1		
ED CENTER SERVICE	139 140	47.4	49.7	50.5	47.1	53.7	54.7	56.4	55.6	54.7	54.7	56.4	55.6		
ART-CRAFT SERVICE	99 100	45.4	40.1	42.9	48.9	51.0	64.4	52.4	44.5	64.4	64.4	52.4	44.5		
MEDICAL FACILITY	45 46	45.0	40.1	47.9	49.9	52.3	39.5	56.9	43.4	39.5	39.5	56.9	43.4		
BEALING ALLEY	101 102	44.6	36.5	38.2	52.6	51.7	44.3	22.6	33.0	44.3	44.3	22.6	33.0		
TUITION ASSISTANCE	137 138	44.5	66.6	50.1	43.8	47.1	54.2	51.5	56.3	54.2	54.2	51.5	56.3		
RELIGIOUS SERVICE	127 128	44.4	52.4	50.1	47.3	43.6	47.9	39.7	44.5	47.9	47.9	39.7	44.5		
CIVILIAN KP	165 166	42.9	52.2	44.3	41.3	42.8	34.1	38.7	34.9	34.1	34.1	38.7	34.9		
MEDICAL SERVICE	47 48	42.1	37.1	45.8	45.2	48.7	38.6	54.9	36.1	38.6	38.6	54.9	36.1		
MCB SATISFACTION	171 172	41.9	48.6	45.6	36.9	47.9	43.0	46.1	44.7	43.0	43.0	46.1	44.7		
VEH	141 142	40.5	41.0	43.4	36.4	43.7	35.1	35.3	45.9	35.1	35.1	35.3	45.9		
BATHING SERVICE	121 122	40.3	29.0	43.7	41.2	48.4	44.6	52.5	62.9	44.6	44.6	52.5	62.9		
PHYSICAL SECURITY	75 76	39.7	52.6	39.3	29.3	41.5	41.7	45.1	35.4	41.7	41.7	45.1	35.4		
FINANCE SERVICE	163 164	39.7	43.1	41.3	41.3	41.8	45.5	39.2	38.9	45.5	45.5	39.2	38.9		
PAO	159 160	39.4	44.6	37.9	40.9	42.9	49.0	40.2	32.6	49.0	49.0	40.2	32.6		
ARM TRAINING	143 150	37.4	40.1	40.0	34.2	41.7	34.7	34.8	41.7	34.7	34.7	34.8	41.7		
CIVILIAN DETAILS	167 168	36.8	61.1	46.3	35.0	38.0	43.1	50.0	35.9	43.1	43.1	50.0	35.9		
LEGAL SERVICES	119 120	35.2	41.1	35.2	32.5	39.3	47.2	34.3	48.4	47.2	47.2	34.3	48.4		
SAC	161 162	35.2	45.7	36.7	32.5	40.9	40.6	32.3	43.8	40.6	40.6	32.3	43.8		
ARM CONDITIONS	153 154	35.0	45.8	34.9	30.3	43.0	38.5	33.6	32.1	38.5	38.5	33.6	32.1		
LEADERSHIP	169 170	34.6	44.8	34.7	27.6	42.2	38.7	36.6	44.5	38.7	38.7	36.6	44.5		
GI BILL	147 148	34.4	38.2	35.3	40.1	37.8	45.1	37.1	24.3	45.1	45.1	37.1	24.3		
FIELD TRAINING	155 156	33.3	29.6	35.6	27.3	32.6	28.5	26.5	11.2	28.5	28.5	26.5	11.2		
ARM EQUIPMENT	151 152	33.2	44.0	32.8	28.3	39.2	39.5	42.2	41.3	39.5	39.5	42.2	41.3		
CREDIT UNION SVC	123 124	31.3	22.1	35.1	33.8	41.1	37.3	48.5	43.1	37.3	37.3	48.5	43.1		
B-B-F FURNITURE	77 78	31.0	28.8	26.9	17.9	35.8	31.7	42.7	27.5	31.7	31.7	42.7	27.5		
CLUB SERVICES	105 106	30.5	34.1	40.2	38.3	34.6	31.1	32.4	30.7	31.1	31.1	32.4	30.7		
RETIRED BERNIES	175 176	29.6	33.3	29.6	25.3	33.4	24.7	28.9	13.3	24.7	24.7	28.9	13.3		
LEADS TRAVEL	41 42	29.5	42.0	24.6	34.2	33.9	26.4	28.5	27.1	26.4	26.4	28.5	27.1		
ARMAL OPPORTUNITY	135 136	29.0	42.9	30.3	28.6	32.8	28.2	24.5	23.3	28.2	28.2	24.5	23.3		
ARMAL OPPORTUNITY	145 146	28.4	21.0	30.2	25.9	30.9	24.5	20.1	16.2	24.5	24.5	20.1	16.2		
PAY	39 40	28.1	39.1	35.1	26.1	30.2	27.2	25.0	28.4	27.2	27.2	25.0	28.4		
FINANCIAL PLAN SVC	79 80	27.8	25.8	30.9	28.8	31.8	29.1	27.5	31.1	29.1	29.1	27.5	31.1		
ACS SERVICES	81 82	27.4	33.3	25.5	27.9	27.9	40.0	24.6	29.2	40.0	40.0	24.6	29.2		
TRANS SERVICE	111 112	26.3	31.5	31.4	24.9	27.5	17.5	26.5	12.0	17.5	17.5	26.5	12.0		
B-B-B CONDITION	71 72	25.7	36.4	26.4	15.6	27.2	22.9	32.9	24.5	22.9	22.9	32.9	24.5		
OFF DUTY HI-SCHOOL	143 144	25.1	10.3	25.0	25.0	28.4	19.3	16.2	16.3	19.3	19.3	16.2	16.3		
PAY PARENT PAY	173 174	24.3	24.7	26.1	22.1	26.7	15.2	25.5	15.7	15.2	15.2	25.5	15.7		
ALCOHOL ABUSE SVC	129 130	23.8	19.1	24.6	25.3	25.3	27.2	24.5	19.4	27.2	27.2	24.5	19.4		
D-I FACILITY	103 110	23.7	18.2	20.5	25.7	28.2	25.5	16.7	15.5	25.5	25.5	16.7	15.5		

DEPT MEDICAL SVC	53	54	18.2	20.9	25.8	29.6	24.1	27.0	16.3
DRUG ABUSE SVC	131	132	20.1	22.7	24.5	24.9	22.5	24.0	17.5
DATA EQUIPMENT	107	108	21.1	21.7	27.2	24.8	29.9	19.1	14.6
BOOK-REQ-BKS	69	70	38.4	25.6	10.2	23.6	24.5	30.4	18.4
DEPT INTAL SVC	55	56	22.0	18.9	18.6	28.6	26.2	16.7	24.7
REFUG BONUS	43	44	22.8	24.4	17.4	21.5	15.1	19.6	12.2
CHILD ABUSE SVC	133	134	17.2	16.1	22.2	23.0	18.0	16.6	11.0
BARBERS PRIVACY	73	74	27.6	19.2	10.2	20.5	11.3	18.6	16.7
CAMPUS MONEY	57	58	20.2	18.0	15.3	21.2	14.3	15.2	14.8
PRO SERVICE	59	60	21.1	14.2	16.5	21.8	27.5	22.6	21.9
GOVT HOUSING	61	62	20.2	17.9	16.7	18.8	24.6	14.2	16.4
GOVT HSG MAINT	63	64	19.4	18.1	15.4	18.3	21.7	14.2	19.0
DEPT TRANS SERVICE	113	114	19.1	14.1	13.3	19.3	11.3	9.8	7.1
DEPT EDUCATION	95	96	14.4	15.6	14.9	19.5	17.1	15.7	7.7
LEASED HOUSING	65	66	15.3	14.0	17.0	17.4	14.6	13.2	8.7
OFF FURNITURE	67	68	23.2	11.5	18.8	14.5	16.0	9.4	8.0
CHILD CARE HOURS	83	84	8.7	8.1	12.3	14.5	13.5	12.2	11.2
DAY CARE NURSERY	87	88	4.7	9.3	12.1	14.2	13.3	11.3	8.3
HANDICAP SERVICES	89	90	3.9	10.7	13.0	14.3	12.2	12.3	4.2
CHILD CARE FEES	85	86	7.7	6.9	10.3	11.7	11.2	12.2	3.7

RESPONSES OF FIRST TERM ENLISTED SOLDIERS *** ARMY-WIDE BY MACOM:

PERCENT OF RESPONDENTS WHO STATED THAT THE PROGRAM IS IMPORTANT AND THEY ARE SATISFIED OR VERY SATISFIED - ORDERED BY MACOM

PROGRAM TITLE	QUESTIONS	ARMY-GIDE	USMA	FORSCOM	DARCOM	MTTC	USAFREUR
PA SERVICE	117 118	55.9	51.9	60.5	58.7	29.8	49.8
PA SERVICE	91 92	55.3	65.4	55.9	59.0	31.2	53.8
PA SERVICE	157 158	55.2	55.4	55.2	59.0	55.5	52.9
PA SERVICE	93 94	34.8	57.7	59.0	55.1	65.6	45.7
PA SERVICE	49 50	54.7	73.0	55.4	51.9	16.6	49.3
PA SERVICE	125 126	53.5	57.7	50.9	56.3	57.4	54.7
PA SERVICE	115 116	53.1	48.1	56.3	58.5	31.7	49.7
PA SERVICE	51 52	51.7	73.1	52.0	48.6	19.3	46.2
PA SERVICE	103 104	49.3	55.8	57.3	44.8	51.8	42.9
PA SERVICE	97 98	47.6	53.8	47.8	49.8	57.8	48.0
PA SERVICE	139 140	47.4	50.0	44.2	50.7	28.9	48.0
PA SERVICE	99 100	45.4	53.9	46.0	45.7	55.0	41.0
PA SERVICE	45 46	45.0	71.2	45.1	46.1	23.0	40.0
PA SERVICE	101 102	44.6	36.6	48.6	40.3	39.5	36.0
PA SERVICE	137 138	44.5	51.9	41.3	48.7	31.2	46.6
PA SERVICE	127 128	44.4	32.7	44.7	40.2	42.2	43.5
PA SERVICE	165 166	42.9	36.5	43.9	40.7	22.5	41.7
PA SERVICE	47 48	42.1	71.2	42.5	41.1	17.4	37.3
PA SERVICE	171 172	41.9	40.4	40.3	47.1	35.8	41.2
PA SERVICE	141 142	40.5	40.3	38.9	41.0	29.9	41.2
PA SERVICE	121 122	40.3	19.3	38.9	51.1	16.5	37.2
PA SERVICE	75 76	39.7	48.1	39.6	48.1	47.7	39.6
PA SERVICE	163 164	39.7	48.1	36.5	39.3	27.5	43.3
PA SERVICE	152 160	39.4	40.3	39.1	38.3	31.7	37.9
PA SERVICE	149 150	37.4	36.6	37.5	39.2	42.7	35.8
PA SERVICE	167 168	36.8	26.6	36.7	44.8	40.0	34.3
PA SERVICE	119 120	35.2	46.1	34.9	42.1	44.0	33.2
PA SERVICE	161 162	35.2	48.1	34.3	37.0	38.6	32.9
PA SERVICE	153 154	35.0	34.6	35.5	43.7	43.6	30.0
PA SERVICE	169 170	34.6	38.5	34.1	41.7	34.8	31.7
PA SERVICE	147 148	34.4	34.6	32.0	32.5	30.3	34.5
PA SERVICE	155 156	33.3	7.3	33.1	24.0	19.7	33.7
PA SERVICE	151 152	33.2	34.6	32.1	41.4	36.3	31.4
PA SERVICE	123 124	31.3	40.3	27.5	47.1	38.0	20.6
PA SERVICE	77 78	31.0	32.7	34.8	44.0	36.7	23.6
PA SERVICE	105 106	30.5	26.9	29.9	30.1	35.8	27.3
PA SERVICE	175 176	29.6	36.6	30.1	28.3	31.2	27.2
PA SERVICE	41 42	29.5	30.2	30.2	26.7	29.8	26.7
PA SERVICE	135 136	29.0	28.9	26.9	26.0	33.5	30.4
PA SERVICE	145 146	28.1	23.4	26.7	21.9	13.3	30.4
PA SERVICE	39 40	28.1	33.4	26.0	25.8	13.8	29.4
PA SERVICE	79 80	27.8	27.0	24.9	34.1	24.3	29.6
PA SERVICE	81 82	27.4	29.9	25.4	30.0	39.9	30.1
PA SERVICE	111 112	26.3	40.3	23.9	21.4	19.3	28.9
PA SERVICE	71 72	25.7	17.3	26.4	34.4	36.3	24.1
PA SERVICE	143 144	25.1	11.5	23.7	20.4	12.4	25.4
PA SERVICE	173 174	24.3	30.8	24.0	21.7	25.2	23.5
PA SERVICE	123 130	23.8	23.0	23.1	17.1	17.4	24.2
PA SERVICE	103 110	23.7	23.0	23.8	21.7	25.3	18.4
PA SERVICE	53 54	23.2	24.0	23.6	22.2	14.3	19.2

DPY. ABUSE SVC	131 132	22.9	15.4	22.3	17.3	18.8	22.7
D-2 EQUIPMENT	107 108	22.5	23.1	23.9	20.2	33.0	19.1
SEC-BEQ-BKS	69 70	22.4	13.5	24.8	34.4	38.1	18.2
DEP DENTAL SVC	55 56	22.1	21.2	21.5	21.1	7.4	20.8
REUP BONUS	43 44	20.5	17.3	20.4	21.3	13.8	20.0
CHILD ABUSE SVC	133 134	18.7	15.4	19.1	14.9	8.7	16.2
BARRACKS PRIVACY	73 74	18.6	9.6	19.5	21.9	27.6	16.6
CHURCHUS MONEY	57 58	18.4	15.4	18.9	20.9	7.3	16.6
MRO SERVICE	59 60	17.5	30.8	17.1	23.9	20.2	15.9
GOVT HOUSING	61 62	17.0	30.8	16.6	24.0	38.1	15.9
GOVT HSG MAINT	63 64	16.6	34.6	15.3	21.6	29.8	17.3
DEP TRANS SERVICE	113 114	16.3	32.7	15.4	11.8	11.9	17.2
DEP EDUCATION	95 96	15.8	15.4	16.0	17.3	5.6	13.9
LEASED HOUSING	65 66	15.1	9.6	14.5	14.8	5.5	15.0
GO FURNITURE	67 68	12.8	11.5	11.2	15.4	20.2	14.2
CHILD CARE HOURS	83 84	12.3	25.0	12.8	15.0	18.4	11.0
DAY CARE NURSERY	87 88	11.7	21.2	11.5	13.9	15.1	11.2
HANDICAP SERVICES	89 90	10.9	11.5	11.3	10.5	5.5	8.8
CHILD CARE FEES	85 86	9.8	15.4	9.6	13.3	13.3	9.5

QUALITY-OF-LIFE SURVEY DATA SUMMARY

RESPONSES OF FIRST TERM ENLISTED SOLDIERS *** ARMY-WIDE BY MACOM

PERCENT OF RESPONDENTS WHO STATED THAT THE PROGRAM IS IMPORTANT AND THEY ARE DISSATISFIED OR VERY DISSATISFIED - ORDERED BY MACOM									
PROGRAM TITLE	QUESTIONS	ARMY-WIDE	USARJ	EUSA	WESTCOAST	TRADOC	USACC	MDW	INSCOM
BARRACKS PRIVACY	73 74	54.2	51.1	62.2	61.3	47.7	59.0	53.5	51.3
PAY	39 40	49.7	48.0	42.2	53.5	46.7	59.1	60.3	43.5
ARMY EQUIPMENT	151 152	49.1	42.8	51.9	51.8	43.3	44.5	43.1	45.1
ACCOMMODATIONS	153 154	48.5	44.6	51.0	50.0	41.4	43.9	41.1	50.7
ON-POST CONDITIONS	71 72	45.4	38.7	54.0	53.4	40.1	48.2	37.2	37.3
ON-POST BARRACKS	69 70	44.6	38.8	50.0	53.1	40.6	44.8	37.3	45.9
LEADERSHIP	169 170	43.4	44.7	44.2	48.0	38.4	42.4	48.6	36.6
TRAINING SERVICE	111 112	42.0	48.4	45.0	40.2	36.9	50.6	37.7	54.4
ON-POST SATISFACTION	171 172	39.7	41.9	37.5	40.3	35.0	41.3	42.1	43.8
ON-POST TRAINING	149 150	37.7	43.8	38.2	37.6	34.9	45.5	41.7	37.6
BARRACKS FURNITURE	77 78	36.5	43.6	47.7	48.2	29.0	35.7	27.0	35.7
MEDICAL FACILITY	43 46	36.4	49.6	35.2	34.4	31.7	45.0	30.4	42.9
PHYSICAL SECURITY	75 76	36.4	28.3	45.4	46.3	30.6	30.9	33.3	37.2
MEDICAL SERVICE	47 48	35.6	47.7	34.1	33.9	31.3	45.9	30.8	32.5
ON-POST	161 162	34.3	32.3	38.7	34.0	29.4	29.5	36.8	21.3
PAID	159 160	33.5	33.9	37.2	31.1	32.0	25.3	33.8	33.0
ON-POST TRAINING	153 156	32.7	15.1	52.2	38.7	27.8	22.2	27.4	26.4
RECREATION SERVICE	133 164	30.6	42.5	29.2	24.6	22.6	27.5	28.0	37.4
ON-POST SERVICE	121 122	30.2	53.8	26.8	28.2	29.8	25.2	18.6	10.0
ON-POST SERVICES	105 106	29.6	35.4	34.1	25.4	23.9	24.4	26.5	25.1
ON-POST SAFETY	157 158	26.2	22.9	29.6	28.9	22.7	19.4	23.0	23.0
CIVILIAN DETAILS	167 168	26.2	16.0	22.2	28.3	24.1	19.1	26.4	19.1
ON-POST UNION SVC	125 124	26.1	49.3	25.1	30.2	23.9	26.7	17.6	23.2
PAID SERVICE	117 118	25.6	51.4	36.7	20.7	20.2	35.7	33.9	45.0
ON-POST OPPORTUNITY	135 136	25.2	20.0	30.3	23.8	23.5	23.5	21.1	16.7
ON-POST SERVICE	139 140	23.3	37.0	23.4	23.4	17.4	17.7	17.1	17.9
ON-POST SERVICE	115 116	23.1	44.7	27.3	23.1	19.7	28.5	27.0	24.7
ON-POST SERVICE	113 114	22.8	33.4	20.8	23.7	21.7	30.6	20.1	25.5
ON-POST FACILITY	103 104	22.3	35.0	27.8	12.8	14.6	11.9	19.2	21.0
ON-POST	43 44	22.1	22.9	20.2	21.8	23.6	30.3	24.5	20.0
ON-POST ASSISTANCE	137 138	22.0	23.8	23.7	26.2	16.6	14.3	21.5	12.0
ON-POST PLAN SVC	79 80	21.9	40.6	27.1	19.8	18.7	20.6	19.6	15.3
ON-POST HOUSING	61 62	21.2	20.7	25.8	21.5	20.3	22.8	32.4	29.6
ON-POST MAINT	63 64	21.0	26.7	25.7	21.0	19.5	23.8	26.0	21.1
ON-POST ALLOWS	93 94	20.6	32.0	25.1	24.2	15.0	16.5	30.3	36.7
ON-POST FACILITY	49 50	20.4	23.8	24.9	24.3	16.3	19.7	18.6	20.4
ON-POST SERVICE	51 52	20.3	24.7	24.0	23.3	16.0	19.2	16.2	19.0
ON-POST	147 148	20.3	20.8	21.0	19.2	16.9	18.1	24.0	18.0
ON-POST PAY	173 174	20.1	29.4	19.5	22.3	20.2	23.7	25.0	23.4
ON-POST SERVICES	119 120	19.1	30.2	21.9	20.5	17.0	17.0	16.2	13.9
ON-POST MEDICAL SVC	53 54	18.2	26.7	17.3	17.7	17.0	25.9	22.1	23.5
ON-POST SERVICE	125 126	17.9	33.1	22.3	15.1	13.2	15.1	14.7	7.9
ON-POST	141 142	17.5	22.9	16.5	18.4	16.2	17.1	22.3	19.7
ON-POST BENEFITS	175 176	16.3	23.3	16.6	15.9	15.6	16.3	20.6	19.2
ON-POST FACILITY	97 98	15.6	33.1	18.5	13.0	11.6	12.3	10.3	20.4
ON-POST SVC	55 56	15.3	13.0	16.2	21.0	14.4	20.4	26.0	13.3
ON-POST TRAVEL	41 42	15.2	13.3	13.8	12.7	15.7	23.2	12.7	12.0
ON-POST TRAVEL	59 60	15.2	21.6	13.4	14.3	14.4	15.7	18.5	21.6
ON-POST SERVICE	53 100	15.1	22.3	20.2	13.3	11.1	11.8	10.4	22.2

LEASED HOUSING	65	66	14.8	21.7	14.8	18.9	14.0	17.2	22.0	24.3
CHARITY MONEY	57	58	14.6	16.3	14.3	15.2	14.8	26.1	17.2	16.4
DRUG ABUSE SVC	131	132	14.0	17.1	16.1	11.9	11.2	9.7	10.8	17.7
CIVILIAN KP	165	166	14.0	12.4	15.1	14.4	13.1	13.7	21.6	11.2
BOWLING ALLEY	101	102	13.8	25.5	19.6	8.8	9.0	13.1	27.4	26.4
EXA EQUIPMENT	107	108	13.3	19.2	14.5	13.1	10.1	6.1	13.2	14.9
ALCOHOL ABUSE SVC	129	130	13.0	20.9	13.1	10.5	10.4	8.8	10.3	18.0
ART SERVICES	81	82	12.8	11.3	14.9	10.5	10.7	9.1	12.3	18.8
OFF FURNITURE	67	68	12.3	23.9	13.7	16.8	12.2	21.8	14.7	17.2
RELIGIOUS SERVICE	127	128	11.8	17.0	13.5	10.8	10.0	7.7	12.3	10.0
LIBRARY	91	92	11.6	23.7	17.0	11.7	9.0	3.0	15.2	12.6
CHILD ABUSE SVC	133	134	11.5	22.9	12.6	10.7	10.2	8.3	8.3	14.1
REPAIR	145	146	11.5	6.8	13.6	11.6	9.2	8.8	7.4	16.8
OFF FACILITY	109	110	11.4	20.0	13.3	9.4	9.7	9.7	9.8	7.1
OFF DUTY HI-SCHOOL	143	144	11.1	7.7	12.5	10.0	8.6	9.7	7.8	10.0
DEPT EDUCATION	95	96	7.9	14.3	7.9	9.8	6.7	9.7	5.9	12.4
CHILD CARE HOURS	83	84	7.4	17.1	6.9	7.3	7.7	9.9	10.8	9.4
HANDICAP SERVICES	89	90	7.4	13.4	6.6	6.7	5.8	9.0	7.4	9.4
CHILD CARE FEES	85	86	7.3	10.5	6.6	7.5	7.7	13.0	9.3	9.4
CHILD CARE NURSERY	87	88	6.6	17.2	6.4	6.7	6.4	10.4	11.3	8.4

QUALITY-OF-LIFE SURVEY DATA SUMMARY

 RESPONSES OF FIRST TERM ENLISTED SOLDIERS *** ARMY-WIDE BY MACOM *****

PERCENT OF RESPONDENTS WHO STATED THAT THE PROGRAM IS IMPORTANT AND THEY ARE DISSATISFIED OR VERY DISSATISFIED - ORDERED BY MACOM

PROGRAM TITLE	QUESTIONS	ARMY-WIDE	USMA	FORSCOM	DARCOM	MTWC	USAREUR
BARACKS PRIVACY	73 74	54.2	42.4	51.1	51.6	41.7	60.9
PAY	39 40	49.7	36.5	51.9	50.0	66.0	48.2
WORK EQUIPMENT	151 152	49.1	40.4	49.4	38.4	57.4	51.7
WORK CONDITIONS	153 154	48.5	48.1	47.5	41.0	53.7	51.3
B-B-B CONDITION	71 72	45.4	36.5	42.6	36.4	36.7	51.3
REQ REQ-BKS	69 70	44.6	40.4	39.8	36.4	29.8	53.5
LEADERSHIP	169 170	43.4	40.4	42.7	42.6	45.9	46.4
TRA S SERVICE	111 112	42.0	32.7	40.3	42.6	52.3	46.8
UNIT SATISFACTION	171 172	39.7	42.3	40.5	39.7	51.8	40.8
WEE TRAINING	149 150	37.7	38.5	37.0	36.4	44.5	40.0
9-B-B FURNITURE	77 78	36.5	19.2	30.7	24.6	29.8	47.8
MEDICAL FACILITY	45 46	36.4	19.2	35.4	38.3	60.6	40.8
PHYSICAL SECURITY	75 76	36.4	15.4	34.4	33.7	26.1	41.0
MEDICAL SERVICE	47 48	35.6	17.3	34.5	39.9	67.5	39.7
SAC	161 162	34.3	17.3	33.4	27.0	36.3	38.0
FIELD TRAINING	159 160	33.5	11.6	32.9	27.7	39.5	35.1
FINANCE SERVICE	155 156	32.7	21.2	34.1	20.6	30.7	33.6
TRAINING SERVICE	163 164	30.6	23.1	31.7	32.3	42.2	29.9
TRAINING SERVICE	121 122	30.2	23.1	28.6	21.0	40.4	38.3
TRAINING SERVICES	105 106	29.6	34.6	24.8	27.9	47.2	39.8
WORK SAFETY	157 158	26.2	13.5	25.5	21.6	30.3	29.0
CIVILIAN DETAILS	167 168	26.2	23.1	25.6	22.1	26.6	28.9
CREDIT UNION SVC	123 124	26.1	21.2	26.5	22.0	32.6	26.6
PA SERVICE	117 118	25.6	25.0	20.5	27.4	59.1	34.0
EQUAL OPPORTUNITY	135 136	25.2	11.6	23.5	19.2	26.7	28.6
ED CENTER SERVICE	139 140	23.3	17.3	23.1	21.4	39.9	27.0
COMMISSARY SERVICE	115 116	23.1	26.9	18.5	24.2	34.4	30.9
DEPT TRANS SERVICE	113 114	22.8	23.1	22.3	25.4	22.1	24.1
DEPT REC FACILITY	103 104	22.3	13.4	13.3	24.5	31.2	40.2
RECR BONUS	43 44	22.1	19.2	22.4	24.3	26.6	21.0
TUITION ASSISTANCE	127 128	22.0	5.7	22.6	21.2	31.2	23.7
FINANCIAL PLAN SVC	79 80	21.9	23.1	20.9	22.5	34.4	24.5
GOVT HOUSING	61 62	21.2	23.1	18.5	24.2	25.2	24.6
GOVT MSG MAINT	63 64	21.0	11.5	18.2	27.3	25.1	25.1
COMMISSIONS	93 94	20.6	21.2	14.8	26.1	19.7	30.5
RENTAL FACILITY	49 50	20.4	5.8	19.0	26.3	45.9	23.5
RENTAL SERVICE	51 52	20.3	1.9	19.9	26.8	48.7	22.3
GI BILL	147 148	20.3	17.3	21.0	21.3	40.4	21.1
RETIREMENT PAY	173 174	20.1	9.6	19.2	24.5	28.9	20.8
LEGAL SERVICES	119 120	19.1	7.6	17.2	17.8	16.9	23.0
DEPT MEDICAL SVC	53 54	18.2	15.4	18.3	21.0	32.1	17.4
POSTAL SERVICE	125 126	17.9	7.6	15.1	17.5	17.0	24.6
VEHICLE	141 142	17.5	9.6	17.6	17.8	36.7	18.0
RETIREMENT BENEFITS	175 176	16.3	5.7	15.2	19.7	26.1	17.8
AIR CRAFT FACILITY	97 98	15.6	13.4	12.3	18.1	14.7	23.0
DEPT AERIAL SVC	55 56	15.3	19.2	16.0	18.9	33.5	13.4
DEPT OVERSEAS TRAVEL	41 42	15.2	9.6	15.0	17.8	25.3	14.8
400 SERVICE	59 60	15.2	9.6	12.9	16.5	27.6	19.3
AIR CRAFT SERVICE	99 100	15.1	9.6	11.7	20.5	18.9	21.8
LEASED HOUSING	65 66	14.8	5.7	15.0	20.2	19.3	14.1

CHARITY MONEY	57	58	14.6	9.6	14.6	19.9	43.2	14.2
DRUG ABUSE SVC	131	132	14.0	3.8	11.6	9.7	19.3	19.4
CIVILIAN KP	165	166	14.0	1.9	11.9	16.5	32.1	17.2
BEADING ALLEY	101	102	13.8	13.5	8.0	16.0	22.9	24.1
OFF EQUIPMENT	107	108	13.3	5.8	11.7	14.1	18.3	17.5
ALCOHOL ABUSE SVC	129	130	13.0	7.6	10.9	10.2	20.7	17.9
ACS SERVICES	81	82	12.8	17.3	12.0	12.1	27.0	14.8
CF FURNITURE	67	68	12.3	11.5	10.5	19.0	13.7	13.8
RELIGIOUS SERVICE	127	128	11.8	5.7	9.9	13.9	17.0	15.5
LIBRARY	91	92	11.6	3.8	8.8	12.7	20.2	16.5
CHILD ABUSE SVC	133	134	11.5	5.8	9.8	11.3	21.1	14.8
BEPH II	145	146	11.5	3.8	11.2	10.5	17.9	13.3
CHA FACILITY	109	110	11.4	7.7	9.0	11.9	24.3	15.6
OFF DUTY HI-SCHOOL	143	144	11.1	3.8	11.1	8.0	13.3	12.6
DEP EDUCATION	95	96	7.9	1.9	6.4	9.0	18.8	10.6
CHILD CARE HOURS	83	84	7.4	5.7	6.7	11.1	12.9	7.9
HANDICAP SERVICES	89	90	7.4	1.9	6.2	12.4	11.4	10.0
CHILD CARE FEES	85	86	7.3	5.7	6.9	9.1	10.6	7.6
DAY CARE NURSERY	87	88	6.6	1.9	6.2	10.1	9.6	6.9